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MEDIEVAL SCOTTISH POETRY

Abbotsford Series

of the

Scottish Poets

Edited by GEORGE EYRE-TODD

MEDIAEVAL SCOTTISH POETRY

KING JAMES THE FIRST

ROBERT HENRYSON

WILLIAM DUNBAR

GAVIN DOUGLAS

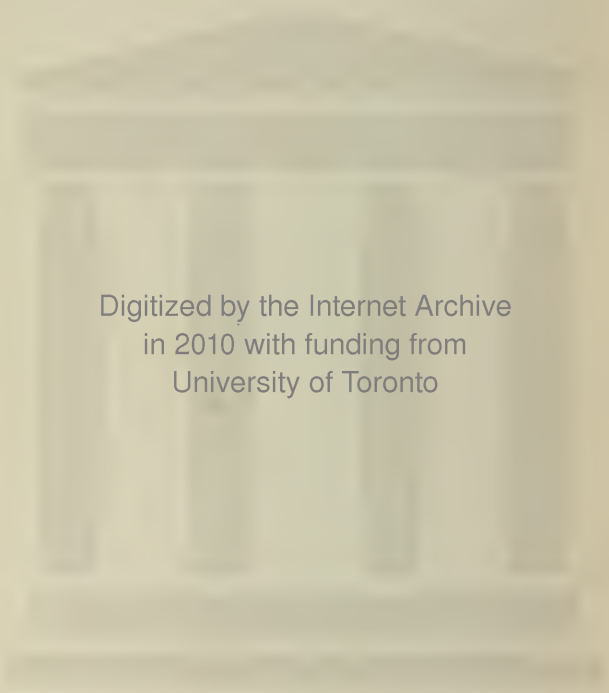
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NOTE.

THE mediæval poetry of Scotland, equally with the earliest Scottish poetry, has hitherto been all but inaccessible to the general reader. The difficulties in the way of anything like a popular study of poets such as James I., Henryson, Dunbar, and Douglas may be gathered from the fact that the works of these four, when found, are scarcely to be had together for a smaller sum than five guineas. The present volume is an attempt to overcome these difficulties, and to render available the flower of mediæval Scottish Poetry. In all cases, excepting the more voluminous works of Gavin Douglas, the poems included are printed complete.



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MEDIEVAL SCOTTISH POETRY.

THE history of Scottish poetry divides itself naturally into certain strongly marked periods corresponding to periods in the political history of the country. The most interesting of these poetic periods in many respects is that in which the mediæval spirit reached its highest expression. Almost the sole subject of the country's early muse had been the deeds of arms and heroes. After the great struggle with England there had ensued the century of the chronicler-poets, and in their hands Scottish verse had drawn its inspiration entirely from the national patriotism. James I., however, among other advantages, brought home with him from his captivity a new poetic influence—the influence of Petrarch and Chaucer. From that time, beginning with James' own kingly composition, a fresh life seemed to be abroad in Scottish poetry. It was as if a soft summer wind had come blowing out of the south. In the heart of the north there began to throb new

pulses of thought and desire. Imagination stirred again and woke. Beside the old stem of heroic narrative sprang new poetic forms—pastoral, allegory, satire, ballad. And presently, passionate, rich and exuberant, this later poesy of the Middle Ages burst into prodigal flower.

In the fifteenth century there was passing over Europe one of those great waves of vitality which from time to time have made and marked the eras of history. A later wave of the same sort, yet unnamed, made its political mark in the French Revolution, and finding early expression in Scotland in the poetry of Burns, gave birth to the romantic genius of Byron, Scott, Balzac and Goethe, and the world of modern thought. The moving event in the fifteenth century, perhaps, was the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453. For hundreds of years the ancient capital of the Eastern Empire had been the chief repository of the traditions of Greek literature and civilization; and the scattering of Byzantine scholarship over Europe upon the fall of the city largely helped to bring about that revival of thought and art which in the south took the form of the Renaissance and in the north of the Reformation.

The Scottish poets of the last decades of the fifteenth and the first of the sixteenth century cannot, it is true, be reckoned singers of the new

era. There is about the work of Henryson, Dunbar and Douglas a mournful note that betokens it of an age about to pass away. They are not the prophets of a morning-time and the soul that shines in their verse has the splendid weariness of full experience, not the hot enthusiasm of an epoch's youth. It would seem, however, as if a breath of the coming life had touched the air, and to the ripeness of the older time had added a flush of colour and strength. There is reason to believe that all the great Scottish poets of the period had visited the Continent, and there, it is probable, they had felt something of the quickening of the new era that was about to dawn. At any rate it is certain that the poetry of mediæval Scotland found its fullest and richest expression at the last, when feudalism in church and state had reached its climax, and when, before the kindling of the Reformation, the old order was about to disappear.

The political circumstances of the period in Scotland throw their own light upon the subject.

In the history of every nation which has perfected a national life there can be distinguished a golden era. Athens had her time of Pericles, Rome her Augustan age, Later Italy her Renaissance, England her reign of Elizabeth. A regular likeness may be noticed

in the circumstances of all these periods. When a Philosophy of History, Aristotle's ambitious dream, at last is written, the phenomena of national growth and decay may be discovered to be as regular, even to minute details, as the growth, flourish and decay of the forest oaks. It is enough here to remark that, after an infancy of obscure development and a youth of storm and struggle, there appears always to come a national manhood of exuberant spirit and strength. A new sense of power seems to awaken. While conquest flushes the country's arms, and wealth floats in upon a flowing tide, the national genius of poetry and art breaks into splendid fire.

Scotland reached this era of her history towards the end of the fifteenth century. Out of its Celtic, Saxon, Cymric and Norman elements the nation had been born into a new existence amid the early Wars of Independence. Afterwards, for one hundred and fifty years, the Stewarts had been making their way from the position of little more than party leaders among a turbulent nobility to the actual sovereignty of the state. But towards the close of the fifteenth century the royal house had at last secured for itself unquestioned power. A firm, strong government was established under the sceptre of James IV. To its more ancient

acquisitions of the Western Isles and the Isle of Man the crown had lately added the isles Orkney and Shetland. By the rapid increase of the country's maritime enterprise possibilities of wealth had recently developed to an extent before unknown. And in the eyes of Europe just then, chiefly because of the foothold she afforded for checkmating the movements of Henry VII., Scotland had assumed a position of large consideration.

These were the greater political influences at work to bring about the ripeness of the time. Some minor circumstances were perhaps not less important.

James IV. had inherited the hoarded wealth of his unfortunate father, as Augustus Cæsar inherited the wealth of the dead Julius; and, like Augustus, the Scottish king sought by all available means to encourage the arts of civilization in his realm. James himself was no mean scholar, speaking Latin, French, German, Flemish, Italian, Spanish, and Gaelic, besides his native Scottish, and his tastes and his policy alike were towards refinement.* Never before had

* These and other particulars of James and of Scotland at that time are to be found in a letter dated London, 22th July 1498, from Don Pedro de Ayala, Spanish ambassador to Scotland, to his master, Ferdinand, contained in the *Colloquia of Spanish State Papers*, edited by Mr. Bergenroth (1802-8). See also for a view of the reign an interesting little volume, *The Days of James IV.*, arranged in extracts from contemporary writers by G. Gregory Smith, M.A., 1890.

there been so brilliant a court in Scotland, and never was there to be so brilliant a court again. For the fourth time a Scottish king had married an English princess, and for the fourth time a consequent wave of civilization seemed to pass across the country.* Gay tournaments, huntings, feastings, were the pursuits of the nobility; and amid the quickening of social life the arts that elevate and the arts that charm rose into high esteem. At the same time—as great an influence, perhaps, of another sort—the discovery of printing was introduced into Scotland during the reign of James IV.

It was in circumstances like these—the national pulse beating with its fullest life, and the fortunes of the country a rising flood—that the national poetry might be expected to put forth its brightest blossoms. This in fact was what came to pass. Fifty years earlier than the great revival of letters in the southern half of the island the golden age of her poetry arrived in Scotland.

* Malcolm Canmore had married the sister of Edgar Atheling, Alexander III. the daughter of Henry III., James I. the niece of Henry IV., and the reign of each of these kings had marked a distinct advance in the cultivation of the arts of peace in Scotland.

KING JAMES THE FIRST.

KING JAMES THE FIRST.

WITH James I. there appeared in Scottish history at once the genius which inspired and the tragedy which haunted the ill-starred Stewart race. His grandfather, Robert II., had not lacked energy in his youth. It was in great part owing to him that the tide of English conquest had been rolled back in the minority of David II. But he was fifty-five years of age when he ascended the throne, and his day for brilliance in kingly parts was over. Robert III. also had been past his first vigour when the sceptre came to his hand, and besides, in some early tournament the kick of a horse had lamed and unfitted him for the part of a leader in that active and warlike age. But in James I., perhaps the most accomplished knight and statesman of his time, to say nothing of his poetic gifts, shone forth again with larger lustre the spirit of that gallant Walter Stewart who fought at Bannockburn and Berwick, and whose marriage with the daughter of Bruce brought to his house the inheritance of the Scottish crown. And the deeds and fate of James form a fitting prelude to the reign of a race whose chivalry and misfortune for three hundred

years, till its final eclipse at Culloden, have made Scottish history read like a romance.

The second son of Robert III. and his queen Annabella, daughter of Sir John Drummond of Stobhall, James was born at Dunfermline in July 1394. Singularly unfortunate in those who should have been his strongest support, he was indebted for the tragic events which respectively gave him the throne and ended his life to his two uncles, Robert Stewart, Duke of Albany, and Walter Stewart, Earl of Athole. King Robert III. (whose baptismal name, John, had been considered unfortunate for a monarch), incapacitated by disposition and infirmity for strong government, had entrusted the affairs of state to his brother Albany. This nobleman, as bold and ambitious as the king was easy and weak, had not been slow to perceive the possibility thus afforded of carving his own way to the throne. Recently in similar circumstances in England he had seen Richard II. deposed by Henry of Lancaster, and it was more than possible that a like effort would be attended with like success in the north. It was only by a slip in the second step of his enterprise that his calculations defeated their own ends.

Between him and the crown stood the king's elder son, David, Duke of Rothesay, and the young prince James, Earl of Carrick. Upon a plea of dissipation and extravagance, the former, while travelling quietly in Fife, was seized and thrown into Albany's tower of Falkland, where, in spite of the pitying efforts of a poor woman, who, it is said, fed him for a time

through the bars with thin barley cakes and milk from her own bosom, he died horribly of starvation in March 1402.

Fearful, after this, for the safety of his remaining son, the king first entrusted James to the care of Henry Wardlaw, Bishop of St. Andrews, and afterwards, upon the plea of securing better education, arranged to send him to the court of Charles VI. of France. It illustrates alike the fierceness of the times and the power of the king's brother, that though Albany made no effort to arrest James on his way to the Bass, yet, for a political revenge of his own, he had the prince's escort and kinsman, Sir David Fleming of Cumbernauld, waylaid and slain on returning towards Edinburgh.

Tytler in his *Lives of Scottish Worthies* has left small doubt that Albany intrigued with Henry IV. of England for the capture of the prince at sea. Possibly he calculated upon the perpetual confinement and ultimate death of James. It is known that on his own side he had a strong inducement to offer the English king for the effecting of his purpose. Though the death of Richard II. at Pomfret had been announced, it was rumoured that the deposed king had been recognized in the outer isles of Scotland. The story is one of the last told by Wyntoun. A baron's daughter of Ireland, who had seen Richard in that country, and had married a brother of the Lord of the Isles, had recognized the monarch in the person of a poor wanderer seated by the kitchen fire in her castle. This individual was now at the Scottish court, and

his safe-keeping, or even removal, could be used to bribe or control the action of Henry IV. Albany's intrigue, however, succeeded only in part.

Sailing from the Bass with the second Earl of Orkney and others on board, the prince's ship, though it was in time of truce, was taken by the English off Flamborough Head on Palm Sunday, the 12th of April 1405. But James was neither slain in the action nor ill-treated afterwards. Though a prisoner, he was furnished with all the education befitting a prince, and in the keeping of Henry was safer by far than he could have been under the wardship of his uncle Albany. The possession of James was valuable to the English king in several ways. By producing him at any time the latter could annul in a day the power of the Scottish regent; the possibility of his doing this could always be used to prevent any exploiting of the claims of Richard II. by Albany; and the retention of the prince in English hands might even be made to minimise Scottish succours to the enemy in the war with France.

It is true that Robert III. died slowly of grief after the news of his son's capture; but to James himself nothing but profit can be said to have accrued from his detention in the south. Imprisoned successively in the Tower, in Nottingham Castle, and at Windsor, his studies were ably supervised by Sir John Pelham, and full opportunity was afforded him of attaining perfection in all the knightly accomplishments of the time. Practice even in the art of war formed part of his curriculum; for, carried by Henry V. to France in

1421, he commanded the English at the siege of Dreux, and it is recorded that by his energy he reduced the town in six weeks. Literature, in particular, is indebted to his imprisonment for the opportunity it afforded of studying the works of the English poets, and for the occasion it furnished for the production of his own greatest poem.

By his own account he had been a captive nearly eighteen years when one morning, looking from his prison lattice into the castle garden at Windsor, he beheld the Lady Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, and niece of Henry IV., who became successively the inspiration of his verse, the means of his liberation and the partner of his throne.

Meanwhile in Scotland the organism of the state and society had been rapidly going to wreck. Albany's policy had been to conciliate the great barons upon whose support he calculated for the retention of power. To this end their gravest misdeeds were overlooked, and in order that they might have no inducement for the restoration of James they were granted large possessions out of the crown lands and revenue. Upon the death of Albany in 1419 the regency descended to the weak hands of his son Murdoch, and the state of affairs, already grievous, fast became intolerable. Bands of feudal marauders overran the country, industry was at a standstill, and no man's life was safe. Far from being able to govern the kingdom, the regent appeared unable to control his own sons, and it is said that a great insult from one of them finally determined him to seek the throne.

of the king. To the offender he is reported to have said, "Since thou wilt give me neither reverence nor obedience, I will fetch home one whom we must all obey."

This had lately become an easy matter. No English purpose could now be served by the prince's detention. The fear of Richard II. had passed away, and the presence of James on the English side did not prevent the Scottish auxiliaries fighting for France. On the other hand an alliance with the English royal house in the person of the Lady Jane appeared to offer sufficient security for the goodwill of the monarch. Accordingly, a ransom of £40,000 in name of maintenance was arranged to be paid; on 2nd February 1424, the young lovers were married in the church of St. Mary Overy, keeping their wedding feast in the Bishop of Winchester's palace close by; on 1st April they entered Scotland amid great rejoicings; and on 21st May James was crowned at Scone.

Thirty years of age, the king is described as of middle height, with chest broad and full, strong but light in build, an adept in horsemanship, swordsmanship and all knightly accomplishments, and a master of music, painting and poetry, while history shows him to have been as resolute in mind as he was active in physique. The historians of that century fill pages with the records of his versatility, and it is known that the fame of his accomplishments spread even to the south of Europe.

Strangely momentous must have been his thoughts

as he came northwards to require an account at the hands of his regent. News of his brother's terrible death must have been one of his earliest impressions. His own seizure and his father's consequent decease, as well as the nineteen years' captivity without attempt at ransom, could not but be burning in his mind. He found the crown all but bankrupt, its revenues plundered, its estates given away. He found Scotland in a state of anarchy, misrule and licentiousness, the church laid waste, and nobles at war. There was a long account to settle, but the barons, swollen in power, and long accustomed to their own pleasure, were likely all to brook the interference of a master.

For ten months he waited, unsuspected by the half-contemptuous nobles, silently informing himself of the polity of the country and assuring himself of the support of friends. In order to ascertain the condition of the common people he is even said to have moved about incognito. Then on 12th March 1425, he summoned a parliament at Perth, and the blow fell. By a sudden mandate were arrested the Duke of Albany and his two sons, with his father-in-law, the Earl of Lennox. These were tried by their peers at Stirling on the 24th and 25th May, convicted of high treason, and forthwith executed on the Heading Hill.

It is greatly to the credit of James that almost by these four executions alone he reduced the country from lawlessness to obedience. Had he been less prompt in action Scotland could scarcely have escaped the horrors of civil war. As it was, his resolution

struck terror to the hearts of the lawless barons, and soon made apparent what he himself declared at Perth, that "no longer were authority, honesty, and virtue to be accounted idle names, nor that reckoned right which was gained and kept by stroke of sword." The Highlands, it is true, continued for some time to give trouble ; but even there the king's sharp energy quickly made itself felt, and after overwhelming defeat in a marsh of Lochaber, Alaster Macdonald, Lord of the Isles, was finally reduced to appear, half-naked, in Holyrood Church on an Easter Day and throw himself unreservedly on the monarch's mercy.

It had soon become evident that James had vigorous ideas on the duties of government, and that he meant to carry them out. On coming to Scotland he had vowed that though he himself should lead the life of a dog he would make "the key keep the castle and the bush the cow," and resolutely he kept his word. For thirteen years Scotland enjoyed such justice as had not been known since the regency of Randolph. Arts were promoted, circuit courts were established, and law everywhere impartially administered, while much was done to reform the clergy. Once more as in the days of Malcolm Canmore, in strikingly similar circumstances, civilization had begun to make a fresh growth in the country, when the clouds suddenly darkened round the head of the king.

James had not established law and order without offending many whose license he curtailed. The discontent among these, chiefly the barons, grew in silence for some time. Murmurs, however, at length

began to be heard, and in the parliament of 1435 Sir Robert Graham, whose nephew had been deprived by James of the earldom of Strathern, it will actually to have laid hands on the king. He was instantly arrested and thrown into prison, but escaping and fleeing to "the country of the wild Scots," he sent a letter to James renouncing his allegiance and swearing mortal revenge whenever this should be in his power. The King in the end of the following year was prosecuting the siege of Roxburgh, then in English hands, when the queen came suddenly to the camp bringing tidings of danger. Her exact information is unrecorded, but it is now known that the old Earl of Athole had become the head of a formidable conspiracy which promised to set his son, Sir Robert Stewart, on the throne. At the queen's tidings James raised the siege of Roxburgh and, mistakingly perhaps, disbanded his array. Resolving to spend Christmas at Perth, he was about to cross the Forth, when a Highland "prophetess" suddenly appeared and warned him that if he crossed that water he should never return alive. The king seemed startled for a moment, and paused, but the warning was finally disregarded. The rest of the story is tragic enough.

The evening of the 20th February 1437 had been spent gaily by the court in the Blackfriars Monastery at Perth. Music, chess and the reading of romances had been kept up till a late hour, and the Earl of Athole and his son, Sir Robert Stewart, were among the last courtiers to retire. Before the gates closed the Highland woman had again appeared to seek an

audience of the king, had forced her way even to the chamber door, but had been refused admission by the usher. At midnight, James, in his nightgown and slippers, was standing before the fire chatting pleasantly with the queen and her ladies. Just then a sudden clashing of armour was heard in the garden below, and great flashes of torchlight were cast up against the casements of the windows. At once the king remembered Sir Robert Graham and the warning of the Highland prophetess. There was no time for escape, the assassins were already on their way, and as the king wrenched up the flooring with the tongs and leaped into a sewer-vault below, Catherine Douglas sprang to the door and for lack of a bolt thrust her own arm into the empty staples. All, however, was in vain. The door was burst open, the king's hiding-place discovered, the queen wounded, and James, weaponless, after a terrific struggle with the two first ruffians who leaped down upon him, stabbed and hacked to death by Graham.

Of succeeding events little need be said. Notwithstanding the death of the king the throne remained unshaken. Forty days later, so swift was the queen's pursuit, all the conspirators were captured and put to death with fearful tortures.

Such, in barest outline, is the life of King James I. of Scotland, a life that for romantic and tragic incident and for the illustration of a resolute, lofty and finished character, has not been surpassed by poetic invention. As a king he proved himself, what the Stewarts not always were, entirely capable for his place and time,

and as a civilizing influence he sowed seeds which have been bearing gentle fruit in the national life for nearly five hundred years. Were it for nothing more than his effect upon the national music he must be entitled to grateful remembrance, many of the sweetest Scottish airs sung to the present day in castle and chieftain, being owed, it is believed, to him. But above his fame as a composer and even as a statesman towers his reputation in another realm. King James is likely to remain best known to the world by his work as a poet.

In 1783 Tytler first printed *The Kings Quair*, or Book, from the only known copy, the Selden MS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. His edition, however, though it made the poem available, proved somewhat inaccurate, the transcription having been entrusted to "an ingenious young gentleman," a student of Oxford. The various editions which followed were more or less merely reprints of Tytler's text, and it is to Professor Skeat, in his edition for the Scottish Text Society in 1883, that the first reliable version of the poem is owed. *The Kings Quair* is in Chaucer's seven-line stanza, called from this use of it Rime Royal. It celebrates the love of the captive prince for the Lady Jane Beaufort, and is understood to have been written by James at Windsor in 1423, the year before his release. Mair in his *History of Scotland* states that it was written before the king's marriage. From stanza 10, in which the poet speaks of Fortune having been first his foe and afterwards his friend, it is probable that the exact date of composition was soon after the successful issue of his suit.

In the last stanza James acknowledges Chaucer and Gower as his masters in verse, and it is certain that he imbibed from these masters an influence which, carried by his work into the north, was to exert a far-reaching effect upon Scottish poetry. The green branch of southern poesy which James engrafted on the grey bardic stem of Scotland flourished luxuriantly for more than a hundred years, and was hardly all cut down even by the stern pruning-knife of the Reformation. There was more in the royal poet, however, than he got from his masters. They as well as he may be said in the words of one critic to "breathe the romantic and elegant grace which the immense popularity of Petrarch had at that time made the universal pattern throughout Europe." The father of English verse, moreover, was monarch of realms into which the Scottish poet never sought to enter. But, as Mr. Stopford Brooke has said, in *The King's Quair* "the natural description is more varied, the colour is more vivid, and there is a modern self-reflective quality which does not belong to Chaucer at all"; and the same writer must be listened to when he declares the work of James to be "sweeter, tenderer, and purer than any verse till we come to Spenser." The allegoric form in which a great part of the poem is written has passed away, it is true, from modern taste; but *The King's Quair* possesses perennial qualities which remain as fresh yet as when the verses were penned by the royal prisoner. No poet has ever painted love-longing and the dawn of love more delicately or with subtler artistic touch; no poet has

given a more exquisite impression of the sweet awe and loveliness of womanhood.

As it stands, *The Kingis Quair* places James in the gallery of the world's immortal lovers. Beside Petrarch penning his sonnets to Laura, and the pale Dante gazing on his dead Beatrice, most recent the picture of the captive prince looking forth from his lattice in the tower of Windsor, while below in the garden alleys there lingers for a space, half unconsciously, the maid of "beautee enuch to mak a world to dote."

This, nevertheless, was not the only poem composed by James I. First of all, Mair, who wrote about the year 1500, says that besides "the book concerning the queen," and many songs still popular in his own day, James had written other two compositions beginning respectively with the words "Yae sen" and "At Beltayn." Then, in Bannatyne's MS., written in 1568, the poem of *Christ's Kirk on the Green* has the note appended "Quod K. James the First." And still further, both Dr. Irving and Mr. Skeat print a poem of three stanzas, whose authenticity can hardly be questioned, as it is ascribed to James I. in *The Gude and Godlie Ballades* of 1578, and in *Ane compendious Booke of godly and spiritual Songs*, printed in 1621.

The last of these poems is included in the present volume, but regarding the identity and authenticity of the first three—the compositions beginning with "Yae sen" and "At Beltayn," and the poem of *Christ's Kirk*—grave doubts have been expressed. The only clue to the first two are the words given by Mair, but,

on the strength of these, two compositions printed in Pinkerton's *Ancient Scottish Poems* have been attributed to James—a *Song on Absence* beginning :

Sen that [the] eyne that workis my weifare
Dois no moir on me glance ;

and the well-known *Peblis to the Play*, which begins with :

At Beltane quhen ilk bodie bownis
To Peblis to the Play.

Of *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, printed in the same collection, the only suggestion of James' authorship is Bannatyne's note.

Against the authenticity of the *Song on Absence* and *Peblis to the Play* is remarked the slightness of Mair's evidence. The first words of the former have to be transposed to fit his quotation, while regarding the latter he distinctly affirms that as the king's poem was not accessible, several substitutes had been made ; the opening "At Beltayn," therefore, may be understood to have become hackneyed. Against James' authorship of *Christ's Kirk on the Green* it is observed that the sole authority, Bannatyne, appears to have been careless or confused enough to make a mistake. The next poem but one in his collection he ascribes to "James the Fyift," or as some read it "the Fyrst," in mistake for James the Fourth, and it is supposed he may have made a similar error with *Christ's Kirk*. Further, it is averred that common tradition previous to the discovery of the Bannatyne MS. invariably ascribed the poem to James V. This tradition is supported by the usage of the early writers, Dempster

in the beginning of the seventeenth century, Bishop Gibson in 1691, and James Watson in 1706. Sibbald in his *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry* may be quoted: "James V. certainly was a writer of verses, as we know from the undoubted testimony of Lindsay, and it appears safer upon the whole in this instance to trust to vulgar tradition than to the *ipse dixit* of Bannatyne, who seems to have had but an indistinct notion of our different kings of the name of James." It has been pointed out that the style and strain of humour both of *Peblis to the Play* and of *Christ's Kirk* are exactly the same as those of *The Gaberluncheon*, which has always been attributed to James V.; while on the other hand one writer, Guest, in his *English Rhythms*, has said: "One can hardly suppose these critics serious who attribute this song (*Christ's Kirk*) to the moral and sententious James I." Finally, Professor Skeat declares that "if we are to have any regard at all to the language, style and metre of these poems, we cannot make them earlier than half-a-century or more after 1437." It would seem most fair, therefore, to follow the example of critics like Percy, Warton, Ritson and Stopford Brooke, and assign the probable authorship both of *Peblis to the Play* and *Christ's Kirk on the Green* to James the Fifth.

It is upon his *Kingis Quair* that the poetic fame of James the First must ultimately depend. By it he is sufficiently proved to be, in the words of Dr. Irving, "a royal poet upon whose character royalty itself could scarcely confer any additional splendour."

ON the plea that *The Kingis Quair* was written in an imitation of Chaucer's dialect, and that the language of the poem therefore was technically imperfect, Mr. Skeat undertook to regulate the lines by addition of words and syllables where he considered requisite. As absolute regularity of rhythm, however, may not have been the poet's intention, only such additions are here inserted (in brackets) as seem necessary for the sense. For most of these, and for the light which its notes frequently cast on the text, indebtedness has to be acknowledged to Mr. Skeat's edition. The poem is here printed complete.

THE KINGIS QUAIR.

Maid the King James of Scotland the Vint quene his Mathe
wes in England.

EIGH in the hevyne's lighte circulare
The ruly sterres twynklyng as the fyre;
And, in Aquary, Cynthia the clere
Rynad hir tressis like the golbin wyre,
That late tofore, in fair and fresche atyre,
Through Capricorn heved hir hornis bright,
North northward approachit the myght nyght;

[MS. C. 10. 10. 10.]

Quhen as I lay in bed allone wakking,

New partit out of slepe a lyte tofore¹,

[MS. C. 10. 10. 10.]

Fell me to mynd of many diuers thing,

Off this and that, can I nocht say quibactors,

Bot slepe for craft in erth myght I no more;

For quibich as tho² coude I no better wyse,

[MS. C. 10. 10. 10.]

Bot toke a boke to rede upon a quibich

Off quibich the name is clepit³ properly

[MS. C. 10. 10. 10.]

Boece, eftre him that was the consoliour,

Schewing [the] counselle of philosophye,

Compilte by that noble senatoure

Off Rome, quibilon⁴ that was the worldis flour,

[MS. C. 10. 10. 10.]

And from estate by fortune a quibich

Foringit⁵ was to pouert⁶ in exile

[MS. C. 10. 10. 10.]

And there to here this worthy lord and clerk,

His metir suete, full of moralitee;

His flourit pen so fair he set a-werk,

1 Describing.

Discryving¹ first of his prosperitee,

And out of that his infelicittee;

2 poetic narra-
tive.

And than how he, in his poetly report²,

3 began.

In philosophy can³ him to comfort.

4 though.

For quhich, thocht⁴ I in purpose, at my boke,

5 that.

To borowe a slepe at thilk⁵ tyme began,

6 stopped.

Or euer I stent⁶, my best was more to loke

Vpon the writing of this noble man,

That in him-self the full recouer wan

Off his infortune, pouert, and distresse,

7 true security.

And in tham set his verray sekernesse⁷.

And so the vertew of his youth before

Was in his age the ground of his delytis:

Fortune the bak him turnyt, and therfore

He maketh ioye and confort, that he quit is

8 these uncer-
tain.

Off thir vnsekin⁸ warldis appetitis;

MS. theire.

9 worthily.

And so aworth⁹ he takith his penance,

And of his vertew maid it suffisance:

With mony a noble resoun, as him likit,

Enditing in his fair^e Latyne tong,

10 rhetorically
cullid.

So full of fruyte, and rethorikly pykit¹⁰,

11 skull, head.

Quhich to declare my scole¹¹ is ouer yong;

12 tongue,
language.

Therefore I lat him pas, and, in my tong¹²,

Procede I will agayn to my sentence

Off my mater, and leue all incidence.

The long nyght beholding, as I said,

Myn eyne gan to smert for studying,

My buke I schet, and at my hede it laid;

And doune I lay bot¹ ony taryng,

1 I left him.

This matere new in my mynd rolling,

This is to seyne², how that eche estate,

2 seyn.

As Fortune lykith, thame will [oft] translate,

For sothe it is, that, on hir tolter³ quhele,

3 convertible.

Enery wight cleuerith in his stage⁴,

4 Every wight cleues his
stage.

And failyng foting oft quhen hir best role,

Sum vp, sum doune, is none estate nor age,

Ensured, more the prynce than the page;

So vnconthly hir werdes⁵ sche deuith,

5 So abruptly
her forms.

Namly⁶ in youth, that schuldin ought prouith.

6 Respectfully

Among thir⁷ thoughtis rolling to and fro,

7 thair.

Fell me to mynd of my fortune and vne⁸,

8 vane.

In tender youth how sche was first my fo,

And eft⁹ my frende, and how I gat requere

9 afterwards.

Off my distresse, and all myn aventure

I gan oure-hayle¹⁰, that langer slepe he rest

10 overhauled

Ne myght I nat, so were my wittis wrest.

For wakit and for-wakewit¹¹, thus muring,

11 Sleep, waking,
much as sleep, waking.

Wery, forlyin¹², I lestnyt todaynlye,

12 Sleep, with
lying.

And sone I herd the bell to matynes ryng,

And vp I rase, no langer wald I lye.

Bot now, how trowe ye¹³ such a fanasye

Fell me to mynd, that ay me-thought the bell

Said to me, "Tell on, man, quhat the befall,"

- 1 then. Thoght I tho¹ to my-self, "Quhat may this be?
 This is myn awin ymagynacioun;
 2 person. It is no lyf² that spekis vnto me:
 It is a bell, or that impressioun
 Off my thoght causith this illusiou,
 3 maketh me think so foolishly. That dooth me think so nyeely³ in this wise;"
 And so befell as I schall you deuise.

Determyt furth therewith in myn entent,
 Sen I thus haue ymagynit of this soune,
 And in my tyme more ink and paper spent
 To lyte effect, I take conclusioun
 Sum new thing to write; I set me down,
 And furth-with-all my pen in hand I take,
 4 began. And maid a ✠, and thus begouth⁴ my buke.

5 innocent.
 6 crude.

Thou [sely]⁵ youth, of nature indegest⁶,
 Vnrypit fruyte with windis variable;
 Like to the bird that fed is on the nest.

7 liable.

And can noght flee; of wit wayke and vnstable,
 To fortune both and to infortune hable⁷;
 Wist thou thy payne to cum and thy trauaille,
 For sorow and drede wele myght thou wepe and
 waille.

8 stands.

Thus stant⁸ thy confort in vnsekernesse,

9 guide.

And wantis it that suld the reule and gye⁹:

10 helmless.

Ryght as the schip that sailith sterles¹⁰

11 must hie to
 harm.

Vpon the rok[kis] most to harmes hye¹¹,

12 help.

For lak of it that suld bene hir supplye¹²;

So standis thou here in this warldis rage,
 And wantis that suld gyle all thy viage.

I mene this by my self, as in partye;¹
 Though nature gave me suffisance in youth;²
 The ryeness of reuon lak[is] I,
 To gouerne with my will: so lyte I couthe³.
 Quhen sterles to trauals I begonne⁴,
 Among the wavis of this world to drine;
 And how the case, anone I will descriue.

1 common idiom
 comparing
 capacity in
 part/ingone
 2 sufficiently
 reason for a
 youth
 3 couthe I could
 4 trouble

With doutfull hert, among the rokkes blake,
 My feble hote full fast to stene and rowe,
 Helpeles allone, the wynter nyght I wake,
 To wayte⁵ the wynd that furthward suld me throwe, & waite⁶
 O empti saile! quhare is the wynd suld blawe
 Me to the port, quhar gynnoth all my gawe?
 Help, Calyope, and wynd, in Marye uenue!

The rokkes clepe⁷ I the prolixitee
 Off doubtfulness⁸ that douth⁹ my wittis yairt;
 The lak of wynd is the denoitee
 In enditing of this lytill trety scall;
 The hote I clepe the mater hole of all;
 My wit vnto the saile that now I wynd,
 To seke connyng¹⁰, though I bot lytill Tynd.

4 waite
 5 MS. waite
 6 waite
 7 lacklyf

At my begynnyng first I clepe and call
 To yow, Cleo¹¹, and to yow, Polymye¹²,
 With Thesiphone¹³, goddess and sistris all,
 In nowner ix., as bokis specifice;
 In this proce¹⁴ my wilum¹⁵ wittis gye;
 And with your bryght lanternis wele connye
 My pen, to write my turment and my nye!

11 Cleo, Muse of
 History
 12 Polymye
 13 Thesiphone
 14 proce
 15 wittis

1 spring.

In vere¹, that full of vertu is and gude,
 Quhen Nature first begynneth hir enprise,
 That quhilum was be cruell frost and flude
 And schouris scharp opprest in many wyse,

2 Cynthiaus.

And Synthius² [be]gynneth to aryse

3 morning.

Heigh in the est, a morow³ soft and suete,
 Vpward his course to driue in Ariete:

4 degrees exactly
(i.e. one hour).
 MS. Passit bot
 midday.

Passit mydday bot fourè greis evin⁴,
 Off lenth and brede his angel wingis bryght
 He spred vpon the ground doune fro the hevin;
 That, for gladnesse and confort of the sight,
 And with the tiklyng of his hete and light,
 The tender flouris opnyt thame and sprad;
 And, in thaire nature, thankit him for glad.

5 *i.e. nearly ten
 years old.*

Noght fer passit the state of innocence,
 Bot nere about the nowmer of yeris thre⁵,
 Were it causit throu hevinly influence
 Off goddis will, or othir casualtee,
 Can I noght say; bot out of my contree,
 By thaire avise that had of me the cure,
 Be see to pas, tuke I myn auenture.

Puruait of all that was vs necessarye,

With wynd at will, vp airly by the morowe,
 Streight vnto schip, no longere wold we tarye,

6 before.

The way we tuk, the tyme I tald to-forowe⁶;

With mony "fare wele" and "Sanct Iohne to
 borowe⁷"

7 be your secu-
 rity.

Off falowe and frende; and thus with one assent
 We pullit vp saile, and furth oure wayis went.

Upon the wawis weltering to and fro,
So unfortunate was we that fe-myth day,
That mangre, playly, quiethir we wold or no,
With strong hand, by force, schortly to say,
Off mymyis takin and led away
We weren all, and brougt in thaire centres,
Fortune it schyned none outhir wayis to be.

3. Methods

Quhare as in straye ward and in strong p[ro]secuti-
 So fer forth³ of my lyf the looly lyte,
 Without confort, in sorowe abandouny,
 The secound syster lokit hath to twyne⁴,
 Nere by the space of yere twise nyne;
 Till Iupiter his merci list aduert⁵,
 And send confort in relecho⁶ of my smart.

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1. *Leguminosae*
species of *Ulex*
characteristic
of the
grassland
type.

Quhare as in ward full oft I wold bewaille
My dedely lyf, full of payne and pynoure,
Sang ryght thus, "What have I gilt to faulle
My fredome in this world and my pleasour?
Sen every wight has thereof suffuraunce,
That I behold, and I a creature
Put from all this—hard is myn attentour!

The bird, the beste, the fish eke in the see,
They lyve in fredome cherich^{er} in his kyngd,
And I a man, and lakkyth libertee,
Quhat schall I seyneⁿ, quhat resoun may I fynd,
That Fortune shuld do so! Thus in my mynd
My folk I wold argeweⁿ, bot all for nought,
Was none that myght, that on my peyne rounde

1 pain.

Than wold I say, "Gif God me had deuiseit
To lyve my lyf in thraldome thus and pyn¹,
Qubhat was the cause that he [me] more comprisit

2 ruin.

Than othir folk to lyve in suich ruynes²?

3 *i.e.* when along
as cipher
among the nine
numerals.

I suffer allone amang the figuris nyne³,
Ane wofull wrecche that to no wight may spede⁴,
And yit of every lyvis⁵ help hath nede."

4 give help.

5 person's.

The long dayes and the nyghtis eke

I wold bewaile my fortune in this wise,
For quhich, agane distresse confort to seke,
My custum was on mornis for to ryse
Airly as day; O happy exercise!
By the come I to ioye out of turment.
Bot now to purpose of my first entent:—

Bewailing in my chamber thus allone.

6 Full weary.

Despeired of all ioye and remedye,
For-tirit⁶ of my thoght, and wo-begone,

7 MS. And to.
8 haste.

Unto⁷ the wyndow gan I walk in hye⁸,
To se the world and folk that went forby;
As for the tyme, though I of mirthis fude
Myght haue no more, to luke it did me gude.

Now was there maid fast by the touris wall

9 shrubbery.

A gardyn faire, and in the corneris set
Ane herbere⁹ grene, with wandis long and small
Railit about; and so with treis set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hegis knet,
That lyf¹⁰ was none walking there forby¹¹,
That myght within scarce ony wight aspye.

10 person.
11 past.

So thik the bewis¹ and the lene grene

1. *rough*

Beschadit all the alyes that there were,

And myddis every herbere myght be sene

The scharp grene smete renepere,

Growing so faire with branchis here and there,

That, as it comyt to a lyf without,

The bewis spred the herbere all about;

And on the small grene twistit² sat

2. *trap*

The lytill smete nyghtingale, and song

So loud and clere, the ymynis³ concertit

3. *harmon*

Off lufis vse, now soft, now lowd among⁴,

4. *between*

That all the gardyng and the wallis ring

Ryght of thaire song and of the copill⁵ next

5. *couple* MS.
on the copill

Off thaire smete armouny, and to the text:

[CASTUS.]

"Worschippis, ye that louere bene, this May,

For of your blisse the kalcedis are begonne,

And sing with vs, away, Winter, away!

Cum, Somer, cum, the smete season and soone!

Awake for schame⁶ that haue your hevyneis wounne,

And amorously lift vp your hedis all,

Thank Lufe that list⁷ you to his morni call.

8. *is passed*

Quhen thai this song had sung a lytill thrawe⁸,

9. *space*

Thai stent⁹ a quhile, and therewith vnsuffraid,

10. *chappit*

As I beheld and kest myn eyne a-lawe¹⁰,

11. *vision*

From bough to bough they hippit and then plaid,

And frochly in thaire birdis kynd arraid

Thaire fetheris new, and frei thame in the wounne,

And thankit Lufe, that had thaire makis¹¹ wounne.

12. *poies*

This was the planē ditee of thaire note,

And there-with-all vnto my-self I thocht,

1 way of life.

“Quhat lyf¹ is this, that makis birdis dote?

Quhat may this be, how cummyth it of ought?

Quhat nedith it to be so dere ybought?

It is nothing, trowe I, bot feynit chere,

And that men list to counterfeten chere.”

2 Afterwards.

Eft² wald I think; “O Lord, quhat may this be?

That Lufe is of so noble myght and kynde,

Lufing his folk, and suich prosperitee

Is it of him, as we in bukis fynd?

3 make fast.

May he oure hertes setten³ and vnbynd?

Hath he vpon oure hertis suich maistrye?

Or all this is bot feynyt fantasie!

For gif he be of so grete excellence,

That he of euery wight hath cure and charge,

Quhat haue I gilt to him or doon offense,

That I am thrall, and birdis gone at large,

4 Since.

Sen⁴ him to serue he myght set my corage?

5 say.

And gif he be noght so, than may I seyne⁵,

Quhat makis folk to iangill of him in veyne?

Can I noght elles fynd, bot gif that he

Be lord, and as a god may lyue and regne,

To bynd and louse, and maken thrallis free,

Than wold I pray his blisfull grace benigne,

6 lit.

7 worthy.

To hable⁶ me vnto his seruice digne⁷;

And euermore for to be one of tho

Him trewly for to serue in wele and wo.

And there with kest I donne myn eye ageyne,

Quhare as I sawe, walking vnder the toure,

Full secretly, new cummyñ hir to plevne¹,

(100)

The fairest or the freshest yong flour

That euer I sawe, me-thoght, before that houre,

For quhich todayn abate, anone astert

The blude of all my body to my hert

And though I studie abaut tho a lyte²,

2 thus a little

No wonder was; for quhy, my wittis all

Were so ouercome with plesance and delyte,

Onely throu litting of myn eyen fall,

That sudaynly my hert became hir thiall

For euer, of free wyll; for of manace

There was no takyn³ in hir suete face,

3 takes

And in my hede I drewe ryght hastily,

And eft-sones⁴ I lent it forth ageyne,

4 soon after

And sawe hir walk, that verray womanly,

With no wight mo, bot onely women theyne.

Than gan I studye in my-self, and seyne,

"A! suete, ar ye a warldly creature,

Or hevinly thing in likenesse of nature?

Or ar ye god Cupidis owin princesse,

And cummyñ are to louse me out of band?

Or ar ye verray⁵ Nature the goddesse,

5 truly

That haue depayntit with your hevinly hand

This gardyn full of flouris, as they stand?

Quhat sall I think, allace! quhat reverence

Sall I minister to your excellens?

6 thus meaning

Gif ye a goddesse be, and that ye like

1 avoid.

To do me payne, I may it noght astert¹;

2 maketh me
sigh.

Gif ye be warldly wight, that dooth me sike²,

3 Why pleased.

Quhy lest³ God mak you so, my derrest hert,

4 innocent.

To do a sely⁴ prisoner thus smert,

5 knows.

That lufis yow all, and wote⁵ of noght bot wo?

And therefor, merci, suete! sen it is so."

6 while.

Quhen I a lytill thrawe⁶ had maid my moon,

Bewailing myn infortune and my chance,

Vnknawin how or quhat was best to doon,

So ferre i-fallyng into lufis dance,

That sodeynly my wit, my contenance,

My hert, my will, my nature, and my mynd,

Was changit clene ryght in ane-othir kynd.

Off hir array the forme gif I sall write,

Toward hir goldin haire and rich atyre

7 trimmed.

In fret-wise couchit⁷ [was] with perllis quhite

8 Balassian
rubies glowing.

And gretë balas lemyng⁸ as the fyre,

With mony ane emeraut and faire saphire;

And on hir hede a chaplet fresch of hewe,

Off plumys partit rede, and quhite, and blewe;

Full of quaking spangis bryght as gold,

9 forget-me-not
(?)

Forgit of schap like to the amorettis⁹,

So new, so fresch, so plesant to behold,

10 great St.
John's-wort
flower.

The plumys eke like to the floure-ionettis¹⁰,

11 "a sort of
curled tuft."
MS. repeats
"floure-
ionettis."

And othir of schap like to the [round crokettis],¹¹

And, aboue all this, there was, wele I wote,

Beautee eneuch to mak a world to dote.

About hir neck, quhite as the fyre unmalld,

A gudely chayne of smale orfemur¹,

Quhareby there hang a ruly, without faille,

Lyke to one hert schapin verdy,

That, as a sperk of love², so wantonly

Smyt birnyng vpon hir quhyte throte;

Now gif there was guld party³, Gude it beate⁴

And for to walk that frenche Mayen murewe,

Ane huke⁵ sche had vpon hir thow⁶ spilit,

That gudeliare had night here sore tefarwe⁷,

As I suppose; and girt sche was a lyte.

Thus halflyng⁸ leane for hant, to such delyte

It was to see hir youth in gadelikode,

That for rudenes to speke thereof I durd.

In hir was youth, beaute, with humble sport⁹,

Bountee, riches and womanly lacture¹⁰,

God better wite than my pen can report.

Windome, largesse, estate, and courtynge¹¹ sure

In enery poynt so gayd¹² hir resour,

In word, in dele, in schap, in counterance,

That nature myght no more hir childe aneare.

Throw quhich none I knew and understode

Wele, that sche was a wachelly creature,

On quhom to rest myn eye, so much gode

It did myn wofull hert, I yow assure,

That it was to me iove without ransoun;

And, at the last, my lake vnto the keene

I threwe furthwith, and said this veris¹³ sayde

¹ orfemur, orfèvre.
In French.

² with sword.

³ thread.

⁴ a great quantity.
Fr. parais.

⁵ hood, upper
dress.

⁶ thin, narrow.
German, schmal.

⁷ broken.

⁸ sorry.

⁹ innocent.

¹⁰ manners.

¹¹ skill.

¹³ Most True.

1 made a star.

"O Venus clere! of goddis stellifyit¹!

To quhom I yelde homage and sacrificse,
 Fro this day forth your grace be magnifyit,
 That me ressauit haue in suich [a] wise,
 To lyve vnder your law and do scruiſe;
 Now help me furth, and for your merci lede
 My hert to rest, that deis nere for drede."

2 stopped a little
 space.

3 afterwards.

Quhen I with gude entent this orisoun
 Thus endit had, I stynt a lytill stound²;
 And eft³ myn eye full pitously adoune
 I kest, behalding vnto hir lytill hound,
 That with his bellis playit on the ground;
 Than wold I say, and sigh therewith a lyte,
 "A! wele were him that now were in thy plyte!"

Ane-othir quhile the lytill nyghtingale,
 That sat apou the twiggis, wold I chide,
 And say ryght thus, "Quhare are thy notis smale,
 That thou of loue has song this morowe-tyde?
 Seis thou nocht hire that sittis the besyde?
 For Venus sake, the blisfull goddesse clere,
 Sing on agane, and mak my lady chere.

4 Progne, wife
 of Tereus,
 changed to a
 swallow.

And eke I pray, for all the paynes grete,
 That, for the loue of Proigne⁴ thy sister dere,
 Thou sufferit quhilom, quhen thy brestis wete
 Were with the teres of thyne eyen clere,
 All bludy ronne; that pitee was to here
 The crueltee of that vnknyghtly dede,
 Quhare was fro the bereft thy maidenhede,

Lift vp thyne hart, and sing with gude content

And in thy notis suete the trespice telle,

That to thy suster trewe and innocent

Was kythit¹ by hir husband false and fell.

¹ known

For quhois gilt, as it is worthy wel,

Chide thin husbandis that are false, I say,

And bid thame mend, in the twenty deuil way²

² i. e. in every possible way
MS. xviii.

O lytill wrecch, allace! maist thou nocht se

Quho commyth yond? Is it now tyme to wring³?

Quhat sory thought is fallin vpon the

Opyn thy throte; hastow no lest⁴ to sing?

⁴ hast thou no
reason.

Allace! sen thou of resone had felyng,

Now, suete bird, say ones to me 'pepe':

I dee for wo, me-think thou gynnis slepe.

Hastow no mynde of lufe? Quhare is thy make?

Or artow seke, or smyt with ielousye?

Or is sche dede, or hath sche the forsake?

Quhat is the cause of thy malancolye,

That thou no more list⁵ maken melodye?

⁵ list: pleased to

Sluggart, for schame! lo here thy goldin honre,

That worth were hale⁶ all thy lyvis labour!

⁶ worthy

Gyf thou suld sing wele euer in thy lyve,

Here is, in fay⁷, the tyme, and eke the spaci

⁷ in faith.

Quhat wostow than⁸ I sum bird may cum and stryve

⁸ What knowest
more than?

In song with the, the manstry to purchase

Suld thou than cesse, it were grete schance, allace!

And here, to wyn gree⁹ happily for euer,

⁹ gree: content
satisfaction.

Here is the tyme to syng, or ellis neuer.

I thocht eke thus, gif I my handis clap,

1 throw forth (a
sound).

Or gif I cast¹, than will sche flee away;

And gif I hald my pes, than will sche nap;

2 knows.

And gif I crye, sche wate² noght quhat I say:

Thus, quhat is best, wate I noght be this day:

Bot blawe wynd, blawe, and do the lenis schake,

That sum twig may wag, and mak hir to wake.

3 MS. he.

With that anone ryght sche³ toke vp a sang,

Quhare come anone mo birdis and alight;

Bot than, to here the mirth was thame amang,

4 Above that too.

Ouer that to⁴, to see the suet⁵ sight

Off hyr ymage, my spirit was so light,

Me-thoght I flawe for ioye without arest,

5 bound all too
fast.

So were my wittis boundin all to fest⁵.

And to the notis of the philomene,

6 Which.

Quhilkis⁶ sche sang, the ditee there I maid

Direct to hire that was my hertis quene,

Withoutin quhom no songis may me glade;

And to that sanct, [there] walking in the schade,

My bedis thus, with humble hert entere,

Deuotly [than] I said on this manere.

7 have pity.

“Quhen sall your merci rew⁷ vpon your man,

8 unknown.

’Quhois service is yit vncouth⁸ vnto yow?

9 Since.

Sen⁹, quhen ye go, ther is noght ellis than¹⁰

10 then.

Bot, ‘Hert! quhere as¹¹ the body may noght throu¹²

11 that.

12 may not go
through.

Folow thy hevin! Quho suld be glad bot thou¹³

13 i.e. thou, O
heart!

That suich a gyde to folow has vndertake?

14 refuse thou
not.

Were it throu hell, the way thou noght forsake¹⁴!”

And after this the birdie overcheun^a

^a song over

Take vp ane othir sang full loud and glere,

And with a voce said, "Wele nye begyne^b,

^b Well have I
begyn with us.

That with ours make^c are togidre here :

^c make.

We proyne^d and play without dout and dourne,

^d proyne.

All clothit in a softe^e full froch and newe,

^e in our newe.

In lufe serene bery, glad, and trewe

And ye, fresche May, ay mercifull to ladies,

Now welcum be ye, floure of monthis all ;

For nocht onely your grace vpon vs bialie^f,

^f bialie.

Bot all the world to witness this we call,

That strowit hath so playnly ouer all

With new fresche suite and tender grene,

Oure lyf, oure lust^g, oure generouse, oure quene.^h

^g luste.

This was their song, as remyt me full hereⁱ,

ⁱ here.

With full many vnsouth suite note and schill^j,

^j schill.

And therewith all that ferre^k vponed hir eie

^k ferre was.

Wold cast amang^l, as it was Godes will,

^l it was Godes.

Quhare I mycht be, standing allane full still,

The fure facture^m that nature, for maistryrⁿ,

^m fure facture.
ⁿ For a maistryr.

In hir visage wrought had full belyngly,

^o belyngly.

And, quhen scho walkit had a lyall throwe^o

^o throwe.

Vnder the suite grene bewis bent^p,

^p bewis bent.

Hir faire fresche face, as quhite as any snawe,

Scho turnyt has, and furth hir wayis went

Bot tho^q began myn axie^r and turner^s,

^q thow.

To see hir part^t, and folowe I na myght :

^r myn.

Me thought the day was turnyt into nyght.

^s thow has depart.

Then said I thus, "Quiare-to lyve I langer!

Wofullest wight, and subiect vnto peyne!

1 God knows,
yea.

Of peyne? no! God wote, ya¹: for thay no stranger

2 these (pains)
no more
strongly may
afflict.

May wirken² any wight, I dare wele seyne.

3 at once.

How may this be, that deth and lyf, bothe tueyne,

Sall bothe atonis³ in a creature

Togidder duell, and turment thus nature?

I may noght ellis done bot wepe and waile,

4 locked.

With-in thir cald wallis thus i-lokin⁴;

From hennsfurth my rest is my trauaile:

My dryë thirst with teris sall I slokin,

And on my-self bene al my harmys wrokin:

5 remedy.
6 unless.

Thus bute⁵ is none; bot⁶ Venus, of hir grace,

7 prepare.

8 make my spirit
pass.

Will schape⁷ remede, or do my spirit pace⁸.

As Tantalus I tranaile, ay but-les,

9 alike.

That euer ylikë⁹ hailith at the well

Water to draw with buket botemles,

And may noght spele; quhois penance is ane hell:

10 regarding.

So by¹⁰ my self this tale I may wele telle,

For vnto hir that herith noght I pleyne;

Thus like to him my trauaile is in veyne."

So sore thus sighit I with my-self allone,

That turnyt is my strenth in febilnesse,

11 foes.

My wele in wo, my frendis all in fone¹¹,

My lyf in deth, my lyght into dirknesse,

12 certainty.

My hope in feer, in dout my sekirnesse¹²;

13 may God con-
voy her.

Sen sehe is gone: and God mote hir conuoye¹³,

That we may gyde to turment and to ioye!

The long day thus was I pryce and poure,
 Till Phebus coudit had his beame bryght,
 And had go farewele every let and thoure,
 This is to say, approuch gan the nyght,
 And Esperous his lampis gan to light,
 Quhen in the wyndow, still as any stone,
 I bade¹ at leneth, and kneeling, moude my moue

3. 2. 1. 1. 1. 1.

So lang till evyn, for lak of myght and mynd,
 For wept and for plevint² pitously,
 Ourset so sorow had bothe hert and mynd,
 That to the cold stone my hede on wray³
 I had, and lent, amant verily,
 Half sleping and half snoune, in such a wise:
 And quhat I met, I will yett now devyne⁴

2. wryte with
weeping and
pleaving.

2. 6. wry

4. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.

Me-thoght that thus all soleyndly a lyght
 In at the wyndow came squere that I lent,
 Off quhich the chambers-wyndow schene full bryght,
 And all my body so it hath overwent,
 That of my sight the vertew hale idlent⁵
 And that with all a vice vnto me made,
 "I bring the comfort and hole⁶, be nyght affrayde"

1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.
1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.
1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.

And furth anon it passit soleyndly,
 Quiler it came in, the ryght way ageyne,
 And anon, me-thoght, furth at the thre in bye,
 I went my weye, nas nothing but ageyn⁷
 And hastily, by bothe the armes, theyne,
 I was arant vp in to the air,
 Chppit⁸ in a cloude of cristall clere and faire

1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.
1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.
1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.

Ascending vpward ay fro spere to spere,
 Through aire and watere and the hotte fyre.
 Till that I come vnto the circle clere

1 *i.e.* the sphere
 of the zodiac.
 2 clear.

Off Signifere¹, quhare fairē, bryght, and schire².
 The signis schone; and in the glade empire
 Off blisfull Venus, [quhar] ane cryit now.
 So sulaynly, almost I wist noght how.

Off quhich the place, quhen I come there mye,
 Was all, me-thoght, of cristall stonis wroght.
 And to the port I liftit was in hye,

3 *i.e.* in a trice,
 as one may say.

Quhare sodaynly, as quho sais at a thocht³,
 It opnyt, and I was anon in broght

4 spacious.

Within a chamber, largē, rown⁴, and faire;

5 concourse.

And there I fand of peple grete repaire⁵.

This is to seyne, that present in that place

Me-thoght I sawe of euery nacioun

Loueris that endit [had] thaire lytis space

In lovis seruice, mony a mylioun,

6 adventures.

Off quhois chancis⁶ maid is mencioune

In diuerse bukis, quho thame list to se;

And therefore here thaire namys lat I be.

The quhois auenture and grete labouris

Above thaire hedis writin there I fand;

7 *i.e.* for love.

This is to seyne, martris and confessouris⁷,

8 mate.

Ech in his stage, and his make⁸ in his hand;

And therewith-all thir peple sawe I stand,

9 MS. solempn.

With mony a solempnit⁹ contenance,

10 As Love chose
 to aduance
 them.

After as Lufe thame lykit to auance¹⁰.

- Off gude folkis, that faire in life befall,¹ 1 *bedes*
- There saw I sit in order by thame one² 2 *by themselves*
- With hedis here, and with thame stude Gode-will
- To talk and play. And after that arose
- Beside thame and next thos saw I gone³ 3 *go alone*
- Curage, among the fresche folkis yong,
- And with thame playit full meryly and song.
- And in ano-othir stage, crouching⁴ the wall, 4 *creep*
- There saw I stand, in squis wyde and laug,
- A full grete nowmer; bot thame lordis all,
- Wist I nocht quhy, atoure⁵ thair eyen long. 5 *stare*
- And aye to thame come Repentance among⁶, 6 *at* *thame*
- And maid thame chere, degysit in his woe⁷. 7 *discoursed* *to* *thame*
- And downward efter that vit I take hede
- Ryght overthwert⁸ the chamber was thos chere 8 *at* *thame*
- A trovesse⁹ thin and white, all of plesance, 9 *company*
- The quene behynd, standing, there I sawe
- A world of folk, and by thair contenance
- Thair hertis seemt full of displeance,
- With billis in thair handis, of one assent
- Vnto the iuge thair playntis to present.
- And there-with-all apperit vnto me
- A voce, and said, Tak hede, man, and behold /
- Yonder¹⁰ thou ses the best stage and goode¹¹ 10 *the* *best* *stage* *and* *good*
- Off agt folk, with hedis hote and olde, 11 *the* *best*
- Yone were the folke that never change wold
- In lufe, bot trewly seruit him alway,
- In every age, vnto thair ending-day. 12

For fro the tyme that thai coud vnderstand
 1 The practice, the skill of the craft of love. The exercise, of lufis craft the cure¹,
 2 alive. Was none on lyve² that toke so moch on hand
 For lufis sake, nor langer did endure
 In lufis seruice; for, man, I the assure,
 Quhen thay of youth ressaut had the fill,
 Yit in thaire age thame lakkit no gude will.

Here bene also of suich as in counsailis
 And all thar dedis, were to Venus trewe;
 Here bene the princis, faucht the grete batailis,
 3 memory. In mynd³ of quhom ar maid the bukis newe,
 Here bene the poetis that the sciencis knewe,
 Throwout the world, of lufe in thaire suete layes.
 Suich-as Ouide and Omere in thaire dayes.

And efter thame downe in the next stage,
 4 where. There as⁴ thou seis the yong folkis pleye:
 Lo! thise were thay that, in thaire myddill age,
 Seruandis were to Lufe in mony weye,
 And diuersely happinnit for to deye;
 5 mates. Sum soroufully, for wanting of thare makis⁵,
 And sum in armes for thaire ladyes sakis.

And othir eke by othir diuerse chauce,
 As happin folk all day, as ye may se;
 Sum for dispaire, without recouerance;
 Sum for desyre, surmounting thaire degree;
 Sum for dispite and othir inmytee;
 6 a why, a reason. Sum for vnkyndenes without a quhy⁶;
 7. i.e. too much love. Sum for to moch⁷, and sum for ielousye.

- And efter this, vpon yone stage adoun¹, 1 MS. down.
 Tho that thou seis stand in capis wyde;
 Yone were quhilum² folk of religioun,
2 MS.
 That from the world thaire gouernance³ did hide,
3 MS.
 And frely seruit lufe on enery wyde
 In secrete, with thaire bodyis and thaire gude;
 And lo! quhy so thai hingen doun thaire hude;
 For though that thai were hardy at assay⁴, 4 MS. at trial.
 And did him service quhilum priuely,
 Yit to the worldis eye it semyt nay;
 So was thaire service half [bot] cowardy;
 And for thay first forsuke him opynly,
 And efter that thereof had repenting,
 For schame thaire hudis our thaire cyne thay hyng.
- And seis thou now yone multitude, on rawe⁵ 5 MS. rawe.
 Standing, behynd yone transe of delyte!
 Sum bene of thame that haldin were full lawe,
 And take by frendis, nothing thay to wyte⁶, 6 MS.
 In youth from lufe into the cloistere quite;
 And for that cause are cummyn, recounsil⁷, 7 MS. cummyn, re-
counsil.
 On thame to pleyne that so thame had begit.
- And othir bene amongis thame also,
 That cummyn ar to court, on Lufe to pleyne⁸, 8 MS. pleyne.
 For he thaire bodyes had bestowit so,
 Quhare bothe thaire hertes gruchit⁹ ther-agayn¹⁰, 9 MS. gruchit.
10 MS. agayn.
 For quhich, in all thaire dayes, both to seyne¹¹,
 Quhen othir lyvit in ioye and [in] plesance,
 Thaire lyf was night bot care and repentance.

And, quhare thaire hertis gevin were and set,
 Were coplit with othir that coud noght accord;
 Thus were thai wrangit that did no forfet¹,
 Departing² thame that neuer wold discord.
 Off yong ladies faire, and mony lord,
 That thus by maistry were fro thair chose dryve³,
 Full redy were thaire playntis there to gyve."

1 misdeed.

2 Separating.

3 driven from
their choice.

And othir also I sawe compleynnyng there
 Vpon Fortune and hir grete variance,
 That, quhere in loue so wele they coplit were,
 With thaire suete makis coplit in plesance,
 Sche⁴ sodeynly maid thaire disseuerance,
 And tuke thame of this warldis companye,
 Withoutin cause, there was none othir quhy⁵.

4 MS. So.

5 reas on.

And in a chiere of estate besyde,
 With wingis bright, all plumyt, bot his face,
 There sawe I sit the blynd god Cupide,
 With bow in hand, that bent full redy was,
 And by him hang thre arowis in a cas,
 Off quhich the hedis grundyn were full ryght,
 Off diuerse metals forgit fair and bryght.

And with the first, that hedit is of gold,
 He smytis soft, and that has esy cure;
 The secund was of siluer, mony-fold

6 Worse.

7 recovery.

8 bright.

Wers⁶ than the first, and harder auenture;
 The thrid, of stele, is schot without recure⁷;
 And on his long yalow lokkis schene⁸
 A chaplet had he all of levis grene.

And in a retere lytill of compass,

Depeyntit¹ all with sighis wonder sad,

Noght such sighis as hertis doith manace².

Bot such as dooth hufaris to be glad,

Fond I Venus vpon hir bed, that had

A mantill cast ouer hir schuldrie quhite:

Thus clothit was the goddesse of delyte.

¹ Painted

² threaten manace
to hurtle

Stude at the dure Fair-calling, hir vnhere,

That coude his office doon in connyng ware,

And Secrete, hir thrifty chamberere,

That besy was in tyme to do seruise,

And othir mo that I can noght on avice³;

And on hir hede, of rede rosis full quete,

A chapellet sche had, faire, fresch, and mete.

³ none of whom
I couldst tell

With quaking hert astonte of that sight,

Vmethis⁴ wist I quhat that I coulde seyne;

Bot at the last febly, as I myght.

With my handis on bothe my knes theyne,

There I begonth my caris to compleyne;

With an humble and lamentable chere

Thus salute I that goddesse bryght and clere.

⁴ I sawe

" Hye Quene of Lufe! sterre of benedice⁵

Pitouse princes, and planet mercurial⁶;

Appesare of malice and violence⁷

By vertew pure of your aspectis habill⁸,

Vnto youre grace lat now bene acceptabill

My pure request, that can no furthir gone

To seken help, bot vnto yow allans!

⁵ merciful

⁶ powerful

As ye that bene the socoure and suete well

Off remedye, of carefull hertes cure,

And, in the hugē weltering wawis fell

Off hufis rage, blissfull havin and sure;

O anker and keye of our gude auenture,

1 conquered.

Ye haue your man with his gude-will conquest¹:

Merci, therefore, and bring his hert to rest!

Ye knaw the cause of all my peynes smert

Bet than my-self, and all myn auenture

Ye may conuoye, and as yow list, conuert

The hardest hert that formyt hath nature:

2 wholly.

Sen in your handis all hale² lyith my cure,

Haue pitee now, O bryght blisfull goddesse,

3 poor servant.

4 have pity on.

Off your pure man³, and rew⁴ on his distresse!

And though I was vnto your lawis strange,

By ignorance, and noght by felonye,

And that your grace now likit hath to change

My hert, to seruen yow perpetualye,

5 prepare.

Forgine all this, and shapith⁵ remedye

To sauen me of your benignē grace,

6 make me die.

Or do me steruen⁶ furth-with in this place.

And with the stremes of your Percyng lyght

• Conuoy my hert, that is so wo-begone,

Ageyne vnto that suetē hevinly sight,

That I, within the wallis cald as stone

7 in the morning. So suetly saw on morrow⁷ walk and gone,

Law in the gardyn, ryght tofore myn eye:

Now, merci, Quene! and do me noght to deye."

Thir wordis mild, my spirit in dispaire,

A quhile I stynt, aliding efter grace¹ :

And there-withall his euidall eyen lair

Sche² kest awyde, and efter that a space

Bemignely schew turnyt has his face

Towards me full pleasantly conseruall

And vnto me eyght in that wyse schew schill

¹ I stopped, waiting
for the next
word.

² His face.

"Yong man, the cause of all thyne inward sorrowe

Is naught vnkawin to my selfe,

And thy request, hath not and beke indifferen³,

Quhen thou first maid profession to me :

Sen of my grace I haue impartit this

To knawe my lawe, continew furth for ayt,

There as I mynt⁴ full sore, I mynte bot soft.

³ Indifferent.

⁴ There where I
live.

Paciently thou tak thyne adventure,

This will my sone Cupide, and so will I,

He can the stroke, to me langis the cure

Quhen I se tyme, and therefor humill

Abyde, and seene and let God-logic the gyde⁵

Bot, for I haue thy futehole bare present,

I will the schewe the more of myn intent

⁵ Guidance.

⁶ Guide-line.

This is to say, though it to me pertene

In his lawe the seque to gouerne,

That the effectis of my bettes schene⁶

Has thaire aspectis by ordynance sterne,

With otheris byndis, mynes to directus,

Quhilkum in thingis bothe to come and gone,

That langis naught to me, to writt allowe⁷ :

⁷ neglect.

⁸ i.e. My manner
of conduct,
which, good and
badly, are
formed by my
nature
(probably) may
have brought
me to the
above. All
young men.

- As in thyne awin case now may thou se,
 For-quhy¹ lo, that [by] otheris influence²
 Thy persone standis noght in libertee;
 Quharefore, though I geve the beneuolence,
 It standis noght yit in myn aduertence³,
 Till certeyne coursis endit be and ronne,
 Quhill⁴ of trew seruis thow have hir graice i-wone.

- And yit, considering the nakitnesse
 Bothe of thy wit, thy persone, and thy myght,
 It is no mach, of thyne vnworthynesse
 To hir hie birth, estate, and beautee bryght:
 Als like ye bene, as day is to the nyght;
 Or sek-cloth is vnto fyne cremesye⁵;
 Or doken to the freschē dayesye.

- Vnlike the mone is to the sonnē schene⁶;
 Eke Ianuarye is vnlike to May⁷;
 Vnlike the kukkow to the phylomene;
 Thaire tabartis⁸ ar noght bothe maid of array⁹;
 Vnlike the crow is to the papē-ia¹⁰;
 Vnlike, in goldsmythis werk, a fischis eye
 To peire¹¹ with perll, or maked be so heye.

- As I haue said, vnto me belangith
 Specialy the cure of thy seknesse:
 Bot now thy matere so in balance hangith,
 That it requerith, to thy sekernesse¹²,
 The help of othir mo that¹³ bene goddes,
 And haue in thame the menes and the lore,
 In this matere to schorten with thy sore¹⁴.

1 For which reason.

2 i.e. other planet's influence.

3 control.

4 Until.

5 crimson cloth.

6 bright.

7 MS. like unto May.

8 coats of arms.

9 arrayed alike.

10 parrot.

11 compare.
MS. pererese.

12 assurance.

13 MS. than.

14 i.e. to shorten thy woe with.

And for thou sall se wele that I entend,
 Vn-to thy help, thy welefare to preserue,
 The streight weye thy spirit will I send
 To the goldesse that clepit is Mynerue,
 And se that thou hir hestis wele conserue,
 For in this case sche may be thy supplye¹.
 And put thy hert in rest, als wele as I.

1 help

Bot, for the way is vncouth vnto the²,
 There as hir duelling is and hir surraue,
 I will that Gude-hope seruant to the be,
 Your e alleris frend³, to let the to murn⁴,
 Be thy condyt and gyde till thou retorne,
 And hir beseech that sche will, in thy orde,
 Hir counsele geve to thy welefare and orde.

2 unknown to
thee3 Friend of you
all.4 to prevent
thy mourning.

And that sche will, as langith hir oder,
 Be thy gude lady, help and conseiloure,
 And to the schewe hir rype and gude ouer,
 Throw quench thou may, be proccesse and laboure,
 Atteyne vnto that glad and goldyn flour,
 That thou wald haue so fayn with all thy hart
 And forthir more, sen thou hir seruant art,

1 advice

Quhen thou descendis doune to ground ageyne,
 Say to the men that there bene resulent,
 How long think thay to stand in my disleyn,
 That in my lawis bene so negligent
 From day to day, and list thame nocht repent,
 Bot breken house, and walken at thaire large,
 Is nocht eft mende that thereof gynn charge!

5 There is no
need of

And for," quod sche, "the angir and the smert
 Off thaire vnkynndenesse dooth me constreyne,
 My femynyne and wofull tender hert,
 That than I wepe; and, to a token pleyne,
 As of my teris cummyth all this reyne,
 That ye se on the ground so fast ybete
 Fro day to day, my turment is so grete.

1 cease at
 another time.

And quhen I wepe, and stynten othir quhile¹,
 For pacience that is in womanhede,
 Than all my wrath and rancoure I exile;
 And of my cristall teris that bene schede,
 The hony flouris growen vp and sprede,
 That preyen² men, in thaire flouris wise,
 Be trewe of lufe, and worschip my seruise.

2 pray.

And eke, in takin of this pitouse tale,
 Quhen so my teris dropen on the ground,
 In thaire nature the lytill birdis smale
 Styntith thaire song, and murnyth for that stound³.
 And all the lightis in the hevin round
 Off my greuance haue suich compacienc⁴.
 That from the ground they hiden thaire presence.

3 space of time.

4 compassion.

And yit in tokenyng forthir of this thing,
 Quhen flouris springis, and freschest bene of hewe,
 And that the birdis on the twistis sing,
 At thilk⁵ tyme ay gynnen folk renewe⁵
 That seru⁶is vnto loue, as ay is dewe,
 Most commonly has ay his obseruance,
 And of thaire sleuth tofore⁶ haue repentance

5 MS. to renew.

6 former.

Thus maist thou seyne, that myn effectis growe,

Vnto the quiche ye aughten wold seyne,
No lyte offens, to sleuth is [all] forgo^u.

And therefore in this wode to thame seyne,

As I the here have bidden², and aunswere

The makere all the better tofore said¹;

Thus sall on the my charge becom fild.

1. I must needs to
go to thame.
2. My wold
wold.

2. I must needs
wold tofore.
3. My wold.
4. wold tofore.

Say on than, 'Quaire is becomyn, for seluene'

The songs new, the fresche carols and dances,

The lusty lyf, the merry change of games,

The fresche array, the lusty countenaunce,

The bery awayto³, the hertly obseruaunce,

That quithen was wrought thame so rytt

Bid thame repent in tyme, and mend thare lyf

4. I must needs
tofore.

Or I sall, with my fader old Saluene,

And with al hald⁴ our hertly alliance,

Oure glad aspectis from thence with⁵ and come,

That all the world sall waite⁶ thaire governance.

I'el thame bestyme that they have repentance,

And [with] thare hertly late reuise my lawe:

And I my hand for beking sall withdrawe.

5. I wold.

6. I must.

7. I wold.

This is to say, conkynew to my merite;

Worship my law, and my name magnifye.

That are your heere and your parition;

And I your confort here sall multiplye.

And, for your meryt here, perpetuall;

Remane I will your suitor of my grace,

To lyve with me as goddis in this place.

With humble thank, and all the reuerence

1 skill.

That feble wit and connyng¹ may atteyne,

I tuke my leue; and from hir presence,

Gude-hope and I to-gider, bothë tueyne,

2 shortly to say.
i.e. to be brief.

Departit are, and, schortly for to seyne²,

He hath me led [be] redy wayis ryght

Vnto Minervis palace, faire and bryght.

3 gate.

Quhare as I fand, full redy at the yate³,

The maister portrare, callit Pacience,

That frely lete vs in, vnquestionate;

And there we sawe the perfyte excellence,

4 The sober
retinue (?)
5 dignified.

The said renewe⁴, the state, the reuerence,

The strenth, the beautee, and the ordour digne⁵

Off hir court riall, noble and benigne.

And straught vnto the presence sodeynly

Off dame Minerue, the pacient goddesses,

Gude-hope my gydë led me redily;

6 timorous
humility.

To quhom anone, with dredefull humylnesse⁶,

Off my cummyng the cause I gan expresse,

And all the processe hole, vnto the end,

Off Venus charge, as likit hir to send.

Off quhich ryght thus hir ansuere was in bref:

“My sone, I haue wele herd, and vnderstond,

Be thy reherse, the matere of thy gref,

7 seek.

And thy request to procure, and to fonde⁷

Off thy pennance sum confort at my hond,

Be counsele of thy lady Venus clere,

To be with hir thyne help in this matere.

Bot in this case thou sall wele knawe and witt,
 Thou may thy hert ground on such a wise,
 That thy laboure will be bot lytill quit¹;
 And thou may set it in anothir wise²,
 That wil be to the grete worship and pris;e;
 And gif thou durst vnto that way enlyue,
 I will the geve my lore and disciplyne.

1 requited.

2 MS. in other
man.

Lo, my guile gone, this is als much to weyne³,
 As, gif thy lufe [be] sett all-sterly
 Of nyce lust⁴, thy travail is in veyne;
 And so the end sall turne of thy folye
 To payne and repentance; be, wate thou quhy⁵;
 Gif the ne list on lufe thy vertew set,
 Vertu sall be the cause of thy forfet⁶.

3 as much as to
wey.4 On foolish
lusts.5 know thou
why.

6 forsaken.

Tak Him before in all thy governance,
 That in His hand the ster⁷ loss of you all;
 And pray vnto His hye journeyance⁸
 Thy lufe to gye, and on His trust and call,
 That cornerstone and ground is of the wall
 That failis nocht, and trust, withoutin drede,
 Vnto thy purpose gone He sall the lede.

7 portion.

8 journey.

For lo, the werk that first is foundit sure,
 May better here a pace⁹ and hyare be,
 Than othir-wise, and langere sall endure,
 Be monyfold, this may thy reason see,
 And stronger to defend¹⁰ adversite;
 Ground thy werk, therefore, upon the stane,
 And thy desire sall forthward with the gane.

9 stage, of pace.

10 resist.

Be trewe, and meke, and stedfast in thy thocht,
 And diligent hir merci to procure,
 Noght onely in thy word, for word is noght ;
 Bot gif thy werk and all thy besy cure¹
 Accord thereto ; and vtrid be mesure²
 The place, the houre, the maner, and the wise ;
 Gif mercy sall admitten thy seruise.

All thing has tyme, thus sais Ecclesiaste ;
 And wele is³ him that his tyme wel abit⁴.
 Abyde thy time : for he that can bot haste
 Can noght of hap⁵, the wisē man it writ ;
 And oft gude fortune flourish with gude wit :
 Quharefore, gif thou will be wele fortunyt,
 Lat wisdomē aye to thy will be iunyt⁶.

Bot there be mony of so brukill⁷ sort,
 That feynis treuth in lufē for a quhile,
 And setten all thaire wittis and disport⁸
 The sely innocent woman to begyle,
 And so to wyne thaire lustis with a wile ;
 Suich feynit treuth is all bot trechorye,
 Vnder the vmbre⁹ of hid ypocrisye.

For as the foulere quhistlith in his throte
 Diuersely, to counterfete the brid,
 And feynis mony a suete and strangē note,
 That in the busk¹⁰ for his desate¹¹ is hid,
 Till sche be fast lokin his net amyde ;
 Ryght so the fatoure¹², the false theif, I say,
 With suete tresoun oft wynnith thus his pray.

1 care.

2 given forth by
rule.3 well is it with.
4 abideth. MS.
wil abit.5 controls not
fortune.

6 joined.

7 brittle, unre-
liable.

8 sport, delight.

9 shade.

10 bush.
11 deceit.

12 deceiver.

Fy on all such! fy on thaire doubleness!
 Fy on thaire lust and bestly appetite!
 Thaire wolleis hertis, in langhis likness,
 Thaire thoughtis blak, hid vnder wordis quete!
 Fy on thaire laboure! fy on thaire delyte!
 That feynen outward ail to hir honour,
 And in thaire hert hir worship wold demoure.

So hard it is to trusten now on dayes
 The world, it is so dooble and inconstant,
 Off which the woth is kild be every maner;
 More pitee is; for which the remnant,
 That menen wole, and ar nocht variant,
 For otheris gilt ar suspect of vntreuth,
 And hyndrit oft, and trenely that it reuth.

Bot gif the hert be groundit ferme and stalde
 In Goddis law, thy purpose to attayne,
 Thy laboure is to me agreeable,
 And my full help, with counsele trew and playne.
 I will the schewe, and this is the portoun
 Opyn thy hert, therefore, and lat me se
 Gif thy remede be pertynent to me."

"Melanie," quod I, "men it is your pleasure
 That I declare the kynd of my loving,
 Treuely and godly, withoutin variance,
 In lufe that flouris aboide all other thing;
 And wold bene he that to hir worshipping
 Myght ought vnaile, be Him that sauf our redell,
 And neithir spare for Trauaise, lyf, nor goodell."

1. ALL THESE
 2. THE

2. MS. NOT

1. THE
 2. THE
 3. THE

And forthirmore, as touching the nature

Off my lufing, to worschip or to blame,

I darre wele say, and there-in me assure,

For ony gold that ony wight can name

1 MS. Wald.

Nold¹ I be he that suld of hir gude fame

Be blamischere in ony point or wyse,

2 endure.

For wele nor wo, quhill my lyfe may suffise².

3 MS. theeffect.

This is the effect³ trewly of myn entent,

Touching the suete that smertis me so sore,

4 feigned(fault?).

Giff this be faynt⁴, I can it nought repent,

All-though my lyf suld forfait be therefore,

Blisful princes! I can seye you no more;

5 desire so compasses my wits.

Bot so desire my wittis dooth compace⁵,

6 without.

More ioy in erth kepe I nought bot⁶ your grace."

7 I will not say it nay.

"Desire," quod sche, "I nyl it nought deny⁷,

So thou it ground and set in Cristin wise:

And therefore, sone, opyn thy hert playnly."

8 truly without deceit.

"Madame," quod I, "trew withoutin fantise⁸,

9 MS. That day sall I never up-rise.

That day sall neuer be I sall vp-rise⁹

10 covet.

For my delyte to conate¹⁰ the plesance

11 honour.

That may hir worschip¹¹ putten in balance¹².

12 jeopardy.

For oure all thing, lo, this were my gladnesse,

To sene the freschë beautee of hir face;

13 MS. it.

And gif I¹³ myght desernë, be processe¹⁴,

14 in course of time.

For my grete lufe and treuth, to stond in grace,

15 Her honour safe.

Hir worschip sauf¹⁵, lo, here the blisfull cace¹⁶

16 lot.

That I wold ask, and there-to attend,

For my most ioye vnto my lytis end."

"Now wele," quod sche, "and sen that it is so,

That in vertew thy life is set with treuth,
To helpen the I will be one of the

From henceforth, and hertly without sleuth¹.

¹ heartily without delay.

Off thy distresse and excoise to haue reuth
That has thy hert, I will pay full faire
That Fortune be no more thereto contrair.

For uth it is, that all ye creaturis

Quhich vnder vs beneath haue your duelling
Romanen diuersely your auenturis²,

² Have ye your means of life variously.

Off quhich the cure and principall melling³

³ cure and chief guidance (the melling).

Apperit is⁴, withoutin repelling⁵,

⁴ Apperit, to be seen.
⁵ resist.

Onely to hir that has the chittis two

⁶ i.e. Fortune.

In hand⁶, bothe of your wele and of your wo.

And how so be that sum clerkis trete,

That all your chance⁷ causit is tofore

⁷ fate.

Heigh in the hevin, by quhois effectis grete

Ye movit are to wrething⁸, less or more,

⁸ twisting.

Thar⁹ in the world, thus calling that therefore

⁹ MS. Quhair.

'Fortune,' and so that the diuersitee

Off thaire wirking¹⁰ suld cause necessitee.

¹⁰ working.

Bot othir clerkis halden that the man

Has in him self the chace¹¹ and libertee

¹¹ chance.

To cause his awin fortune, how or quhan

That him best list, and no necessitee

Was in the hevin at his natiuitee,

Bot yit the thingis happen in consaue

Efter purpose¹², so cleping thaim 'fortune.'

¹² according to purpose.

1 previous knowledge.

And quhare a persone has tofore knowing¹

Off it that is to fall purposely,

Lo, Fortune is bot wayke in suich a thing,

2 note.

Thou may wele wit², and here ensample quhy;

3 MS. it.

To God, that³ is the first cause onely

Off every thing. there may no fortune fall:

4 is previously aware.

And quhy? for he foreknawin is⁴ of all.

And therefore thus I say to this sentence;

5 is greatest and strongest.

Fortune is most and strangest⁵ euermore

Quhare lest foreknawing or intelligence

Is in the man; and, sone, of wit or lore

Sen thou are wayke and feble, lo, therefore,

6 communion.

The more thou art in dangere and commune⁶

With hir that clerkis clepen so Fortune.

Bot for the sake, and at the reuerence

Off Venus elere, as I the said tofore,

I haue of thy distresse compaciencie;

7 assuagement.

And in confort and relesche⁷ of thy sore,

8 advice.

The schewit [haue] here myn advise⁸ therefore;

Pray fortune help, for mich vnlikly thing

Full oft about seche sodeynly dooth bring.

Now go thy way, and haue gude mynde vpone

9 in the way of teaching thee.

Quhat I haue said in way of thy doctryne⁹."

10 MS. he.

"I sall, madame," quod I¹⁰; and ryght anone

I tuk my leue. Als straught as ony lyne,

With-in a beme that fro the contree dyvine

11 i.e. in a beam which she shot forth as a path from heaven.

Sche, pereyng throw the firmament, extendit¹¹.

To ground ageyne my spirit is descendit.

Quhare, in a lusty¹ plane, take I my way,

1 *placens*.

Endlang² a ryuar, pleasant to behold,

2 *Along*.

Enbroudin³ all with fresche flouris gay,

3 *Equitatus
ornatus.*

Quhare, throu the gravel, bryght as my gold,

The cristall water ran so clere and cold,

That, in myn ere maid constantly.

A maner scene, mellit⁴ with armyny;

4 *A kind of
march-musick.*

That full of lytill fischis by the bryni,

Now here, now there, with babbill blewis as bair;

Lap and playit, and in a rout can awyn

So prattily, and dressit⁵ thame to apode

5 *adorned.*

Thaire curall⁶ fynnis, as the ruby rade,

6 *curial.*

That in the sonne on thaire scales bryght

As gesserant⁷ ay glitterit in my sight

7 *gleaming* (said).

And by this ilk⁸ ryuer-ayle glaw⁹

8 *Arise* by this
9 *river* (said).

And hye-way fand I like to beas¹⁰,

10 *like as it were*.

On quhich, on every ayde, a lang sawe

Off treis saw I, full of lewis grene,

That full of fruyte delitable were to bein¹¹,

11 *to be eaten*.

And also, as it cam vnto my mind,

Off hostis sawe I many diverse kynd

The lyoun king, and his fore¹² lyonsse;

12 *conspicuous.*

The pantere, like vnto the amargilue¹³;

13 *conspicuous.*

The lytill squerell, full of beyness¹⁴;

14 *beyness*
15 *beastly* (said).

The slawe aw, the druggare bestis of pyne¹⁵;

15 *druggare*.

The nyct¹⁶ ape, the werely¹⁷ porpogyne,

16 *that* (said)
17 *that* (said).

The Percyng lynx, the lifare virogyne¹⁸,

18 *that* (said)
19 *that* (said).

That veish¹⁹ venyn with his enour²⁰ bore

19 *that* (said)
20 *that* (said).

- There sawe I dresse him new out of [his] haunt
 1 active. The fery¹ tigere, full of felonye²;
 2 cruelty. The dromydare; the standar³ oliphant;
 3 standing. The wyly fox, the wedowis inemye;
 4 climbing goat. The clymbare gayte⁴; the elk for alblastrye⁵;
 5 elk strong. The herknere bore⁶; the holsum grey for hortis⁷;
 6 heark'ning against missiles. The haire also, that oft gooth to the wortis⁸.
 7 boar. The badger good
 8 for hurts. for hurts.
 9 plants. The bugill⁹, draware by his hornis grete;
 9 ox. The martrik¹⁰, sable, the foynyee¹¹, and mony mo;
 10 marten. The chalk-quhite ermyn, tippit as the iete;
 11 beech-marten. The riall hert, the conyng¹², and the ro;
 12 skilful. The wolf, that of the murthir noght sayis¹³ "Ho!"
 13 MS. say. The lesty¹⁴ beuer, and the ravin hare¹⁵;
 14 skilful. For chamelot¹⁶, the camel full of hare;
 15 ravening bear.
 16 camlet cloth.

With mony ane-othir beste diuerse and strange,
 That cummyth noght as now vnto my mynd.
 Bot now to purpose,—straucht furth the range
 I held a-way, oure-hailing in my mynd
 From quhenes I come, and quhare that I suld fynd
 17 in haste. Fortune, the goddesse, vnto quhom in hye¹⁷
 Gude-hope, my gyde, has led me sodeynly.

- And at the last, behalding thus asyde,
 A round place, wallit, haue I found;
 18 soon after. In myddis quhare eftsome¹⁸ I have aspide¹⁹
 19 MS. spide. Fortune, the goddesse, hufing²⁰ on the ground;
 20 lodging. *Mod.* And ryght before hir fete, of compas round,
Scot. houf, a
resort. 21 clinging I saw. A quhele, on quhich cleuering I sye²¹
 A multitude of folk before myn eye.

And ane sorowte sche werit¹ long that tyde.

1 *was*.

That semyt to me of diuerso hewis,

Quhilum thus, quhen sche wald [hir] turne *asyde*.

Stude this goddesse of fortune and [of] glorie².

2 *quyte, fowle*.

A chapellet, with many fresche snowis³

3 *little things*
4 *abundant*

Sche had vpon her hed, and with this long

A mantill on hir scholdre, large and long.

That furrit was with ermayn full quibbe,

Degoutit with the self⁴ in spottis blake

4 *and spotted*.

And quhilum in hir chiere⁵ thus a lyte⁶

5 *cheer*.

Louring sche was; and thus sene it wold slake⁷.

6 *diminished*.

And solelydly a maner⁸ smylyng make,

7 *a little*.

An⁹ sche were glad; [for] at one countenance

8 *shaking, some*.

Sche held nyght, bot [was] ay in variacion.

9 *maner of*.

10 *MS. And*.

And vnderneath the quhele sawe I there

Ane vgly put, depe as any helle,

That to behald thersum I quake for fere.

Bot o thing herd I, that quhele there-in fell:

Come no more vp agane, tidingis to telle;

Off quhele, astonut of that ferefull syght,

I ne wist quhat to dume, so was I fricht¹⁰.

11 *astonut*.

Bot for to se the andayn weltering

Off that ilk quhele, that sleppare¹¹ was to hold

12 *slipper*.

It semyt vnto my wit a strange¹² thing.

13 *MS. strange*.

So meny I sawe that than flymber wold,

And failit feting, and to ground were rold;

And othir eke, that sat alone on hye,

Were ouerthrowe in twinklyng of ane eye.

And on the quhele was lytill void space,
 1 very nearly straight across. Wele nere oure-straught¹ fro lawi vnto² hye;
 2 MS. to. And they were ware³ that long sat in place,
 3 wary. So tolter quhilum did sche it to-wrye⁴;
 4 So unsteadily at times she turned it awry. There was bot clymbe and ryght downward hye⁵
 5 hasten. And sum were eke that fallyng had [so] sore,
 There for to clymbe thaire corage was no more.

I sawe also that, quhere sum were slungin,
 Be quhirlyng of the quhele, vnto the ground,
 6 thrust them up. Full sudaynly sche bath [thain] vp ythrunge⁶,
 And set thame on agane full sauf and sound:
 And euer I sawe a new swarme abound,
 That [thought] to clymbe vpward vpon the quhele
 7 go round. In stede of thame that myght no langer rele⁷.

And at the last, in presence⁸ of thame all
 8 MS. presene. That stude about, sche clepit⁹ me be name;
 9 called. And therewith apon kneis gan I fall
 10 saluting. Full sodaynly hailsing¹⁰, abaist for schame;
 And, smylyng thus, sche said to me in game,
 "Quhat dois thou here? Quho has the hider sent?
 Say on anone, and tell me thyne entent

I se wele, by thy chere and contenance,
 There is sum thing that lyes the on hert,
 11 stands. It stant¹¹ nocht with the as thou wald, perchance?"
 "Madame," quod I, "for lufe is all the smert
 12 along and across. *Mad. colloq.* to tell the long and the short of it. That euer I fele, endlang and ouerthwert¹².
 13 Since. Help, of your grace, me wofull wrechit wight,
 Sen¹³ me to cure ye powere haue and myght."

"Quhat help," quod she, "wold thou that I ordeyne,

To bring the vnto thy hertis desire?"

"Madame," quod I, "bot that your grace desireth, I wold

Off your grete myght, my wittis to compare,

To win the well that shokin may the fyre

In quiche I burn. A, goddewe fortunate!

Help now my game, that is in poud to hunt!"

1 In poud, or
in the poud,
in the poud.

"Off mate!" quod she, "O! veray sely wretch,"

I se wele by thy dedely colour pale,

Thou art to feble of thy-self to stretch

Vpon my quhele, to clymbe or to hale"

4 hale,

Withouthin help; for thou has farlin stail"

5 farlin stail,
(farlin stail).

This many day, withouthin wordis wele,"

6 happy tale,

And wantis now thy veray hertis hale"

7 hale.

Wele maistow be a wretched man callit,

That wantis the comfort wold" thy hert glade:

8 My good-will.

And has all thing within thy hert woldit."

9 woldit.

That may thy youth oppressen or defaile"

10 defaile.

Though thy begynnyng hath bene retrograde,

Be froward opposyt quhare till aspert"

11 Opposyt to
froward, aspert,
froward, aspert,
froward, aspert,
froward, aspert.

Now sall thou turne, and lake on the dert!"

12 dert.

And therewithall vnto the quhele in lye"

13 in lye.

Sche hath me led, and had me here" to clymbe,

14 here.

Vpon the quiche I steppit sodavily.

"Now hald thy grippis," quod she, "for thy tymis,

Ane houre and more it ryanis over prymis;

To count the hole, the half is nere away;

Spend wele, therefore, the remanant of the day.

- 1 thes folk
before (ther), Ensamble," quod sche, "tak of this tofore¹,
That fro my quhele be rollit as a ball;
For the nature of it is euermore,
- 2 descend. After ane hicht, to vale² and geue a fall,
3 to cause to fall. Thus, quhen me likith, vp or doune to fall³.
Fare-wele," quoh sche, and by the ere me toke
So earnestly, that therewithall I woke.
- 4 restless spirit. O besy goste⁴! ay flikering to and fro,
That neuer art in quiet nor in rest,
Till thou cum to that place that thou cam fro,
Quhich is thy first and verray proper nest:
5 art thou
treated. From day to day so sore here artow drest⁵,
6 always while
waking. That with thy flesche ay walking⁶ art in trouble,
7 pain. And sleping eke; of pyne⁷ so has thou double.
- 8 MS. Couert. Towart⁸ my-self all this mene I to loke⁹.
9 have regard. Though that my spirit vexit was tofore
10 dreaming. In sueuenyng¹⁰, alssone as euer I woke
MS. sueuyng.
11 MS. xxy fold. By twenty-fold¹¹ it was in trouble more,
Bethinking me with sighing hert and sore
That [I] nane othir thingis bot dremes had,
12 certainty. Nor sekernes¹², my spirit with to glad.
- 13 addressed. And therewith sone I dressit¹³ me to ryse,
14 Filled full. Fulfild¹⁴ of thought, pyne, and aduersitee;
15 MS. in. And to my-self I said vpon¹⁵ this wise;
"A! merci, Lord! quhat will ye do with me?
Quhat lyf is this? quhare hath my spirit be?
Is this of my forethoght impressioun,
Or is it from the hevin a visioun?

And gif ye goddis, of youre purmanee¹,
 Haue schewit this for my reconforting,
 In releasche² of my furiose pemaunce,
 I yow beseeke full humily of this thing
 That of youre grace I myght hate more taknyng³,
 Gif it schal be as in my slepe before
 Ye shewit hate⁴. And forth, withouten more,

In hye vnto the window gan I walk,
 Moving within my spirit of this sight,
 Quhare solelydly a torture⁵, quhare he chok⁶,
 So evynly vpon my hand gan lyght,
 And vnto me sche turnyt hir full ryght
 Off quham the chere in hir birdis sport⁷,
 Gave me in hert kalendis of confort⁸.

This fair bird ryght in hir bill gaue hold
 Of red poroffie⁹ with their stalkis groue
 A fair branche, quhare writun was with gold,
 On every liet¹⁰, with branches bryght and schene¹¹,
 In compas fair, full pleasantly to see¹²,
 A plane sentence, quhich, as I can deume,
 And haue in mynd, and ryght on this wise,

"Awak¹³ awake¹⁴ I bring, I bring, I bring
 The newis glad, that blisfull beas and sure
 Of thy confort, now lauch, and play, and ryng,
 That art breid¹⁵ on glad and nunnure;
 For in the hevyn doestit is the sure¹⁶,
 And vnto me the flouris fair present¹⁷,
 With wyngis spread, hir wayis furth schal weid.

1 ere. Quhilk vp a-none I take, and as I gesse,
 Ane hundreth tymes, or¹ I forthir went,
 I haue it red, with hertfull glaidnese;
 2 took. And, half with hope, and half with dred, it hent²,
 And at my beddis hed, with gud entent,
 I haue it fair pyynit vp, and this
 First takyn was of all my help and blisse.

The quhich treuly efter, day be day,
 That all my wittis maistrit had tofore,
 3 MS. Quhich From hennesferth³ the paynis did away.
 hensferth.
 And schortly, so wele Fortune has hir bore,
 To quikin treuly day by day my lore,
 4 That to my To my larges that⁴ I am cunin agayne,
 freedom.
 To blisse with hir that is my souirane.

5 upon so small Bot for als moche as sum nicht think or seyne,
 a foundation.
 Mod. Scot. a Quhat nedis me, apoun so litill evyn⁶,
 supposition.
 6 had once crept To writt all this? I ansuere thus ageyne,—
 into heaven.
 7 MS. vi. or vii. Quho that from hell war croppin onys in hevin⁶,
 Wald efter o thank for ioy mak sex or sevyne⁷:
 8 sweet, And euery wicht his awin suete⁸ or sore
 happiness.
 Has maist in mynde: I can say you no more.

Eke quho may in this lyfe haue more plesance
 9 liberty. ' Than cum to largesse⁹ from thraldom and peyne,
 10 means. And by the mene¹⁰ of Luffis ordinance,
 That has so mony in his goldin cheyne?
 11 MS. this. Quhich thinkis¹¹ to wyn his hertis souereyne,
 12 blame. Quho suld me wite¹² to write thar-of, lat se!
 Now sufficiante is my felicitee.

Beeching vnto fair Venus abufe,

For all my brothir that bene in this place,

This is to seyne, that seruandis ar to Lufe,

And of his lady can no thank purchase,

His paine releuch¹, and sone to stand in grace,

1 MS. releuch

Boith to his worschipe and to his first one;

2 MS. worschipe

So that it hit and resone night displeid;

And eke for thame that ar nocht entrit iune

The dance of lufe, bot thidder-wart on way,

In gude tyme and rely² to begynne.

3 MS. thidder-wart

Thair prentissched, and forthir-more I pray

For thame that passit ben the mony allray

In lufe, and cummy⁴ ar to full plesance,

4 MS. cummyng

To graunt thame all, lo! gude perseverance;

And eke I pray for all the hertis dull,

That lyven here in sleuth and ignorance,

And haue no curage at the time to pull,

Thair lif to mend and thair soulis amange

With thair suete lore, and bring thame to gude
chance;

And quhe that will nocht for this prayer turne,

Quhen thai wald faynest speid, that thai may spurne⁵.

5 MS. I pray thair
lady and pray

To rekyn of euery thing the circumstance,

As hapnit me quhen lesson gan my sore,

Of my rancoure and [of my] wefall chance,

It war to long, I lat it be therefor.

And thus this fleure⁶, I can seye no more.

6 MS. fleure of
beautifull

So hertly has vnto my help attendit,

That from the deth hir man sche has defendit.

1 working. And eke the goddis mercifull virking¹,
 For my long pane and trewe seruice in lufe,
 That has me gevin halely myn asking,
 Quhich has my hert for euir sett abuse
 In perfyte ioye, that neuir may remufe,
 2 praise. Bot onely deth: of quhom, in laud and prise²,
 With thankfull hert I say richt in this wise:—

3 may. “Blissit mot³ be the goddis all,
 So fair that glitteren in the firmament!
 And blissit be thare myght celestiall,
 That haue convoyit hale, with one assent,
 My lufe and to [so] glade a consequent!
 4 axle-tree. And thankit be Fortunys exiltree⁴
 And quhele, that thus so wele has quhirlit me.

Thankit mot be, and fair and lufe befall
 The nychtingale, that, with so gud entent,
 Sang thare of lufe the notis suete and small,
 Quhair my fair hertis lady was present,
 5 ere. Hir with to glad, or⁵ that sche forthir went!
 6 gillyflower. And thou gerofloure⁶, mot i-thankit be
 All othir flouris for the luf of the!

And thankit be the fair castell wall,
 Quhare as I quhilom lukit furth and lent.

7 saints of March. Thankit mot be the sanctis marci⁷,
 That me first causit hath this accident.

Thankit mot be the grenē bewis bent,
 8 happened to me. Throu quhom, and vnder, first fortunyt me⁸
 9 healing. My hertis hele⁹, and my confort to be.

For to the presence suite and deliable,
 Rycht of this flour that full is of pleasure,
 By process and by metys favouride,

First of the blisful goldis purgatory,
 And syn² throu long and trew contrivance
 Of veray³ faith in lufe and trew service,
 I run am, and [yt] forthir in this wise.

1 purgatory.

2 attainable.

3 true.

Vnworthy, lo, becomyng of his grace,
 In lufe yoke, that say is and were.

In guerdoun of all my left space⁴

4 duration.

Sche hash me tak, her humble creature.

And thus befell my blisfull aventure.

In youth, of lufe, that now from day to day
 Flourith ay newe, and yt forthir, I say.

Go hilt trefne, naked of eloquence,

Causing simplicity and power to writ⁵;

5 simplicity and
power to be
written.

And pray the ruler to have pleasure

Of thy defence, and to supporten it⁶,

6 to keep with it.

Of his gulness thy breukilnes to kegit⁷.

7 his gulness
to break
him.

And his tong for to reule and to stene,

That thy defence holt may bene here.

Allace! and gif thou cumyest to the presence,

Quhere an⁸ of blame faynest thou wald be quite.

8 Where thou.

To here thy rule and crakit eloquence,

Quere sal be there to pray for thy cony⁹!

9 sinners.

Ne wald, lo, me¹⁰ for meir will aduise

10 Do not
advise.

The for Godwill, that is thy god and store.

To quhere for me thou piteously cony¹¹!

11 Do thou
pity me
and cony.

1 MS. fotall.

And thus endith the fatall¹ influence

Causit from hevyn, quhare power is commytt

Of gouirnance, by the magnificence

Of Him that hiest in the hevin sitt;

2 give thanks.
MS. think.To Quham we thank² that all oure [lif] hath writt,3 Who could
read it many a
year ago.Quho coutht it red, agone syne mony a yere³,

Hieh in the hevynnis figure circulere.

4 hymns.
MS. inpnis.Vnto [the] impnis⁴ of my maisteris dere,

Gowere and Chaucere, that on the steppis satt

Of rethorike quhill thai were lyvand here,

Superlatiue as poetis laureate,

In moralitee and eloquence ornat,

I recommend my buk in lynis sevin,

And eke thair saulis vn-to the blisse of hevin. Amen.

Quod explicit Jacobus Primus, Scotorum Rex
Illustrissimus.

GOOD COUNSEL.

[From "The Gude and Godlie Ballades," 1578.]

Ses throw vertew increasing dignitie,	
And vertew is flour and rute of noblesse ay,	
Of ony wit, or quhat estait thou be,	
His steppis follow, and dreid for nane effray ¹ :	1 (a) as affrayd- ing.
Eject vice, and follow treuth alway:	
Lufe maist thy God that first thy lufe began,	
And for ilk ² meche he will the quyte ³ ane span.	2 meche. 3 requite.
Be not our ⁴ proude in thy prosperitie,	4 ours.
For ne it cummis, na will it pas away,	
The tyme to compt ⁵ is schort, thou may weill se,	5 count, reckon.
For of grene gress some cummis wallowit ⁶ lay.	6 wallows.
Labour in treuth, quhilk south is of thy fay ⁷ ,	7 which is the south (i.e., direction) of thy faith.
Traist maist in God, for he best gyde the can,	
And for ilk meche he will the quyte ane span.	
Sen word is thrall, and thoct is only fre,	
Thou dant ⁸ thy tounge, that power lies and may ⁹ ,	8 Dant thou is to restrain.
Thou steik ¹⁰ thy ene fra warldis vanitie:	10 steik thou is to cut thou.
Refraine thy lust, and bairne quhat I say	
Grasp ¹¹ er ¹² thou slyde, and keep furth ¹³ the hie way,	11 Grasp, ere is to prevent.
Thou hold the fast upon thy God and man,	
And for ilk meche he will the quyte ane span.	

Quod King James the First.

ROBERT HENRYSON.

ROBERT HENRYSON.

LINKING the latter days of the First James to the brilliant age of James the Fourth shines the name of Robert Henryson, writer of the earliest Scottish pastoral. First of the greater Scottish makers whose life and work bore no direct relation to the political history of the country, the Dunfermline poet struck on the national lyre certain sweet and quaint new keys which ring yet with an undiminished charm, and preserve for him a unique place among the master-singers of the north.

Little is known of the personal history of this "most exquisite of the Scottish Chaucerians." According to the tradition of last century he was the representative of the family of Henryson or Henderson of Fordell in Fife; and in Douglas's *Baronage of Scotland* he is stated to have been the father of James Henderson, King's Advocate and Lord Justice Clerk in the reign of James IV., who redeemed the family lands and had them erected into a barony in 1510. Of these facts, however, though possible and even probable enough, there exists no absolute proof. In the Chantry of Dunfermline there are three deeds dated March 1477-8, and July 1478, by Henry, Abbot of Dunfermline, granting to George de Lathrobek and Patrick

Baron the lands of Spitalfield near Inverkeithing. To each of these documents the name of *Magister Robertus Henryson, notarius publicus*, is appended as witness. From the title of notary public Dr. Irving, in his *History of Scottish Poetry*, infers that Henryson was probably an ecclesiastic, and could therefore have no legitimate offspring. It has to be noted, however, that Henryson is nowhere styled *clericus* or *presbyter*, the usual titles of churchmen. By an Act of James III., moreover, in 1469, laymen had been admitted to act as notaries in matters civil. It is quite possible, therefore, that the poet may have been the father of the Lord Justice-Clerk who fell with James IV. at Flodden. Whether this was the case, however, and whether the lands of Fordell had formerly belonged to the family of Henryson, and had been wadsett or alienated by them previous to the acquisition by the Justice-Clerk,* are questions hardly likely to find conclusive settlement now.

In one of his works Henryson describes himself as "ane man of age," and Sir Francis Kynaston, who translated the *Testament of Cresseid* into Latin verse in the time of Charles I., stated upon what seems good authority that the poet "being very old, died of a diarrhoea or flux." It is certain that he had passed away before 1506, for Dunbar, in his well-known "Lament for the Makaris," written about that year, says of Death—

In Dunfermelyne he hes done roun
With gud Maister Robert Henrisoun.

* See Appendix to Laing's edition of Henryson, pp. 44-5.

Laing therefore conjectures that we cannot greatly err in supposing the poet to have been born not later than the year 1425. From the general tone, no less than the various classical allusions in his work, it might be gathered that he had received an education unusually liberal for laymen of that age. This is made certain by the fact that he is uniformly styled Master Robert Henryson, a title confined exclusively in those days to persons who had taken an academic degree. His name, nevertheless, does not appear on the registers of St. Andrews, at that time the only university in Scotland, and it must therefore be inferred that he pursued or completed his studies at some foreign university, such as Louvain or Paris. This was a custom from an early date in Scotland. In 1365 and 1368, as we know from existing permits, John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, and others passed through England to France for purposes of scholarship; and fifty years after Henryson's time there was hardly a university in Europe which did not count among its members wandering Scottish scholars like George Buchanan and the Admirable Crichton. Glasgow University, the second in Scotland, was founded by a bull of Pope Nicholas V. in 1451, and among those incorporated as members appears on 10th September 1462, "the venerable Master Robert Henryson, Licentiate in Arts and Bachelor in Divines." Such a title would imply that the poet had qualified for the legal profession, and upon the strength of this Laing suggests that "although no such record is preserved, it is by no

means improbable that he became a Fellow of Glasgow University for the purpose of reading lectures in law." But it seems as likely that his enrolment, with that of others, was for the purpose of giving weight and dignity to the new foundation.

Whatever may have been his functions as a notary public, Henryson, according to common tradition, followed the occupation of schoolmaster in Dunfermline. He is so designated first on the title of his *Fables* in 1570 and 1571, and again on the edition of his "*Cresseid*" in 1593. Various conjectures have been hazarded as to the exact professional position of the poet.* It is now, however, well known † that a "*Sang Scule*" existed at an early period in almost every one of the cathedral cities of Scotland, as well as in many of the smaller towns. The "*Sang Scule*" of Aberdeen, the most famous of these ancient institutions, is believed to have existed as early as 1370, and so popular did it become that it attracted teachers of even continental fame. The original purpose of these "*scules*" was the instruction of youths in the music and Latin necessary for proper performance of the church services. Gradually, however, other branches of instruction were added, until the institutions assumed the complete functions of grammar schools. Laing quotes from the Privy Council Register of 13th

* Lord Hailes' *Ancient Scottish Poems*, p. 273; Sibbald's *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*, vol. i., p. 87; and Chalmers' Preface to "*Robene and Makyne*," &c., p. vii., note 2.

† See an interesting article on "*Music in Early Scotland*" by Mr. J. Cunthbert Hadden in the *Scottish Review* for October 1888.

October 1573 a complaint at the instance of "John Henryson of the Grammar School within the Abbey of Dunfermline," which stated that "he and his predecessors had continued Masters and Teachers of the youth, in letters and doctrine, to their great commoditie, within the said school, past memory of man, admitted threesto by the Abbots of Dunfermline for the tyme," &c. Thus, without doubt, one the school of which the poet was in his time chief master, and curiously enough it is the only "sang schule" in Scotland of which traces still remain. According to Mr. Guthrie Hadden, "the presbytery of the parish church of Dunfermline still enjoys a yearly salary of £2, 6s. 8d. as teacher of music in the Sang or Grammar School, which is a nuisance."

No further facts of Henryson's life are known, though it may be possible to conjecture something of the poet's character and experience from the character and tone of his work. Twelve years of age when the puritaking, James I., was slain at Perth, the greater part of his life was comprised in the reigns of James II. and James III., the darkest and most stormy period of Stuart rule in Scotland, and though it cannot be supposed that he had any personal share in the troubles of the time, their shadow can be dimly seen resting here and there upon his verse. A quiet, thoughtful man he appears to have been, who, as the storm of the changeful strife without reached him in his still abbey walk, came to ask himself what were the true ideals and the meaning of human existence. The answer is

which he arrived is to be read everywhere between the lines of his poems.

Henryson's works have been preserved scattered amid the following collections:—The Asloan MS. in the Auchinleck Library, the Bannatyne MS. and Gray's MS. in the Advocates' Library, the Maitland MS. in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, the Harleian MS. in the British Museum, and Makculloch's MS. which was in the possession of his editor, Laing. Of editions of the separate poems there may be mentioned "Orpheus and Eurydice," printed by Chepman & Millar in 1508, the "Moral Fables" by Lekprevik in 1570, and the "Testament of Cresseid" by Henry Charteris in 1593. From the Bannatyne MS., in which are included the greater number of Henryson's existing poems, the Bannatyne Club printed "Robene and Makyne" and "The Testament of Cresseid" in 1824; and in 1832 the Maitland Club reprinted the "Moral Fables" from an edition of 1621. The poet's works, however, did not exist in complete collected form until 1865, in which year an edition, "leaving nothing to be desired," was edited by David Laing and published at Edinburgh.

"The Testament of Cresseid" has generally been esteemed the greatest of Henryson's compositions, though it cannot be considered the most complete. It suffers from the fact that it forms the sequel to a poem by another writer. Upon reading Chaucer, whose works had but lately been printed, the Scottish poet appears to have been struck by the unjust ending of the tale of "Troilus and Creseide." In

that tale, while the noble Troilus perishes on the battlefield, the false Creseide is left living with Diomed. To remedy this defect, and bring about a catastrophe more in accordance with poetic justice, Henryson wrote his epilogue. This formed part of the contents of the lost folios of the Ashan MS. (1515), and Laing conjectures that it was probably printed by Chapman & Millar with other works of Henryson in 1508; but so close a relation did it bear to Chaucer's poem, and so much did it enhance the interest of the narrative, that it was included, without its author's name, in all the early editions of the English poet after 1532. "It was even," says Laing, "enumerated in the list of Chaucer's works by Leland, Bale, and other early writers, who seem never to have heard of the name of Henryson." The true authorship of the "Testament" was first acknowledged in 1635 by Sir Francis Kynaston in the introduction to his Latin translation of "*Troilus and Creseid*." "For the author of this supplement," he says, "called the Testament of Creseid, which may pass for the sixth and last book of this story, I have very sufficiently been informed by Sir Thomas Erskine, late Earle of Kelly, and divers aged scholars of the Scottish nation, that it was made and written by one Mr. Robert Henderson, sometime chiefe Schoolemaster in Dunfermling, much about the time that Chaucer was first printed and dedicated to King Henry VIII. by Mr. Thynne, which was near the end of his reign" (i.e., in 1532).

The historian of Scottish poetry has remarked that

“for ‘the tale of Troy divine’ neither Chaucer nor Henryson had recourse to the classical sources. This, like some other subjects of ancient history, had been invested with all the characteristics of modern romance. The personages are ancient, but the institutions and manners are all modern.” At another place, adverting to the poet’s account of Mercury, the same writer expresses the hope “that Henryson taught one system of mythology to his scholars, and adopted another for the embellishment of his poetry.” Such freedom of treatment, however, was common to all the writers as well as the painters of the time, and it detracts little from the actual value and beauty of the poem. The chief objection to the “*Testament of Cresseid*” has been that in afflicting the heroine with so loathsome a disease as leprosy Henryson departed from the delicacy of Chaucer’s original work. Godwin, the biographer of Chaucer, observes: “Henryson perceived what there was defective in the close of the story of Troilus and Creseide as Chaucer left it; but the Scottish poet was incapable of rising to the refinement, or conceiving the delicacies of the English poet; though it must be admitted that in the single instance of the state of mind, the half-recognition, half-ignorance, attributed to Troilus in his last encounter with Creside, there is a felicity of conception impossible to be surpassed. In some respects the younger poet has clearly the advantage over the more ancient. There is in his piece abundance of incident, of imagery, and of painting, without tediousness, with scarcely one of those lagging, impertinent, and un-

meaning lines, with which the production of *Chamber* is so frequently degraded." With the latter part of this criticism Dr. Merry Ross * entirely agrees, saying of the lament of Crossed in the spital-house in particular, "The pathos throughout is so sweet and tender, the imagery so rich and various, the word-painting so felicitous, in spite of an excessive alliteration, that we venture to pronounce this part of the poem the highest achievement of Henryson's genius." Attention may be drawn to the opening of the poem as a passage of singular charm. Nothing could be happier than the introduction, wherein the poet, after regarding from his chamber the beauty of the frosty night outside, mends the fire, comforts his spirits with "ane drink," and, taking a book in hand, settles himself "to out the winter nicht and mak it schort." And altogether, there can be no question that in the "Testament of Crossed" the Scottish makar has to quote his editor, "produced as a distinct episode a picture of touching pathos and beauty."

"Orpheus and Eurydice," a metrical version of the well known classical story, of equal length with the "Testament of Crossed," has been attributed alternately to the early years and to the old age of the poet. Holding close to the incidents of the tale as narrated by Virgil and Ovid, it certainly exhibits little of the master-touch seen in its sister composition, and may be considered as chiefly of use for illustrating its author's familiarity with the classic learning of his time.

* *Scottish History and Literature* p. 162.

Most bulky and perhaps best known of Henryson's works is his series of "Moral Fables." These claim to be Scottish metrical versions of thirteen of the fables of Æsop, each with a moral appended, and the whole introduced by two prologues. Of the Latin collection of fables attributed to the Phrygian Æsop, it is conjectured that the first printed edition was made at Rome in the year 1473, and that proving extremely popular, the work was translated before long into most European languages. At anyrate, collections of such apologues, under the names of Æsop, Avianus, and other ancient writers, afforded popular amusement for all classes of people towards the end of the fifteenth century. Which of these collections Henryson used as a model is not known, but it is believed, from their allusions to the corruptions and disturbances of the time, that his own "Moral Fables" were written between the years 1470 and 1480, and he has the credit of being one of the first of the British poets to employ the apologue as a distinct class of literature. In telling these stories Henryson departs from the terse manner of his classic models, and his work bears little likeness to the short, neat fables of Gay and La Fontaine. His tales are full of descriptive imagery, pleasant dialogue, humorous incident, and allusions to the everyday life and manners of his time. He had the artistic instinct to perceive that such productions take their chief value from the human sentiment behind them. So much, indeed, has he raised the interest of the narratives by the reflection in them of human feeling and character

that he may be said to have by them added to literature a novel and fascinating poetic form. From the fable which has generally been considered his best, "The Twaill of the Uplandis Moss and the Burges Moss," a good deal is to be gathered, as one critic has pointed out, of the social institutions of Henryton's age. Among other details the town mouse, a "gild-brother" and "free burges," when she travels to visit her upland sister, who lives "as outlawis does," goes barefoot and with pikestaff in her hand, "as pure pilgrym." Some light is even cast upon the diet of those days—wine, cheese, thruf-takes, and "all the coursie that enikis culd defyne." But if manners have altered, human nature has not changed. The modern reader is tempted to smile in curious recognition of the city madame who, when offered the plain fare of her sister's whieling, "promptly furth in pryde." In short, under the guise of apologue this and the other twelve fables present us with pictures of real life whose shrewd accuracy is all the more delightful that it is veiled behind a playful name.

Henryton's shorter pieces are marked as less strongly than his more ambitious works with the individuality of their author. Among them "The Bludy Serk" has been called one of the earliest specimens of ballad writing. But it is in reality a subtle allegory which might have afforded Bunyan a suggestion for his episode of Giant Despair. A better example of the poet's allegorical fancy is found in "The Garnweid of Gude Ladsie," a typical work of its kind, containing a touch or two, as in the third year,

which our modern tongue could hardly approach. The other short poems, like "The Abbay Walk" and "The Prais of Aige," with their gentle temper and pensive benignity, bring the reader nearest, perhaps, to the character of the poet himself.

It is by his single short pastoral, however, that Henryson, after all has been said, is likely to linger longest in the memory of the reader. "Robene and Makyne" is the earliest specimen of pastoral poetry in the language, but in no respect does it fall short of later efforts in the same field. Dr. Irving, indeed, considered it "superior in many respects to the similar attempts of Spenser and Browne," finding it "free from the glaring improprieties which sometimes appear in the pastorals of those distinguished writers," while Dr. Merry Ross declared it to be "one of the loveliest pastorals in all literature." Every point in the poem is true to nature, and every stanza strikes a chord in the common heart of humanity. Nothing could be more profoundly pathetic than the lines beginning "Robene that warld is all away," simple as the words appear; and when the poem has been read throughout, the whole remains in the mind, clear and vivid, a picture to which no touch could add effect.

In this poem, within a brief compass, is perhaps to be discovered the main secret of Henryson's charm. Here the art and the heart of the master-singer are revealed together—the lines are still lightened by a quaint and kindly humour while his pen is touching the tender fountains of passion and regret.

ROBENE AND MAKYNE.



ROBENE sat on good grene hill,
 Keperd a flock of fe¹;
 Murry Makyne said him til²,
 "Robene, thou row on me³,
 I hauf the luyt lowd and still⁴
 This yearis two or thre;
 My dale is dorn bot gif thou dill⁵,
 Douthless but dreid I be⁶."

Robene answerd, "Be the Rude,
 Na-thing of lufe I knaw,
 Bot keipis my schep under your wude,
 Lo, quhair thay ralk on raw⁷!
 Quidat how merit the in thy meid,
 Makyne, to me thou schaw!
 On quhat is lufe or to be lude⁸?
 Fane wald I leir⁹ that law."

"At luvie luv¹⁰ gite thou will leir,
 Tak thair sue A, B, C,
 Be heynd¹¹, courtous, and fair of fair¹²,
 Wyse, hardy, and fre;

1 sheep.

2 to.

3 have pity on

me.
4 young and
mildly.

5 My answer was
because thou
dost.

6 be dard of be-
coming I do.

7 range on row.

8 luvie.

9 luvie.

10 luvie.

11 gentle
12 courage.

1 dannt thee.

2 Whatsoever
woe in secret
thou endure.

3 Exert.

So that no denger do thé deir¹,
Quhat dule in dern thow dre²;
Preiss³ thee with pane at all poweir
Be pacient, and previe."

4 wot.

Robene answerit hir agane,
"I wait⁴ nocht quhat is lufe;
But I haif mervell incertaine,

5 thus measy.

6 glad.

7 healthy on the
heights.

8 If.

9 bring reproof.

Quhat makis thé this wanrufe⁵.
The weddir is fair, and I am fane⁶,
My scheip gois haill aboif⁷,
And⁸ we wald play us in this plane
Thay wald us bayth reproif⁹."

10 take heed.

11 advise.

12 whole.

13 And also.

14 salve for
sorrow.

15 In secret with
thee unless I
deal.

"Robene, tak tent¹⁰ unto my tail,
And wirk all as I reid¹¹,
And thow sall haif my hairt all haill¹²,
Eik and¹³ my maidenheid.
Sen God sendis bute for baill¹⁴,
And for murnyng remeid;
In dern with thee bot gif I daill¹⁵
Dowtles I am bot deid."

16 this same
time.

"Makyne, to-morne this ilka tyde¹⁶
And ye will meet me heir
Peraventure my scheip may gang besyd

17 While we have
lain.

18 ill-will have I
if I tarry.

19 stir.

Quhill we haif liggit¹⁷ full neir;
Bot mawgre haif I and I hyd¹⁸
Fra thay begin to steir¹⁹.
Quhat lyis on hairt I will nocht hyd;
Makyne than mak gud cheir."

"Robene, thou reivis me roiff¹ and rest !
I hve bot thé allane."

1 *robene's sword*
spoke

"Makyne, adew ! the sone gois west,
The day is neir hand gane."

"Robene, in dule I am so drest²,
That lufe wil be my hane."

2 *dress*

"Ga lufe, Makyne, quhair evir thou list,
For lemman I hve nane."

"Robene, I stand in sic a style³
I richt⁴, and that full air."

3 *stand & state*

4 *right*

"Makyne, I haif bene heir this quhyle,
At hame God gif I wair⁵."

5 *God would I*
were

"My huny, Robene, talk ane quhyle,
Gif thou will do na mair."

"Makyne, cum uthir man begyle,
For hamewart I will fair."

Robene on his wayis went

Als licht as leaf of tre.

Mawkyne murnit in hir intent⁶,

6 *intent*

And trowd him nevir to se.

Robene brayd atour the bent⁷ ;

7 *"atour" means*
the border."

Than Makyne cryit on hie,

"Now ma thou sug, for I am schent⁸ ;
Quhat als lufe at me ?"

8 *shame*

Mawkyne went hame withowttin fail

Full wery eftir crowth weip⁹.

9 *wery and like*
to weep

Than Robene in a ful fair daill¹⁰

10 *time, measure*

Assemblit all his schep

Be that sum parte of Mawkynis aill
 Out-throw his hairt coud creip;
 He fallowit hir fast thair till assaill
 And till hir tuke gude keep¹.

¹ to her took
 good heed.

“Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne!
 A word for ony-thing!
 For all my luve it sal be thyne,
 Withowttin departing².
 All haill thy harte for till haif myne³
 Is all my cuvating.
 My scheip to-morn, quhill⁴ houris nyne,
 Will neid of no keping.”

² Without
 dividing.

³ To have thy
 whole heart
 mine.

⁴ till.

“Robene, thow hes hard sounng and say
 In gestis⁵ and storeis auld
 ‘The man that will nocht quhen he may,
 Sall haif nocht quhen he wald.’
 I pray to Jesu, every day
 Mot eik⁶ thair cairis cauld,
 That first preissis⁷ with thé to play
 Be firth⁸, forrest, or fauld⁹.”

⁵ romances.

⁶ May add to.

⁷ endeavour.

⁸ enclosed land.

⁹ open pastures.

“Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,
 The weddir is warme and fair,
 And the grene woid rycht neir us by
 To walk atour all quhair¹⁰:
 Thair ma na janglour¹¹ us espy
 That is to lufe contrair;
 Thairin, Makyne, bath ye and I
 Unsene we ma repair.”

¹⁰ To walk over
 everywhere.

¹¹ tatter.

"Robene, that world is all away,
 And quyt bracht till ane end;
 And nevir agane thairto, perfay¹,
 Sall it be as thou wend².
 For of my pane thou maid it play,
 And all in vane I spend;
 As thou has done, so sall I say,
 Murne on, I think to mend."

1 *by my faith*2 *would,
expected*

"Makyne, the howp of all my heill³,
 My heart on thee is sett,
 And evir-mair to thee be leill⁴.
 Quhill I may leif, but lett⁵,
 Nevir to fail, as uthers feill⁶,
 Quhat grace that evir I gett.⁷
 "Robene, with thee I will nocht dell,
 Adew! for thus we mett."

3 *hope of all my
happiness*4 *company*5 *without
reason*6 *as others have*

Makyne, woun haire blyth answeret⁸,
 About the holte hair⁹,
 Robene murrut, and Makyne jowet¹⁰,
 So he sang, he sicht pair¹¹,
 And so left him bayth so and synd¹²,
 In dolor and in oiz,
 Kepand his hirl under a luche¹³,
 Among the holte hair.

7 *reward*8 *about the grey
hair*9 *laughter*10 *right soon*11 *wasful and
well-to-do*12 *to die*

THE GARMOND OF GUDE LADEIS.*

WALD my gud Lady lufe me best,
And wirk eftir my will,
I suld ane garmond gudliest
Gar mak hir body till¹.

1 Cause make for
her body.

2 high.

Off he² honour suld he hir hud,
Upoun hir heid to weir,
Garneist with governance so gud,
Na demyng suld hir deir³.

3 No censure
should hurt
her.

Hir sark suld be hir body nixt,
Of chestetie so quhyt,
With schame and dreid togidder mixt,
The same suld be perfytt.

4 Laced with
lawful love.
5 eyelet-holes of
continence.

Hir kirtill suld be of clene constance,
Lasit with lesum lufe⁴,
The mailyheis of continuance⁵
For nevir to remufe.

* Lord Hailes considered this poem "a sort of paraphrase of 1 Tim. ii., 9-11," and Laing remarks that "Pinkerton (History, vol. i., p. 434) refers to it as giving the best idea of the dress of a lady of that period; 'the complete attire consisting of hood, shift, kirtle (or gown and petticoat) tied with laces and adorned with mails or spangles; on upper gown or robe, purfled and furred, and adorned with ribbons; a belt; a mantle or cloak in bad weather; a hat, tippet, *patelet*, perhaps small ruff; a ribbon about the neck; sleeves, gloves, shoes and hose.'"

Hir gown suld be of gadlines,
 Weill ribband with renowne,
 Purfillit with plesour in ilk place¹,
 Furrit with fyne fassoun².

1 each place

2 fashion.

Hir belt suld be of benignitie,
 About hir middill meit,
 Hir mantill of humilitie,
 To tholl³ bayth wind and weit.

3 endure.

Hir hat suld be of fair having⁴,
 And hir tepat of trewth,
 Hir patelet of gude pansing⁵,
 Hir halsribbane⁶ of rewth⁷.

4 carriage.

5 Her ruff let
goe through.

6 throat ribband.

7 pity.

Hir slevis suld be of esperance,
 To keip hir fra despair,
 Hir gluvis of the gud governance,
 To hyd hir fyngearie fair.

Hir schone⁸ suld be of tickernes⁹,
 In syne that scho nocht slyd;
 Hir hois of honestie, I ges,
 I suld for hir provyd.

8 shoe.
9 tickleness.

Wald scho put on this garmond gay,
 I durst sweir by my seill¹⁰,
 That scho woir never grene nor gray
 That set hir half so weill.

10 happiness.
satisfaction.

THE ABBAY WALK.*

ALONE as I went up and doun
In ane Abbay was fair to se,
Thinkand quhat consolatioun
Was best in-to adversitie;
On caiss¹ I kest on syd myne é,
And saw this written upoun a wall,
Of quhat estait, Man, that thow be,
Obey, and thank thy God of all.

Thy kindome and thy grit empyre,
Thy ryaltie, nor riche array,
Sall nocht endeur at thy de-syre,
Bot, as the wind, will wend away;
Thy gold, and all thy gudis gay,
Quhen fortoun list will fra thee fall:
Sen thow sic fampillis seis ilk day²,
Obey, and thank thy God of all.

¹ By chance.

² Since thou
seest such
examples each
day.

* This title was given to the poem by Lord Hailes "from a like title given to a popular poem mentioned by Sir James Inglis" in *The Complaynt of Scotland*.

Job was maist riche, in Writ we find,

Thobé maist full of cheritie /

Job woux pure¹, and Thobé blynd,

¹ woux pure

Baith temptit with adversitie,

Sen blindnes was intimate,

And poverty was naturall.

Thairfor ryelt patiently baith he and he
Obeyit, and thankit God of all.

Thocht² throw be blind, or half ane half,

² Thocht

Or in thy face deformit ill,

Sa it cum nocht throw thy default,

Na man wold the reproof by skill³

³ reproof by
cunning God Giv

Blame nocht thy Lord, sa is his will ;

Spurn nocht thy fute aganis the wall ;

Bot with meik hart and prayer still

Obey, and thank thy God of all.

God of his justice maist⁴ correct

⁴ correct

And of his mercie petie haif ;

He is ane Juge, to nane suspect,

⁵ by none to be
suspected

To punis synfull men and saif.

Thocht thou be hard attour the haif,

⁶ court the rest

And eftirwart maid bound and thrall,

Ane pure begger, with skrip and staif,

Obey, and thank thy God of all.

This changeing and grit variance

Off erdly⁷ staitis up and down

⁷ erdly

Is nocht bot⁸ casualtie and chance,

⁸ wald

Sa⁹ ana men sayis without reason,

⁹ say

Bot be the grit provisioun
 Of God aboif that rewel thé sall;
 Thairfoir evir thow mak thé boun¹
 To obey, and thank thy God of all.

1 ready.

In welth be meik, heich² not thy-self;
 Be glaid in wilfull povertie;
 Thy power and thy warldis pelf
 Is nocht bot verry vanitie.

2 exult.

Remembir him that deit on tre,
 For thy saik taistit the bittir gall,

3 Who raises
 lowly hearts
 and puts down
 the high.

Quha heis law hairtis, and lawis he³;
 Obey, and thank thy God of all.

THE PRAIS OF AIGE.

IS-ryt, ane parth¹, under ane reid rose².

¹ garden.
² a red rose-tree.

Ane auld man, and decrepit, hard I syng.

Gay wes the noit, sweet was the voce and cleir.

It wes grit joy to heir of sic ane thing.

"And to my doune³," he said, in his dyting⁴,

³ As to my fate
⁴ tale, story.

"For to be young I wald nucht, for my wyme⁵,

⁵ after what I
know.

Of all this world to mak the lord and king

The moyr of aige the nearer hevynis bliss.

"Fale is this world, and full of varyance,

Ouroset with syt and uther synnyng me⁶;

⁶ Overcome with
sorrow and
other pains
more.

Now trewth is tynt⁷, gyle⁸ hes the governance,

And wrachitnes hes wrought al weill to wo!

⁷ lost.

Fredoune is tynt, and flémyt⁹ the lordis fro,

⁹ flamed away.

And envatiyce is all the cause of this

I am content that yowthheid is ag¹⁰

¹⁰ gone.

The moyr of aige the nearer hevynis bliss.

"The stait of yowth I requyte¹¹ for no gude,

¹¹ requite.

For in that stait grit porrell now I see,

Can noucht understand the raging of his blude

Ne yit be pital quhill that he agit be¹²

¹² can be re-
sisted.

Than of the thing that maist rejoysit he,
 Na-thing remaynis for to be callit his;
 For quhy? it was bot verray vanite:
 The moyr of aige the nerar hevynis blyss.

1 trust.

“This wrechit warld may na man trow¹; for quhy?
 Of erdly joy ay sorrow is the end;
 The gloyr of it can na man certify,
 This day a king, the morne na-thing to spend!
 Quhat haif we heyr bot grace us to defend!
 The quhilk God grant us till amend our myss²,
 That till his joy he may our saullis send;
 The moyr of aige the nerar hevynis bliss.”

2 to amend our
 fault.

THE TESTAMENT OF CRESSEID.

ANE doolie ~~accoun~~ to ane cairfull dyte¹

Suld correspond, and be equivalent.

Richt ~~as~~ it wes quhen I began to wryte

This tragedie, the wedder richt fervent²,

Quhen Aries in middie of the Lent ;

Schouris of hail can fra the north descend,

That ~~scantlie~~ fra the cauld I nicht defend.

Yet nevertheles within myne orator³

I stude, quhen Titan had his beiris bricht

Withdrawin down, and syht under cure⁴,

And fair Venus, the bewtie of the night,

Upris, and set unto the west full richt

Hir golden face, in opposition

Of god Phoebus, direct descending down.

Throwout the glas hir beiris brist⁵ as fair,

That I might se on everie syde me by,

The northin wind had purifyit the air,

And sched the mistie charlie fra the sky ;

The frost freist, the blastie bitterly

Fra Pole Artick come quhaling land and schill⁶.

And causit me remuife againe my will.

1 A *doublet*
must be
made full of
sense.

2 the weather
right fervent.

3 oratory.

4 covered
under cover.

5 bristles.

6 shill.

- For I traistit that Venus, luifis quene,
 1 promise. To quhome sum-tyme I hecht¹ obedience,
 My faidit hart of lufe scho wald mak grene;
 And therupon, with humbill reverence,
 I thoct to pray hir hie magnificence;
 2 was prevented. Bot for greit could as than I lattit was²,
 And in my chalmer to the fyre can pas.
- 3 Though love be hot. Thocht lufe be hait³, yit in ane man of age
 It kendillis nocht sa sone as in youtheid,
 Of quhome the blude is flowing in ane rage,
 4 dull and dead. And in the auld the curage doif and deid⁴;
 Of quhilk the fire outward is best remeid,
 To help be phisike quhair that nature faillit
 5 attempted. I am expert, for baith I have assailit⁵.
- 6 basked. I mend the fyre, and beikit⁶ me about,
 Than tuik ane drink my spreitis to comfort,
 And armit me weill fra the cauld thairout;
 To cut the winter nicht, and mak it schort,
 7 quire, book. I tuik ane quair⁷, and left all uther sport,
 Writtin be worthie Chaucer glorious,
 Of fair Cresseid and worthie Troylus.
- And thair I fand, efter that Diomeid
 Ressavit had that lady bricht of hew,
 8 started aside. How Troilus neir out of wit abraid⁸,
 And weipit soir, with visage pail of hew;
 9 which despair. For quhilk wanhope⁹ his teiris can renew,
 10 Till. Quhill¹⁰ Esperus rejoisit him agane:
 11 by whiles. Thus quhyle¹¹ in joy he levit, quhile in pane.

Of hir behest he had greut confortung,

Transteing to Troy that scho wold mak retour,

Quhilk he desyrit most of endly thing.

For why? scho was his only paramour:

Bot quhen he saw possit both day and hour

Of hir gaudounes¹, than sorrow wold oppow

¹ *From the same.*

Hir wofull hart, in cair and hecess

Of his desires no needis wold relous,

For worthis Chauceris, in the same buk,

In gudelis termis and in joly veis

Compylit has his cairis, quha will lurk

To brak my sleep and outhir quair I turk.

In quhilk I fand the fatall destynn

Of fair Cressid, that woldit wretchednes

Quha wait² gif all that Chaucer writ was trew?

² *Who knows.*

Nor I wait woldit gif thos narratioun

Be authorit, or feyned of the new³

³ *Imagined story.*

Be sum poet, throw his invention

Mak to report the lamentatioun

And wofull end of this lastie⁴ Cressid.

⁴ *Youngest.*

And quhat distour scho thocht⁵, and quhat doid⁶

⁵ *Is troubled.*
⁶ *Is dead.*

Quhen Diomed had all his appetyte,

And nair, fulfillit of this fair ladie,

Upen ano uthir he set his heill delyte,

And send to hir ane lyell of repudie,

And he excludit fra his compaignie

Than doudit scho walkit up and down,

And wroth men sawe, unto the court comyn

O, fair Cresseid! the floure and *A per se*
 Of Troy and Grece, how was thow fortunait!
 To change in filth all thy feminitie,
 And be with fleschelic lust sa maculait¹,
 And go amang the Greikis air and lait,
 Sa giglotlike, takand thy foull plesance!
 I have pietie thow suld fall sic mischance.

1 polluted.

2 censure.

3 frailty.

Yit nevertheles, quhat-ever men deme² or say
 In scornefull langage of thy brukkilnes³,
 I sall excuse, als far furth as I may,
 Thy womanheid, thy wisdome, and fairnes;
 And quhilk Fortoun hes put to sic distres
 As hir pleisit, and na-thing throw the gilt
 Of thé, throw wickit langage to be spilt.

4 without.

This fair lady, in this wyse destitute
 Of all comfort and consolatioun,
 Richt privelie, but¹ fellowschip, on fute
 Disagysit passit far out of the toun
 Ane myle or twa, unto ane mansioun,
 Beildit full gay, quhair hir father Calchas
 Quhilk than amang the Greikis dwelland was.

Quhen he hir saw, the caus he can inquire
 Of hir cuming? Scho said, siching full soir,
 "Fra Diomeid had gottin his desyre
 He vox werie, and wald of me no moir."
 Quod Calchas, "Douchter, weip thow not thairfoir,
 Peraventure all cummis for the best,
 Weleum to me, thow art full deir ane gest."

This auld Calchas, efter the law was thair,
 Was keeper of the tempall, as ane preist,
 In quhilk Venus and hir sone Cupido
 War honourit, and his chalmer was thair neist¹, *1 there*
 To quhilk Cressid, with hieill aneuch² in hreist, *1 was enough*
 Usit to pas, hir prayers far to say;
 Quhill at the last, upon ane solempne day,

As custome was, the pepill far and neir
 Befor the none unto the tempall went
 With sacrifice devoit in their maner
 But still Cressid, hevie in hir intent,
 In to the kirk wald not hir self present,
 For givin of the pepill ony deming
 Of hir expuls fra Diomed the king;

Bot past into ane secret crature,
 Quhair scho might weip hir wofull destiny.
 Behind hir bak scho cloist fast the dore,
 And on hir kneis hair fell down in hy³; *4 on knees*
 Upon Venus and Cupide angerly
 Scho cryt out, and said on this same wyse
 " Allace that ever I maid yow sacrifice!

" Ye gave me anis ane hevyns responnall,
 That I suld be the flour of luff in Troy,
 Now am I maid an unworthy outwail⁴, *1 outwail*
 And all in our translatit is my joy
 Quha will me gyde I quha will me more destroy;
 Sen⁵ I fra Diomed and nobill Troylus *4 from*
 Am elene excludit, as abject unlikit!

1 blame.

“O fals Cupide, is nane to wyte¹ bot thow,
 And thy mother, of lufe the blind goddess!
 Ye causit me alwayis understand and trow,
 The seid of lufe was sawin in my face,
 And ay grew grene throw your supplie and grace.
 Bot now, allace! that seid with froist is slane,
 And I fra luifferis left, and all forlane².”

2 neglected.

Quhen this was said, down in ane extasie
 Ravischit in spreit, intill ane dreame scho fell,
 And be apperance hard quhair scho did ly
 Cupide the king ringand ane silver bell,
 Quhilk men nicht heir fra hevin unto hell;
 At quhais sound befor Cupide appeiris
 The sevin Planetis discending fra thair spheiris,

Quhilk hes power of all thing generabill
 To reull and steir, be thair greit influence,
 Wedder and wind and coursis variabill.
 And first of all Saturne gave his sentence,
 Quhilk gave to Cupide litill reverence,
 Bot as ane busteous³ churle on his maneir,
 Come crabitlie with auster luik and cheir.

3 fierce, bluster-
ing.

4 frosted.

5 skin.

6 shivered (?).

7 hollow.

8 end-drop.

9 livid.

His face frosnit⁴, his lyre⁵ was lyke the leid,
 His teith chatterit, and cheverit⁶ with the chin,
 His ene drowpit, how⁷, sonkin in his heid,
 Out of his nois the mekdrop⁸ fast can rin,
 With lippis bla⁹, and cheikis leine and thin,
 The iceschoklis that fra his hair down hang
 Was wonder greit and as ane speir als lang.

Atour¹ his belt his lyart² lokkie lay
 Felterit³ unfair, ovirfret⁴ with freistie hair,
 His garmond and his gye⁵ full gay of gray,
 His widderit weul⁶ fra him the wind out weir,
 Ane busteous bow within his hand he beir,
 Under his girhill ane flasche of felloun flanis⁷,
 Fedderit with ice and heidit with hailstane.

1 Overt.
 2 louty.
 3 Allgint.
 4 overfretted.
 5 gye, aye.
 6 withered down.

7 a sort of sword
 or stone.

Than Juppiter richt fair and amiable,
 God of the starnis in the firmament,
 And nure to all thing general,ill,
 Fra his father Saturne far different,
 With burehe⁸ face, and browis bright and breut⁹,
 Upon his heid ane garland wonder gay
 Of flouris fair, as it had bene in May.

8 pleasant.
 9 fair and
 smooth.

His voice was clear, as cristall wer his ene,
 As goldin wyre an glitterand was his hair,
 His garmond and his gye full gay of grene,
 With golden listis¹⁰ gilt en everie gair¹¹,
 Ane burelie brand about his middill hair,
 In his right hand he had ane groundin¹² speir,
 Of his father the wrath fra us to weir¹³.

10 rings.
 11 gair.

12 disposed.
 13 to ward off
 the spear
 from them.

Nixt efter him come Mars, the god of ire,
 Of strife, debat, and all dissension,
 To chide and fecht, als feire as any fyre,
 In hard harness, hewmound and halargoun¹⁴,
 And on his banche ane rustie fell fashoun¹⁵,
 And in his hand he had ane rustie sword,
 Wrything his face with mony angrie word.

14 helmet and
 coat of mail.
 15 harness.

Schaikand his sword, befor Cupide he come
 1 angry-staring With reid visage and grislie glowrand ene¹,
 eyes.
 2 mass. And at his mouth ane bullar² stude of fone,
 Lyke to ane bair quhetting his tuskis kene,
 3 brawler-like Richt tuilycour lyke, but temperance in tene³;
 without t. in
 wrath.
 4 fierce defiance. Ane horne he blew with mony bosteous brag⁴,
 5 war. Quhilk all this world with weir⁵ hes maid to wag.

Than fair Phebus, lanterne and lamp of licht
 Of man and beist, baith frute and flourishing,
 Tender nureis, and banischer of nicht,
 And of the world causing, he his moving
 And influence, lyfe in all eirdlie thing,
 Without comfort of quhome, of force to nocht
 Must all ga die that in this world is wrocht.

As king royall he raid upon his chair,
 The quhilk Phaeton gydit sum-tyme unricht,
 The brichtness of his face, quhen it was bair,
 Nane micht behald for peirsing of his sight:
 This goldin cart with fyrie beimes bricht
 Four yokkit steidis, full different of hew,
 6 Without pause. But bait⁶ or tiring throw the spheiris drew.

The first was foyr, with mane als reid as rois,
 7 Eous (Ovid, Callit Eoye⁷ in-to the Orient;
 Met. 77, 153).
 8 called Ethon. The secund steid to name hecht Ethios⁸,
 9 somewhat. Quhitlie and pail, and sum-leill⁹ ascendent;
 10 Pyrois. The thrid Peros¹⁰, right hait and richt fervent;
 11 Phlegon. The feird was blak, callit Phlegonie¹¹,
 Quhilk rollis Phebus down in-to the sey.

Venus was thair present, that goddest gay,

Her words quarrel for hir defend, and make

Hir awin complaint, clad in awn royal array,

1 *array.*

The one half green, the other half schall blak,

Quhyte hair as gold, kermait and scholr shak,

Bot in hir face small greet variance,

Quhylla perfyte truth, and quhylla frendshipp.

Under sayling schis was disguisid,

Provocative with blenkis² amorous,

2 *provoked.*

And suddanely changit and alterid,

Angrie as any serpent venomous,

Richt punitive with wordis scholour.

Thus variant schis was, quha list tak heird,

3 *she was different
before and*

With one eye lauch, and with the other weir.

In taksing³ that all fleischliche parliament

4 *before.*

Quiklik Venus hat in reill and governaunce,

Is sum-tyne sweet, sum-tyne bitter and sour,

Richt unmayfull, and full of variance,

Mingit⁵ with cairfull joy, and fals plesance,

5 *Mingit.*

Now haill, now chaill, now blyth, now full of we,

Now grene as leif, now witherit and age⁶.

6 *is youthful and
green.*

With buk in hand than some Mercurius.

Richt eloquent and full of rhetoric,

With polite termes, and delictious,

With pen and ink to report all reidies,

Setting sangis⁷, and stragand meritis.

7 *I. e. all manner.*

His kinde was reid, hekkit about his crown⁸,

8 *he was crown
and haill.*

Lyke to awn possit of the wold fassoun⁹.

9 *he was crown
and haill.*

Boxis he bair with fine electuairis,
 And sugerit syropis for digestioun,
 Spycis belangand to the pothecairis,
 With mony hailsum sweit confection;
 Docteur in phisick, cled in skarlot gown,
 And furrit weill, as sic ane aucht to be,
 Honest and gude, and not ane word culd lie.*

Nixt efter him come Lady Cynthia,
 The last of all, and swiftest in hir spheir,
 Of colour blak, buskit¹ with hornis twa,
 And in the nicht scho listis best appeir,
 Har as the leid, of colour na-thing cleir,
 For all hir licht scho borrowis at hir brother
 Titan, for of hir-self scho hes nane uther.

Hir gyse² was gray, and full of spottis blak,
 And on hir breist ane churle paintit full evin,
 Beirand ane bunche of thornis on his bak,
 Quhilk for his thift nicht clim na nar the hevin.
 Thus quhen thay gadderit war, thir Goddis sevin,
 Mercurius they cheisit with ane assent
 To be foir-speikar in the parliament.

Quba had bene thair, and lyking for to heir

His faound³ toung and termis exquisite,
 Of rhetorick the prettick⁴ he nicht leir⁵,
 In breif sermone ane pregnant sentence wryte⁶.
 Befoir Cupide, veiling his cap alyte⁷,
 Speiris⁸ [he] the caus of that vocation;
 And he anone schew his intentioun.

* Mercury was "the god of thieves, pickpockets and all dishonest persons."

1 decked.

2 attire.

3 graceful of
utterance.

4 practice.

5 learn.

6 i.e. how to
write.

7 a little.

8 Asks.

"Lo!" quod Cupide, "quha will blaspheme the name
 Of his awin god, outhir in word or deid,
 To all goddis he dala baith lak¹ and schame, I repeat
 And suld have bitter painis to his meid;
 I say this by yone wrochtit Cressid,
 The quhilk throw me was yon tyme flour of life,
 Me and my mother sturklye has requyte;

"Saying of hir great infelicitie
 I was the cause and my mother Venus;
 And blind Cupido hir euld that micht not se,
 With schander and defoune injarmis.
 Thus hir loving tendre and beherous
 Scho wald retorne on me and my mother,
 To quhome I schaw my grace abene all ither.

"And sen² ye ar all awin delictit, I sum.
 Partikipant of deyne sapience,
 This greit injurie done to our his estat,
 Me think with paine we suld mak recompence;
 Was never to goddis done sic violence.
 As weill for yow as for myself I say,
 Thairfor ga help to revange, I yow pray."

Mercurius to Cupide gave answer,
 And said, "Schir King, my counsaill is that ye
 Refer yow to the hiest planet heir,
 And tak to him the lowest of degre,
 The paine of Cressid let to mollifie; I translate.
 As God Saturne, with him tak Cythia.
 "I am content," quod he, "to tak thay twa."

Than thus proceedit Saturne and the Mene,
 Quhen thay the mater ryndlie had degest.
 For the dyspyte to Cupide scho had done,
 And to Venus oppin and manifest.
 In all hir lyfe with pane to be oppress.
 And torment sair, with seiknes incurabill.
 And to all lovers be abominabill.

This dulefull sentence Saturne tuik on hand.
 And passit down quhair cairfull Cresseid lay.
 And on hir heid he laid ane frostie wand,
 Than lawfullie on this wyse can he say:
 "Thy greit faumes, and all thy bewtie gay.
 Thy wantoun blode, and eik thy goldin hair,
 Heir I exclude fra the for evermair.

"I change thy mirth into melancholy.
 Quhilk is the mother of all pensivenes.
 Thy moisture and thy heit in cold and dry.
 Thyne insolence, thy play and wantones
 To greit diseis, thy pomp and thy riches
 In mortall neid and greit penurie.
 Thow suffer sall, and as ane beggar die."

O cruel Saturne! fraward and angrie.
 Hard is thy dome, and too malitious.
 Ou fair Cresseid quhy hes thow na mercie,
 Quhilk was so sweet, gentil, and amorous!
 Withdraw thy sentence, and be gracious,
 As thow was never, so schawis thow thy deid.
 Ane wrackfull sentence givin on fair Cresseid.

Than Cynthia, quhen Saturne past away,
 Out of hir seat descendit down belyve¹,
 And red and bill on Cressid quhair scho lay,
 Containing this sentence diffinitive,
 "Fra hoile² of bodie I the now deprive,
 And to thy sickness sal be in resure,
 But in delour thy dayis to incline."

"Thy cristall ene might with blude I mak,
 Thy voice sa cleir unpleasand hoir and hach³,
 Thy lustie lyre⁴ ourspreid with spottis blak,
 And lumps law⁵ appeirand in thy face;
 Quhen thou cunnie ilk man sall fle the place,
 Thus sall thou go begging fra hois to hois,
 With cop and clapper lyke one lezardous."

This doolie dreame, this uglye vision
 Brocht to an end, Cressid fra it awok,
 And all that court and convocations
 Vanscht away. Than rais scho up and tuk
 Ane poleist glas, and hir schuldow cull bak;
 And quhen scho saw hir face sa deformit,
 Gif scho in hart was wa aneuch, God wair⁶!

Weeping full sair, "Lo' quhat it is," quod scho,
 "With fraward language for to meik and steir
 Our oratit goldis, and sa is come on me!
 My blaspheming now have I bocht full deir,
 All carlyl joy and furth I set asir⁷.
 Allace this day! allace this wofull tyde!
 Quhen I began with my goldis for to plyde!"

1 quickly

2 healthy

3 aged hair and
hairs4 lute or
lyre

5 lumps

6 waird; waird;
God spare us

7 forsaken

Be this was said ane chyld come fra the hall

To warne Cresseid the supper was reddy :

1 afterwards.

First knokkit at the dure, and syn¹ culd call,

2 in haste.

“Madame, your father biddis you cum in hy²,

3 grovelling,
lit. on belly.

He has mervell sa lang on grouf³ ye ly;

4 somewhat.

And sayis, Your prayers bene too lang sum-dleill⁴,
The goddis wait all your intent full weill.”

Quod scho, “Fair chylde, ga to my father deir,

And pray him cum to speik with me anone.”

And sa he did, and said, “Douchter, quhat cheir?”

“Allace,” quod scho, “father, my mirth is gone!”

“How sa?” quod he; and scho can all expone,

5 wreaking.

As I have tauld, the vengeance and the wraik⁵,
For hir trespas, Cupide on hir culd tak.

He luikit on hir uglye lipper face,

The quhillk befor was quhite as lillie flour :

Wringand his handis oftymes, he said. Allace.

That he had levit to se that wofull hour!

For he knew weill that thair was na succour

To hir seiknes, and that dowblit his pane;

Thus was thair cair aneuch betuix thame twane.

Quhen thay togidder murnit had full lang,

6 known.

Quod Cresseid, “Father, I wald not be kend⁶,

7 go.

Thairfoir in secreit wyse ye let me gang⁷,

Unto yone hospitall at the tounis end;

And thidder sum meit for cheritie me send

8 earth.

To leif upon: for all mirth in this eird⁸

9 fate.

Is fra me gane, sic is my wickit weird⁹.”

Than in any heavtill, and any bayat had,
 With cop and clapper, wonder prively
 He spakit and moved, yeth, and out thairout
 Convoyit hur, that na man suld spy,
 Unto any village half any myle thairby,
 Delyverit hir in al the spittail houses,
 And daylie wold hir part of his almous.^a

1460

Some knew hir weill, and some had no knowledge
 Of hir, because she was so deformit,
 With byth blak and red in hir visage,
 And hir fair colour fadit and alterit,
 Yit thay presumit for hir hie regrit,
 And still muring who was of nobill knit,
 With better will thairfor they took her in.

2 verse

The day passit and Plebeus went to rest,
 The cloudy blak overcloudit all the sky,
 And wait yit Cranstoun was any mornowfall gait,
 Seeing that sunnill fair and herbery^b;
 But wald^c of drink wald dremit hir to be
 In any dark corner of the house allone,
 And on this wyse, weeping, schawed hir morn.

^a *convoy*—*escort*
^b *herbery*—*herb*
^c *wald*—*would*

^a Sir Walter Scott in the note to his edition of Sir Tristram, p. 302, says, in reference to a passage of that poem, "Went in claudious, of hautes, of vegetable, of fresh meat in winter, but above all, cloth and lardship, conveyed to render the leprosy no common in Europe during the middle ages as it is in some eastern countries at this day. Nor were the vagrant confined to the poor and destitute. Robert de Bruce died of this disorder, as did Constantine, duke of Brabant, and Henry IV. of England. Various hospitals were founded by the kings for the reception of these miserable objects, whose disease, being infectious, required their exclusion from society. For the same reason, while they begged through the streets they usually carried the beg and clapper confined to the hat. The former served to remove alms, and the noise of the latter warned the passers to keep aloof, even while bestowing his charity."

THE COMPLAINT OF CRESSEID.

"O sop of sorrow sonken into cair!

O, cative Cresseid! now and ever-mair

1 earth. Gane is thy joy and all thy mirth in eird¹

2 blackened bare. Of all blyithnes now art thou blaiknit bair².

Thair is na salve may saif thé of thy sair!

3 evil is thy fate. Fell is thy fortoun, wickit is thy weird³,

4 thy woe putting forth leaf. Thy blys is baneist, and thy baill on breird⁴,

Under the eirth God gif I gravin wer,

Quhair nane of Grece nor yit of Troy nicht heird!

5 furnished. "Quhair is thy chalmer wantounlie besene⁵,

6 pleasant. With burely⁶ bed, and bankouris browderit bene⁷.

7 abundant embroidered tapestries. Spycis and wyne to thy collatioun,

8 beauty. The cowpis all of gold and silver schene⁸,

The sweit meitis servit in plaittis clene,

9 saffron (?) sauce. With saipheron sals⁹ of ane gude sessoun¹⁰,

10 seasoning. Thy gay garmentis with mony gudely gown,

11 pin. Thy plesand lawn pinnit with goldin prene¹¹?

12 behind. All is areir¹², thy greit royall renoun!

"Quhair is thy garding with thir greissis gay,

And fresche flowris, quhilk the Quene Floray

13 piece. Had paintit ple-andly on everie pane¹³,

'Quhair thou was wont full merilye in May

To walk, and tak the dew be it was day,

14 thrush. And heir the merle and mavis¹⁴ mony ane,

15 go. With ladyis fair in carolling to gane¹⁵,

16 persons. And se the royal rinks¹⁶ in thair array,

17 green. In garmentis gay, garnischit on everie grane¹⁷?

"Thy greit triumphand fange and his honour,
 Quhair thou was callit of curlys wachis flour,

All is decayit, thy weid is welcomit no¹,
 Thy hie estait is turnit in darknes dour²;

This lipper ludge tak for thy burche beir,
 And for thy bed tak now ane bunch of stee,
 For wailit³ wyne and meltis thou had tho⁴,

Tak mowlit⁵ breid, pinte⁶, and coker souf,
 Bot cop and clapper now is all ago.

"My cleir voice and courtlie carolling,
 Quhair I was went with ladyis for to sing,

Is rawk as ruik⁷, full hiddeous hoir and lace,
 My plesand port all utheris procelling,

Of lustines⁸ I was hald maist conding⁹,
 Now is deformit, the figour of my face
 To luke on it na leid¹⁰ now lyking hee
 Sowpit in syte¹¹, I say with sein sicking,
 Ludgeit among the lipper leid, Allace!

"O ladyis fair of Troy and Grece attend
 My miserie quhilk nane may comprehend,

My frivell fortun, my infelicitie,
 My greit mischief, quhilk na man can amend,
 Bewar in tyme, appochis neir the end,

And in your mynd ane burrow mak of me;
 As I am now, peradventure that ye,
 For all your might, may come to that same end,
 Or ellis war¹², gif any war may be.

"Nocht is your farnes bot ane falding flour,
 Nocht is your famous laud and his honour

1. my doom is
 comforted and
 2. dark.

3. consumed
 4. wine.
 5. mowlit,
 6. small ale.

7. lank as a stick.

8. lusty.
 9. conding.

10. look.

11. depressed or
 12. war.

Bot wind inflat in uther mennis eiris;
 Your roising reid to rotting sall retour.
 Exempill mak of me in your memour,
 Quhilk of sic thingis wofull witnes beiris.
 All welth in eird away as wind it weiris:
 Be-war, thairfoir, approchis neir the hour;
 Fortoun is fikkill quhen scho beginnis and steiris¹."

1 stirs.

Thus chydand with her drerie destenye,
 Weiping, scho woik the nicht fra end to end.
 Bot all in vane; hir dule, hir cairfull cry,
 Nicht not remeid, nor yit hir murning mend.
 Ane lipper lady rais, and till hir wend²,
 And said, "Quhy spurnis thow aganis the wall,
 To sla thyself, and mend na-thing at all?

2 passed.

"Sen thy weiping dowbillis bot thy wo,
 I counsall thé mak vertew of ane neid;
 To leir to clap thy clapper to and fro,
 And leir efter the law of lipper leid³."
 Thair was na buit⁴, bot furth with thame scho yeid⁵
 Fra place to place, quhill could and hounger sair
 Compellit hir to be ane rank⁶ beggair.

3 leper folk.

4 help.

5 went.

6 importunate.

That samin tyme of Troy the garnisoun,
 Quhilk had to chiftane worthie Troylus,
 Throw jeopardie of weir had strikken down
 Knightis of Grece in number invellous.
 With greit tryumphe and laude victorious
 Agane to Troy richt royallie they raid
 The way quhair Cresseid with the lipper baid⁷.

7 abode.

Seeing that company than come all with one sternly tone

They gaff one cry, and schuik suppe gode spede.

Said, "Worthie ladies, for Goddis sake of Heven,
To us lipper part of your almonse deid."

Than to their cry nobill Trevlyn toik loud

Having plete, note by the place was þat

Quhar Cressid sat, not witting what schis was

Than upon him scho kest up both her ene,

And with one blink^{it} it came in-to his shene:

That he sem tyne his face befor had seen;

Bot scho was in sic plye^{he} he knew his nycht.

Yit than his luk into his mynd it brecht

The sweet visage and amorous blerking

Of fair Cressid, contyne his awne darling.

Na wonder was, suppose^{it} to mynd that he

Toik his figure as seen, and so, now, quhy

The idole of one thing to ower^{it} may be

So deip imprentis to the fantasy

That it delude the crissis outwardly,

And as appeiris in forme and lyke asaid

Within the mynd, as it was figured.

One spark of life than till his hart cold spring,

And kendit all his bodie to and fye-

With heat fevir and sweet and trembling

Him toik, quhill he was redde to expyre;

To heir his schuld his breist began to fyre;

Within one quhyke he changit many how,

And nevertheless not here any other know.

For knichtlie pietie and memoriall

Of fair Cresseid ane gyrdill can he tak,

Ane purs of gold, and mony gay jowall,

1 cast heavily.

And in the skirt of Cresseid doun can swak¹:

Than raid away, and not ane word he spak,

Pensive in hart, quhill he come to the toun,

2 oft times.

And for greit cair oft-syis² almaist fell doun.

The lipper folk to Cresseid than can draw,

To se the equall distributioun

Of the almous, but quham the gold they saw

3 whisper.

Ilk ane to uther prevelie can roun³,

And said "Yone lord hes mair affectioun,

How-ever it be, unto yone lazarous,

Than to us all; we know be his almous."

4 knowledge.

"Quhat lord is yone," quod scho, "have ye na feill⁴,

Hes done to us so greit humanitie?"

"Yes," quod a lipper man, "I know him weill:

5 noble.

Schir Troylus it is, gentill and fre⁵."

Quhen Cresseid understude that it was he

6 stun of pain.

Stiffer than steill thair stert ane bitter stound⁶

Throwout hir hart, and fell doun to the ground.

Quhen scho, ovrcome with siching sair and sad,

With mony cairfull cry and cald "Ochane!

7 bested.

Now is my breist with stormie stoundis stad⁷,

8 at loss for a dwelling.

Wrappit in wo, ane wretch full will of wane⁸."

Than swounit scho oft or scho culd refrane,

And ever in hir swouning cryit scho thus:—

"O, fals Cresseid, and trew knight Troylus!

"Thy lufe, thy lawtel, and thy gentleness

1 *gentles*

I countit small in my prosperitie:

Sa clefant I was in wantonnes,

And clam upon the fiekill quheill² on his;

2 *the self fiekill and frivolis*

All faith and lufe I promissit to the

Was in the self fiekill and frivolis:

O, fals Cressid, and trew knight Troylus!

"For lufe of me thou kept gude continaunce,

Honest and chaist in conversation,

Of all women protectour and defence

Thow was, and helpit thair opinoun.

My mynd in fleachele fowll affection

Was inclynit to lustis lecherous.

Fy, fals Cressid! O, trew knight Troylus!

"Lovers be war, and tak gude heid about

Quhome that ye lufe, for quhome ye suffer paine,

I lat vow wit, thair is richt few thairout

Quhome ye may trust to have trew lufe agane:

Preif³ quhen ye will, your labour is in vaine

3 *Try*

Thairfor I reid⁴ ye tak thame as ye find,

4 *read*

For thay ar sad as wildercock⁵ in wind

5 *as a cock in the wild*

"Becaus I know the greit unstableness,

Brukkil⁶ as glas, into myself I say,

6 *brittle*

Trusting in uther als greit unfaithfulness,

Als unconstant, and als outrew of fay

Thocht sum be trew, I wait richt few are thay

Quha findis treuth, lat him his lady reid⁷:

7 *read*

Nane but myself, as now, I will accuse."

Quhen this was said, with paper scho sat doun,

And on this maner maid hir testament :

1 bequeath.

“Heir I beteiche¹ my corps and carioun

2 toads.

With wormis and with taidis² to be rent ;

My cop and clapper, and myne ornament,

And all my gold, the lipper folk sall have,

Quhen I am deid, to burie me in grave.

“This royall ring, set with this rubie reid,

3 troth-token.

Quhilk Troylus in drowrie³ to me send,

To him agane I leif it quhan I am deid,

4 known.

To mak my cairfull deid unto him kend⁴ :

Thus I conclude schortlie, and mak ane end.

My spreit I leif to Diane, quhair scho dwellis,

5 marshes.

To walk with hir in waist woddis and wellis⁵.

“O, Diomeid ! thow hes baith broche and belt

Quhilk Troylus gave me in takning

6 expired.

Of his trew lufe,”—And with that word scho swelt⁶.

And sone ane lipper man tuik of the ring,

7 Afterwards.

Syne⁷ buryit hir withouttin taryng.

To Troylus furthwith the ring he bair,

And of Cresseid the deith he can declair.

Quhen he had hard hir greit infirmitie,

Hir legacie and lamentatioun,

And how scho endit in sic povertie,

He swelt for wo, and fell doun in ane swoon,

8 ready.

For greit sorrow his hart to birst was boun⁸ :

Siching full sadlie, said, “I can no moir,

Scho was untrew, and wo is me thairfoir !”

Sum said he maid ane tomb of merbell gray,
 And wrait hir name and superscriptioun,
 And laid it on hir grave, quhair that scho lay,
 In goldin letteris containing this remoun:
 "Lo, fair ladyis, Cressid of Troyis toun,
 Somtyme countit the flour of womanheid,
 Under this stane, late liiper, lyis deid!"

Now, worthie Women, in this ballet schorik,
 Made for your worship¹ and instructioun,
 Of cheritie I monishe and exhort
 Ming² not your lufe with fals deceptioun;
 Beir in your mynd this schort conclusioun
 Of fair Cressid, as I have said befor.
 Sen scho is deid I speak of hir no mair.

1 *honour*2 *mix*

PROLOGUE TO THE MORAL FABLES.

In middis of June, that joly sweet season,
Quhen that fair Phebus with his bemis bricht
Had dryit up the dew fra daill and down,

1 radiance.

And all the land maid with his lemis¹ licht,
In ane mornyng, betuix mid-day and nicht,
I rais and put all sleuth and sleip asyde,

2 without guide. And to ane wold I went alone, but gyde².

Sweet wes the smell of flouris quhyte and reid,
The noyis of birdis richt delitious,

3 boughs.

The bewis³ braid blomit abone my heid,
The ground growand with gersis grations.

Of all plesance that place wes plenteous,
With sweet odouris and birdis harmonie,

4 therefore.

The morning myld, my mirth wes mair forthy⁴.

5 bushes and
twigs.

The roisis reid arrayit on rone and ryce⁵,

The prymerois and the purpoure viola :

To heir it wes ane poynt of Paradyce,

6 did make.

Sic mirth the mavis and the merle couth ma⁶.

7 hillside.

The blossomis blyith brak up on bank and bra⁷,
The smell of herbis, and of foulis cry,
Contending quha suld haif the victorie.

Me to conserve them fra the sunnis heat,

Under the shadow of an herbarious green

I leint down among the flowers sweet,

Syne¹ clad my heid and cheik with my cur: [Faintly]

On sleip I fell among this bewie beir: [Faintly]

And, in my dream, methocht I saw thro' the shaw² a kerne

The fairest man that ever before I saw.

His gowne was of ane claith as quhyte as silk,

His chymere³ was of chambrile⁴ purpurt toun: [Faintly]

His hude of scarlat, hardurit weill with silk, [Faintly]

On hekillit wyte⁵ untill his girdill down: [Faintly]

His haist round and of the auld toun: [Faintly]

His heid was quhyte, his ene was greit and gray,

With lokket⁶ hair, quik⁷ over his schuldere, lay: [Faintly]

Ane roll of paper in his hand he saw,

Ane swannis pen stikkand under his ar,

Ane tuckerm⁸, with ane prettie gilt penman⁹: [Faintly]

Ane bag of silk, all at his belt can beir:

Thus was he gudlie geillit¹⁰ in his gear: [Faintly]

Of stature large and with ane fearfull face

Evyn quhair I lay he came and studele pass

And said, "God speed, my son:—" and I was farr¹¹ staid

Of that coith¹² word and of his compair: [Faintly]

With reverence I saluut him agane.

"Welcome, father:"¹³ and he sat down me by

"Depleit you recht, my gude maister, thocht I¹⁴ it should:

Demand your birch, your facultie, and name,

Quhy ye come hie, or quhair ye dwell at home?"

"My sone," said he, "I am of gentill blude.

My native land is Rome, withouttin nay,
 1 went. And in that towne first to the senlis I yude¹,
 In civile law studyit full mony ane day,*
 2 dwelling. And now my winning² is in hevin for ay.
 3 am called. Esope I hecht³; my wryting and my werk
 4 known. Is couth and kend⁴ to mony cunning clerk."

"O Maister Esope, poet laureate,

5 knows. God wait⁵ ye ar full deir welcum to me.
 Ar ye nocht he that all thir fabillis wrait
 6 though they be feigned. Quhilk in effect, suppois they fenyeit be⁶,
 Ar full of prudence and moralitie?"

"Fair sone," said he, "I am the samin man."
 God wait gif that my hert was merie than.

I said, "Esope, my maister venerabill,

I yow beseik hartlie, for cheritie,
 Ye wald nocht disdayne to tell ane prettie fabill,
 Concludand with ane gude moralitie."

Schaikand his heid, he said, "My sone, lat be;
 For quhat is worth to tell ane fenyeit taill
 Quhen haly preiching may no-thing avail?"

"Now in this world me-think richt few or nane
 To Goddis word that hes devotioun.

The eir is deif, the hart is hard as stane,

Now oppin sin without correctioun,
 The ee inclynand to the eirth ay down.
 Sa roustie is the warld with canker blak
 That now my taillis may lytill succour mak."

* Laing suggests that Henryson may in this passage be describing his own experience.

"Yit, gentill Schir," said I, "for my request,

Nocht to displeis your fatherheid, I pray,

Under the figure of ane brutale beist

Ane morall fabell ye wuld denye^d to say,

Chorus.

Quha wait nor I may lear^d and lear away

Chorus.

Sum-thing thereby here-fter may avail?"

"I grant," quod he, and thus begynneth our tale.

THE TAILL OF THE UPLANDIS MOUS AND THE BURGES MOUS.

ESOPE, myne author, makis mentioun

Of twa myis, and thay wer sisteris deir,

¹ a royal
borough. Of quham the eldest dwelt in ane borrowis toun¹,

² dwelt in the
country
conveniently
near. The uthir wyynnit uponland weill neir²,

³ damage. Richt solitar, quhyles under busk and breir,

⁴ chance
gettings. Quhyllis in the corne, and uthir mennis skaith³,

As outlawis dois, and levis on thair waith⁴.

This rurall Mous in-to the wynter-tyde

⁵ suffered. Had hunger, cauld and tholit⁵ greit distress;

The uthir Mous that in the burgh can byde

Wes gild-brother and maid ane free burgess,

⁶ without taxes. Toll-fre als, but custum⁶ mair or less,

And fredome had to ga quhair-ever scho list,

⁷ chest. Amang the cheis in ark and meill in kist⁷.

Ane tyme quhen scho wes full and unfute-sair

Scho tuke in mynde hir sister uponland,

And langit for to heir of hir weillfair,

⁸ in state of
subjection. To se quhat lyfe scho had under the wand⁸;

Bairfute, allone, with pykestalf in hir hand,

As pure pilgryme scho passit out of toun

To seik hir sister baith over daill and doun.

- Furth mony wisum¹ wayis can scho walk, 1 lonely
 Throw moss and muir, throw bankis, bush, and breir
 Scho ranne cryand, quhill scho cam to ane baulk², 2 ridge of soil
 "Cum furth to me my awin sister deir"
 Cry peip an³!" With that the Mous could hear, 3 noise
 And knew her voce, as kinsman can will do,
 Be verray kynd⁴, and furth scho cam hir to. 4 in very kinship
 The hartlie⁵ joy, Lord God! gif ye had seen, 5 content
 Was kithit⁶ quhen that thir twa sisteris met, 6 showed
 And greit kyndenes was schawin thame betwene
 Forquhylls thay leuch, and quhylls for joy they gret⁷, 7 wept
 Quhylls kisit sweit, and quhylls in armis plat⁸; 8 pressed
 And thus thay fure quhill⁹ soberit wes thair mude, 9 faced till
 Syne fute for fute unto the chalmers yule¹⁰. 10 went
 As I hard say, it was ane sober wane¹¹ 11 waiting
 Of fog¹² and fair full feillie wea maid, 12 mood
 Ane sillie schell¹³ under ane steidfast stane, 13 A trait about
 Of quhilk the entres wes nocht his nor brail; 14 trait about
 And in the samyn thay went but nair abaid¹⁴, 14 without more delay
 Withoutin fyre or candle birnand heicht,
 For communi¹⁵ sic pykeris¹⁵ lassie not licht. 15 such persons
 Quhen thay wer ligit this, thir schie¹⁶ mys, 16 those joys
 The youngest sister unto her bitteris yoid,
 And brocht furth nuttis and pois mair of apyes.
 Gif this wes guile fair I do it on thame boyde.
 The lurger Mous promptit furth in prysle,
 And said, "Sister, is this your daylie fude?"
 "Quhy not," quod scho, "is mair this maist rycht
 guile!"

"Na, be my saull, I think it bot ane scorne."

"Madame," quod scho, "ye be the mair to blame.
My mother said, sister, quhen we were borne,
That ye and I lay baith within ane wame :
I keip the rate and custume of my dame,
And of my leving in-to povertie,
For landis haif we nane in propertie."

"My fair sister," quod scho, "haif me excusit.

This rude dyet and I can nocht accord.
Till tender meit my stomok is ay usit,
For quhylis I fair als weill as ony lord.
Thir widderit¹ peis and nuttis, or² thay be bord,
Will brek my teith and mak my wame full sklender³,
Quhilk wes befor usit to meittis tender."

¹ These
withered.
² ere.
³ lank.

"Weill, weill, sister," quod the rurall Mous,

⁴ lodging.

"Gif it pleis yow, sic thingis as ye se heir,
Baith meit and drink, harberie⁴ and hous,
Sal be your awin, will ye remane all yeir ;
Ye sall it haif with blyith and merie cheir,
And that suld mak the maissis⁵ that ar rude,
Amang freindis richt tender and wonder gude.

⁵ messes,
provisions.

"Quhat plesure is in feistis delicate,

The quhilkis ar gevin with ane glowmand brow ?
Ane gentill hart is better recreat

⁶ give possession
of.

With blyith curage then seith⁶ till him ane kow :

Ane modicum is mair for till allow,

Swa that gude-will be kerver at the dais,

⁷ ill-humoured
look.

Than thrawin vult⁷ and mony spycit mais."

For all her merie exhortation,

This bargee Moun had lytell will to sing,

But hevthe scho kept hir browis down,

For all the daynties that scho coulde hir bring.

Yit at the last scho said, half in lokinge, 1400

"Sister, this victuall and your myddell food

May well suffise unto our rurall bent.

"Lat be this hole, and come into my place,

I will to you schew be experyence

My Gude Fryday is better use your Pasce, 1405

My dische-worshipp is worth your hault experyence.

I hauf hennet more of gret defoune, 1410

Of cat nor fall-trap I hauf no drede."

"I grant," quod scho, and so togeder they yold. 1415

He studdill stey, throwe sokede geis and come,

And under lookyng prevelle south they crepe. 1420

The eldest was the gyde and went before,

The younger to his wayis yoke gude kept. 1425

On nyght they ran, and on the day ran slow,

Quhill in the morning on the layrock stode. 1430

They fand the towe, and in blythfulle south ginge. 1435

Nocht for fry thyng¹² unto any worthie wane 1440

This bargee broght thaim some quhar that cold be.

Withouth Gode spail their herbarie was use

Into any spewe¹³ with vitall gret plenty. 1445

Bath cheis and butter upure their skellis kept, 1450

And flosche and fische anowch, bulle frosche and oyle

And zekkis full of myll and oke of malle.

Efter, quhen thay disposit wer to dyne,

1 washed.

Withouthin grace thay wesche¹ and went to meit,

With all the coursis that cuikis culd defyne,

2 cut off in great
slices.

Muttoun and beif strikin in tailyeis greit²;

And lordis fair thus couth thay counterfeit,

Except ane thing—thay drank the watter cleir

Instead of wyne; bot yit thay maid gude cheir.

3 raillery.

With blyith upcast³ and merie countenance

4 asked her
guesl.

The eldest sister sperit at hir gaist,⁴

Gif that scho be ressone fand difference

5 sorry.

Betuix that chalmer and hir sarie⁵ nest?

“Yea dame,” quod scho, “How lang will this lest?”

6 wot.

“For evermair, I wait,⁶ and langer to.”

“Gif it be swa ye ar at eis,” quod scho.

7 To add to.

Til eik⁷ thair cheir ane subcharge⁸ furth scho brocht,

8 second course.

9 oats with husks
removed.

Ane plait of grottis⁹ and ane dische full of meill,

10 wheaten
cakes.

Thraf-caikkis¹⁰ als I trow scho spairit nocht

Aboundantlie about hir for to deill,

11 a rich bread.

12 jelly.

13 stolen.

And mane¹¹ fyne scho brocht in-steid of geill¹²,

And ane quhyte candill out of ane coffer stall¹³

In-steid of spyce to gust thair mouth withall.

14 till.

Thus maid thay merie quhill¹⁴ thay micht na mair,

And, Haill, Yule, haill! cryit upon hie.

Yit efter joy oftymes cummis cair,

And troubill efter greit prosperitie,

Thus, as thay sat in all thair jolitie,

15 butler.

The Spenser¹⁵ come with keyis in his hand,

Opinit the dure, and thame at denner fand.

They taryit nocht to woeche na I suppose.

But on to ga quha that nicht forment win¹.

¹ *Adieu*.

The burges had an heill, and in scho gae,

Hir sister had na heill to hyde hir in;

To se that selie Mous it was greit syn,

So desolate and wild of ane quha read²

² *As ye see her
great sorrow.*

For veray dreid scho fell in among naer dead.

Bot, as God wald, it fell ane happy eue³

³ *Adieu*.

The Spenser had na laze fur to hyde,

Nouthir to seek nor seeke, to skae nor chuse,

Bot on he went, and left the thure up wyde.

The baird burges his passing weill hea apyele;

Out of hir heill scho come, and cryit on him,

"How fair ye sister! Cry peip quhae ever ye be!"

This rural Mous lay flatling on the ground,

And for the deth scho was full sair drownd,

For till hir hart struk many weill stound⁴.

⁴ *Overstound.*

As in ane fever scho brachillit fur and hand,

And quhan hir sister in air ply⁵ hir hand,

⁵ *With might.*

For verray pietie scho began to greet⁶,

⁶ *Wept.*

Syne confort hir with wordis hunny sweet.

"Quhy ly ye thus? Rys up my sister deir!

Cum to your meat, this perrell is overpair."

The uther answerit hir, with hevie cheer,

"I may nocht eit, sa sair I am agair.

I had levir⁷ thir fourtie dayis fast,

⁷ *Sooner, rather.*

With watter-mill⁸, and to grow bennie or peir,

⁸ *Turne hands
without power.*

Than all your food, in this dreid and dour."

1 caused.

With fair tretie yit scho gart¹ hir upryse,
 And to the burde they went and togidder sat,
 And scantlie had thay drunkin anis or twyse
 Quhen in come Gib-Hunter, our jolie cat,
 And bad God-speid. The burges up with that,
 And till the hoill scho went as fyre of flint.
 Bawdronis² the uther be the bak hes hint³.

2 Grimalkin.

3 seized.

Fra fute to fute he kest hir to and fra,

4 playful.

Quhylis up, quhylis doun, als cant⁴ as ony kid.

5 Sometimes.

Quhylis⁵ wald he lat hir run under the stra,

6 hide-and-seek.

Quhylis wald he wink, and play with her buk-hid⁶

Thus to the selie Mous greit pane he did,
 Quhill at the last, throw fortune and gude hap,
 Betuix ane burde and the wall scho crap.

7 partition.

And up in haist behind ane parpalling⁷

Scho clam so hie that Gilbert nicht not get hir,

8 claw.

Syne be the cluke⁸ thair craftelie can hing

Till he wes gane, hir cheir wes all the bettir;

9 prevent.

Syne doun scho lap quhen thair wes nane to let⁹
 hir,

And to the burges Mous loud can scho cry,

"Fairweill, sister, thy feist heir I defy!"

10 Thy feast is mingled.

"Thy mangerie is myngit¹⁰ all with cair,

11 sauce.

' Thy guse is gude, thy gansell¹¹ sour as gall;

The subcharge of thy service is bot sair,

So sall thow find heir-afterwart may fall.

12 partition wall.

I thank yone courtyne and yone perpall wall¹²

Of my defence now fra ane crewell beist.

Almychty God keip me fra sic ane feist!

"Wer I in to the kithⁱ that I come fra, i similar place.

For weill nor wo, sould never come againe."

With that scho take hir leif and forth can ga,

Quhyls throw the corne and quhyls throw the
plane.

Quhen scho was forth and fra scho was full faneⁱ, = glad.

And merlie merketⁱ onto the moun. i somewhat, or
more.

I can nocht tell how efterwart scho fareⁱ, i hard.

Bot I hard say scho passit to hir deo,

Als warne als wof, suppositⁱ it was wofis prett. i thought.

Full bonely stoffit, baith heif and heifⁱ, i somewhat
perfectly,
both heif
and heif
stiff.

Of beane and nuttes, peas, ry, and quibery.

Quhen ever scho heit scho had mouch to eit

In quyet and eie, withouten ony dreid,

Bot to hir systeris foot na mair scho yod.

MORALITAS

Frienshe, ye may fynd, and ye will tak hold, i a

Into this fabel and gode moralite

As fitchis myngit ar with nobill fool,

Swa intermyngit is aduersite

With earthlie joy, swa that na estat is fra,

And als troublis and soun vexation;

And namelicheⁱ thay quhyk standis up naist lye. i common.

That ar nocht content with small possession.

Blest be sempill lyfe withouten dreid'

Blest be sober fruit in quyetie'

Quha hes aneuch, of na mair hes he need,

Thocht it be lytill mair quantitie

Greit abundance and blind prosperitie
Oftymes makis ane evill conclusioun.

1 security. The sweitest lyfe thairfor in this cuntrie
Is sickernes¹, with small possessioun.

O wantoun man, that usis for to feid

2 without fear. Thy wambe, and makis it ane god to be,
Luik to thy-self! I warne thee wele, but dreid²:

The cat cummis and to the mous hes ee.

Quhat vaillis than thy feist and rialtie,
With dreidful hart and tribulacioun?

Thairfoir best thing in eird, I say, for me,
Is blyithnes in hart, with small possessioun.

3 a tiny flame. Thy awin fyre, my friend, sa it be bot ane gleid³,

It warmis weill, and is worth gold to thee;
And Solomon sayis, gif that thow will reid,

"Under the hevin it can nocht better be

Than ay be blyith and leif in honestie."
Quhairfoir I may conclude be this ressoun,

Of eirthly joy it beiris maist degrie,
Blyithnes in hart, with small possessioun.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

A LIKENESS in some respects has already been remarked between the temper and condition of Rome in the time of Augustus and of Scotland in the time of James IV. The resemblance may even be traced in the personality of the poets of the two epochs. Gavin Douglas, the courtly poet-churchman of James the Fourth's time, may in some degree be likened to the grave and stately Virgil, whose work he translated, and still more closely may a likeness be remarked, in character and fortune, between the Roman Horace and the most brilliant poet of the middle ages in Scotland, William Dunbar. Both of these latter were courtiers by compulsion, longing continually to escape to the quiet of easy ways. Both were keen men of the world and epicureans by nature, loving pleasure, and without any burning desire to inflame the world with new ideas; both had a twinkle of the eye for the peccadilloes of themselves or their friends, and a curl of the lip that could give a bitter turn to satire upon their enemies; while both used supreme poetic gifts, prodigal of form and colour, largely for the purpose of securing material favours, and as a resource for the

expression of private and personal feeling. If in anything they differed it was that while the Roman poet apparently with calm wisdom took what fortune brought him, and made the most of it, there was in the heart of the Scottish makar* a hunger, wistful, eager, that was to ask to the end unsatisfied. Behind all the glory of those days the reign of James IV. was a time of failing faith in Scotland. The ancient religion of the country was crumbling in corruption to ruin, and men, Dunbar among them, were seeking in the absence of a larger vision, to live for the immediate pleasures of the hour. Of the dweller in such a time, the heart self-centred in its own desires, the ancient saying remains perennially true, "He that seeketh his life shall lose it."

Born, it is supposed, about the year 1460, Dunbar, from allusions in his famous "Flyting with Kennedy," appears to have been a native of Lothian and a member of Cospatrik's clan. Laing was inclined to consider him a grandson of Sir Patrick Dunbar of Beill in East Lothian, a younger son of the tenth Earl of March. In 1475 he was sent to the University of St. Andrews, where he received the degree of B.A. in 1477, and of M.A. in 1479. His life for the following twenty years is but vaguely known. It is possible that he pursued his studies at Oxford, one of his poems bearing the colophon "Quod Dunbar

* Dr. Irving quotes from Sir Philip Sidney's *Apologie for Poetry* a remark upon the similarity between the European word "poet," from the Greek ποιεῖν, to make, and the native northern term "makar," or maker; "which name, how high and incomparable a title it is, I had rather were knowne, by marking the scope of other sciences, then by my partiall allegation."

at Oxinfurde." But there is an Oxford Castle near Edinburgh whence the poem may have been dated, or Dunbar may have written it when casually visiting the English university town. From his poem "How Dunbar was deasyrd to be ane Freir" it is to be gathered that, entering the Order of St. Francis, the Gray Friars, he spent several years of novitiate as a wandering preacher, making good cheer in every pleasant town between Berwick and Calais, mounting the pulpit at Dernton and Canterbury, even crossing the Straits of Dover, and exercising his profession through Picardy. In these wanderings he pleads guilty to "mony wrink and wyle, quhilk mycht be flenit with na haly watter"; from which confession it may be understood that he was neither much better nor much worse than the other preaching friars of his time.

A little later, from allusions in his poems, he appears to have entered the service of James IV., and to have been employed on several of that monarch's numerous embassies to foreign courts. It is known, at any rate, that in 1491 he was residing at Paris, probably in connection with the embassy there. In 1500 he received from his royal master a pension of £10 as a foretaste of favours to come. In the following year he went to England with the ambassador sent to conclude negotiations for the marriage of James to the Princess Margaret. There during the state festivities he was styled "the Rhymer of Scotland," and upon at least one occasion he is recorded as having given evidence of his powers. "In the Christmas week," says the chronicler

"the Mair had to dyner the ambassadors of Scotland, whom accompanied my Lord Chaunceler and other Lords of the realm; where, sittying at dyner, ane of the said Scottis givying attendance upon a Bishop Ambassador, the which was reputed to be a Protonotary of Scotland and servant of the Ld. Bishop, made this balade." The "balade," which is given at length, is that beginning, "London thou art of townes *A per se*."*

During the Embassy Dunbar is known to have received from Henry VII. two separate gifts of £6 13s. 4d., and on his return to Edinburgh the Treasurer's accounts show him to have received £5 in addition to his salary. Apart from the joyous occasion, it is probable that these gifts mark the special approbation of the poet's services by the English and Scottish monarchs. It was at this period (1503) that, besides several poems describing the attractions of the young princess, he composed his magnificent allegory, "The Thrissil and the Rois," upon the marriage of James and Margaret. This work may be taken to have crowned his services as laureate. At anyrate it is certain that from the time of its composition he lived much at court, apparently on familiar terms with the king and queen. In one poem he describes "A Dance in the Queenis Chalmers" in which he himself takes part.

Than cam in Dunbar the mackar ;
On all the flure there was nane frackar.

* The incident is quoted from MS. Cott. Vitell. A. xvi., by Dr. Æneas Mackay (*Introduction to Dunbar*), who notes that though the reference is to Dunbar, it was Foreman who was the Protonotary.

To another composition, "The Petition of the Gray Horse, Auld Dunbar," in which the poet begs to be housed and stalled, there are appended, under the heading "Responsio Regis," eight lines of direction to the royal treasurer, which, there is fair reason to suppose, may have been added by the king's own hand.

But with whatever familiarity James was willing to treat Dunbar at court, and however far he may have seen fit to assist him in other ways, he refrained from putting the coping-stone upon his benefice, and died without granting the chief object of the poet's ambition, a church benefice. There is no reason for doubting the kindness of the king's regard for his courtier. In 1504 Dunbar performed mass before James for the first time, and on that occasion was munificently rewarded. In 1507 his pension was increased to £20, and in 1510 to £80, to be paid until he should be promoted to a benefice of £100 or more. And in 1511 he appears to have been in the queen's train when she visited the north of Scotland, to judge from the circumstantial description of her welcome in his poem "Flyth Aberdein." Nevertheless, for reasons which can now only be conjectured, the long-hoped-for benefice was never conferred. It has been suggested that for this omission Dunbar's own imprudence may have been to blame. By his own confession his career as a friar had not been of the most circumpect sort, and many of his poems are, it must be confessed, both riotous and irreverent, one of them, "We that are here in Hevin's

Glory," being a deliberate profane parody of the litanies, while another, "To the Quene," contains language which might offend a modern courtesan. Conspicuous piety, however, was by no means necessary to the candidate for church preferment in those days, and only the most open and gross profligacy could have stood in the way of the promotion of an ecclesiastic. A more probable cause of Dunbar's prayers for a benefice remaining unanswered, Laing has suggested, might be the desire of James to keep the poet about his court. It is well known to have been part of the policy of that gallant and enlightened sovereign to retain about him a court of such learning and brilliance as should both impress the ambassadors of foreign powers and render illustrious the country's annals of the time. Whatever the reason, though Dunbar never ceased, by petition, innuendo, and satire, to beg for what he desired, James with a smile, as little embarrassed as might be, appears to have put the petition aside, making up for the main refusal by sundry gifts, pensions, and perquisites. The last of these, a payment of the small sum of forty-two shillings, appears in the treasurer's accounts for 1st April 1513. Five months afterwards the fortunes of Dunbar were to fall with the pride of Scotland, the gallant James himself, on the field of Flodden.

The cloud which then settled on the country obscures the remainder of the poet's life. It is possible that his pension continued to be paid, the treasurer's accounts from 1513 to 1515, and from 1518 to 1522 having been lost. And it is just possible that

before marching to the field James conferred upon Dunbar his long-craved-for desire, a benefice. But the probability is that with the death of the king, and the unpopularity of the queen, the lamp of the poet's hopes went out, leaving the rest of his life in the darkness of disappointment. From several of his poems it is to be gathered that he lived to an advanced age. He was alive in 1517, he has of his compositions celebrated the passing of the Regent Albany into France in that year. The year 1520 is generally assigned as the date of the poet's death, and it is at least certain that he was dead ten years later, since the fact is alluded to in the prologue to "The Complaynt of the Papinge" written by Sir David Lindsay about 1530.

Before he died a change seems to have come upon the spirit of Dunbar. The levity of his earlier years appears to have been forsaken, and several of his poems are composed in a moral and religious strain. It would seem as if at least "the false world's weaving," the bitterness of final disappointment, had broken his gay and ambitious heart, and filled him with a profound sadness. It was a fit if sorrowful end for a career so full of contradictions. At war throughout with destiny, denied the worldly prize he craved, deterred by his vows from the solace of woman's love, Dunbar's life was typical of the *gens terrible*. A parallel cannot fail to be seen between his fate and the fate of his great successor Robert Burns. Both, with hearts too keenly alive and eager for the joy of life, were doomed to meet only "the sting and arrow

of outrageous fortune," and in both their real achievement, the blaze of poetry which has been their magnificent legacy to Scotland, was struck, as if by accident, out of too sharp contact with the flinty ways of life. But between the two there was a vital difference. While the sorrows of the Ayrshire poet opened his heart to the pathos of existence and gave to his verse its high tragic quality, its profound pity and tenderness, disappointment only filled the heart of Dunbar with bitterness and drove the iron into his soul.

The first volume issued from the Scottish press, the book printed by Chepman & Myllar in 1508, contained several of Dunbar's poems, including "The Thrissil and the Rois," "The Goldyn Targe," and "The Lament for the Makaris." Only one copy of this volume, that in the Advocates' Library, is known to exist, but from this copy the book was reprinted in 1827 with the title of *The Knightly Tale of Gologras and Gawane, and other Ancient Poems*. The majority of the poet's existing works have been preserved in manuscripts, the Bannatyne MS., 1568, the Asloan MS., 1575, the Maitland MS. in the Pepysian Library, and the Reidpeth MS., 1623, in the University Library, Cambridge, each containing several. From these sources detached poems were printed in the collections of Allan Ramsay, John Pinkerton, Lord Hailes, and James Sibbald. But it remained to Mr. David Laing in 1834 to issue the first collected edition of the works of Dunbar, as "the best monument that could be erected to his genius." A supplement to this

was issued in 1875; in 1873 appeared in Edinburgh "The Works of William Dunbar, including his Life," by James Paterson; and in 1883 a new edition of the poet's works was prepared for the Scottish Text Society by Mr. John Small, M.A., with, in 1888, a copious introduction by Dr. James Mackay. Dunbar has also received attention on the Continent, Dr. Mackay declaring Prof. Schipper's edition (Berlin, 1884) to be the best book on the poet.

Apart from the works which must inevitably have been lost, no fewer than a hundred and one poems remain to the present day accredited to the genius of Dunbar. Of eleven of these, including the scarcely doubtful "Freiris of Perwik," the authenticity is not absolutely proved, but the remaining ninety include the work upon which his chief fame rests. No early poet has attempted so great a variety, either in subject, in style, or in form of verse, as Dunbar. In varying temper and on varying occasions he has essayed nearly every rôle of poetry, and to each he has given the supreme touch of the master hand. Allegory, satire, and moralising, invective, comic narrative, and natural description, personal pleading, courtly compliment, and the wild riot of Rabelaisian fancy, all are here, treating each minutely in the appropriate measure. Sorrow and gay doublet, blackthorn, cold and fear's hood, flaring raper and dantling peasant dress, each is assumed as occasion asks, and none is laid down till its part has been played to perfection.

In the stately efforts of his muse Dunbar followed the poetic fashion of his time. "The Goldyn Targe"

and "The Thrissil and the Rois" are allegories in the strain introduced to Scotland by the great poem of James the First. Of these two "The Thrissil and the Rois" shares the advantage of "The Kingis Quair" in having for its subject a historic fact. An interest beyond that of most allegories is added to Dunbar's poem by the knowledge that it celebrates the union between James IV. and the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., which was to have such momentous issue three generations later in the union of the English and Scottish crowns. The event is celebrated with a richness of colour, imagery, and music, and a wealth and splendour of description which are hardly to be rivalled in the same field. In this poem, describing the young queen, Dunbar rises to his noblest vision of womanhood, and it may well be believed that such an epithalamium set the seal to a lasting friendship between the royal pair and the poet. By Langhorne in his *Genius and Valour* it was named as the chief work of its author.

In nervous strains Dunbar's bold music flows
And Time still spares the Thistle and the Rose.

"The Goldyn Targe," nevertheless, has by some been considered Dunbar's masterpiece in that style of poetry. "All the beauties of 'The Thistle and the Rose,'" says Dr. Merry Ross, "are here seen in rarer and more sparkling perfection. The scenes and figures are painted in brighter colours, and the music of the verse has a more voluptuous swell." The intention of the poem is to set forth that the golden targe, or shield of reason, proves an untrustworthy defence

against the assaults of love. From its gorgeous opening the pageant of the poet's fantasy moves on, glowing and glittering, fair, and alive with swaying, sensuous imagery, without a lapse, to the end, a picture appropriate to, and worthy of, the vital truth which it illustrates.

Another brief allegory by Dunbar on a like subject beginning "Sen that I am a Prisoner," has a charm of its own in its lighter but still perfect setting.

To Chaucer must be attributed the suggestion of the two considerable poems, "The Tua Marit Women and the Wedo" and "The Freiris of Berwik." The latter is a comic tale, modelled exactly on Chaucer's style, but related with a sustained vigour and interest which characterises only the best of that poet's work. It is to be regretted that the authorship of the poem is not absolutely attested. "If," says a competent critic, "'The Freiris of Berwik' is not the work of Dunbar, then Scotland has a nameless poet of the same age, who, in comic humour, richness of invention, knowledge of human nature, skill in the arrangement of detail, and a charming vivacity of narrative, rivals the author of the *Canterbury Tales*." "The Freiris of Berwik" furnished Allan Ramsay with something more than the suggestion of his tale of "The Monk and the Miller's Wife." "The Tua Marit Women and the Wedo" treats of a subject somewhat similar to that of Chaucer's "Wife of Bath's Tale," but the methods and morals of the two poems are widely different. Dunbar's poem "presents us with the only specimen of blank verse which the ancient

Scottish Language affords." The rhythm is of the kind employed by the early Anglo-Saxon poets, and borrowed from them by the author of "*Piers Plowman*." Alliteration supplies the place of rhyme. In each double line there should be three words beginning with the same letter, and by the rule two of these should occur in the first and the other should begin the second part of the line. Neither Dunbar nor the author of "*Piers Plowman*," however, followed the rule exactly. The Scottish poem has been justly praised for its richness of description, though its language, owing to the necessities of the versification, may sometimes appear obscure. The opening passage, as perhaps the finest, may be quoted :

Apon the Midsummer ewin, mirriest of nichtis,
 I muvit furth allane, neir as midnight wes past,
 Besyd ane guddie grein garth, full of gay flouris,
 Hegeit of ane huge hicht with hawthorne treis,
 Qulhairon ane bird on ane bransche so birst out hir notis
 That neuer ane blythfullar bird was on the beuche harde.
 Quhat throw the sugarat sound of hir sang glaid
 And throw the sauar sanatiue of the sueit flouris,
 I drew in derne to the dyk to dirkin efter myrthis ;
 The dew donkit the daill and dynnit the foulis.

I hard, vnder ane holyn hewinlie grein hewit,
 Ane hie speiche, at my hand, with hantand wourdis ;
 With that in haist to the hege so hard I intrang
 That I was heildit with hawthorn and with heynd leveis.
 Throw pykis of the plet thorne I presandlie luikit
 Gif ony persoun wald approche within that plesand garding.

I saw thre gay ladeis sit in ane grein arbeir,
 All grathit in-to garlandis of fresche gudelic flouris.
 So glitterit as the gold wer thair gloriuis gilt tressis,
 Quhill all the gressis did gleme of the glaid hewis.
 Kemmit was thair cleir hair, and curioustlie sched

Attour their schakleris about silvery, silverying full brycht,
 With circles, circles thairis about, all kinp idis and thir;
 Their mantellis greis and as the greis that greis in May summer,
 Fetrir with their quhyt lingua about their fair wyth;
 Of ferlifoll fyne favour war their beser malk,
 All of flurist fathaid, as floure in Jun;
 Quhyt, whitte, and soft, as the sweet lillie,
 Now spersid vpon spere, as now spersid rose.

Arrayit ryallis about with many rich warbour,
 That Nature full nobilitie ammalit has with flour;
 Of wikin lower melle lewin that our layrd know;
 Fragrant, all full of frunkis about fynest of wood,
 As marke tablis about now behold that this behold
 With ryall couple upon rare, full of cyllis mynle,
 And of thir fair shynk, with twa [that] nobilit war with lordis,
 And was our wiche I wot, wantoun of latis;
 And as that talkit at the tabill of many tuff fure;
 They wantit at the wight wyne, and warit out wiche,
 And wyne that spak some spelle, and spair in melle.

The "antopy" treated of in this long conversation are the opinions of the three ladies upon the obligations of marriage. The sentiments uttered are of the most profligate sort, one of the wives expressing her wishes thus:

Charyte be to colow, and charyte be wot;
 So curst charyt till colow had I my charyte;
 Out of the charyte of our charyt I charyt, and for me;
 God gif matrimony were made to melle for our yate;
 It was but monstrous to be made but gif our mynle part.

Dunbar's idea of womanhood touches its nadir in this poem; and the effect is the more unwholesome from the fact that the most licentious and sensual imaginations are put into the mouths, not of degraded women, but of the most lovely and modest-seeming of the sex.

But it is when he leaves the initiative of others

behind and enters a realm of his own that Dunbar's powers are seen in their full strength and exuberance. "The Dance of the Sevin Deidly Synnis" is the most powerful of all his works. No such daring grotesquerie ever was painted, before or since, for a carnival riot on the eve of Lent. In "Tam o' Shanter" there is a familiar touch which softens the horrible, and Goethe's "Walpurgis Night" has a mournful human under-strain; but here the picture is unrelieved; an iron curtain seems pushed aside, and a moment's bewildering glimpse is caught of the actual lurid turmoil of hell. The poem is realistic and fearfully vivid in its details, and in the days when it was written must have appeared to its readers as horrible as it is startling.

In the same lower region the poet set the scene of another grotesque production, "The Turnament," a contest between a tailor and souter, or shoemaker. This and the long and somewhat obscure "Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy" furnish specimens of such extravagant scurrility and dirt, without containing anything morally impure, as it would be difficult to match out of Rabelais. It is curious to think that the "Flyting," with all its villanous abuse, was probably nothing more than a friendly tilting match between two famous free-lances. Irving notes the fact that a similar abusive contest was carried on in the time of Lorenzo de Medici by Luigi Pulci and Matteo Franco, who were nevertheless close friends, and that in our country the example of Dunbar and Kennedy was followed by James V.

and Sir David Lindsay, and by Montgomery and Hume. Formal rules, indeed, for such encounters were laid down by James VI. in his *Art of Poesie*. The elaborate "Flyting," nevertheless, it is to be feared, is apt to prove somewhat wearisome reading now-a-days. The "Turnament," on the other hand, with its wild, if coarse, fun, would appear to have excited the ire of members of the crafty barlesqued, and under the guise of an apology to the offended guildsmen the poet wrote an "Amendie," which is one of the most salt of his satires.

It was personal feeling, however, which gave their bitterest tang to many of the satires of Dunbar. Two of these concern a certain Italian impostor, one John Damian from Lombardy, who, on the strength of a professed ability to convert the baser metals into gold, effected a footing as physician and alchemist at the court of James IV., and in 1504 was made Abbot of Tunland in Galloway. Three years later, according to Bishop Lesley,* having failed to produce the promised gold, Damian, to maintain his reputation, gave out that he would fly from the walls of Stirling Castle to France. This he actually attempted, and on the appointed day, furnished with a huge pair of wings, he plunged from the castle rampart; but instead of flying through the heavens he fell to the ground beneath and broke his thigh-bone. Such a subject was not to be missed by the satirist, affording, as it did, a contrast between the high preferment bestowed on quackery and the neglect to which modest merit was

* The historian of James the Fourth's reign.

relegated. In "The Fenyeit Freir of Tungland" the poet has made the most of the episode. It is "a rare specimen of burlesque spiced with gay malice."

In many poems Dunbar did not hesitate to set forth his grievance in plain words to the king, coming in several cases as near to the accent of reproach as was politic in addressing a sovereign. Sometimes these appeals for promotion are almost pathetic in their expression of the sickness that comes of hope deferred; sometimes, though less frequently, they are couched in a humorous form, as in "The Petition of the Gray Horse." They give here and there a pitiful revelation of the poet in his need, improvident while his means last, watching with a sigh the constant preferment of duller souls, while age creeps fast upon him, and the hunger of his heart remains unsatisfied.

In one considerable class of his poems, as has been said, a moral and philosophical vein is touched, and it is supposed that these were chiefly written in his latter days. Some of them, such as "Best to be Blyth" and "Meditatioun in Wynter," take a cheerful turn, but, like the personal petitions addressed to the king, most are tinged with the shade of melancholy. All, however, show a deep appreciation of the peculiarities of human nature, and an accurate gauging of the secret springs of human motives, foibles, and passions. "The Lament for the Makaris" is the best known of these moral poems, and is, besides, a specimen of the sort of macaronic verse, the fantastic mixture of tongues, which was then a poetic fashion. The reflections of the poem are simple, and its tone

uniformly sad. Youth and loveliness, bravery and wit, all come to an end, and even the poets, for all their sweet service, cannot escape the hand of death. As a historical document, a record of the names of early Scottish singers, this composition has been of the greatest value; but it is something more than this; it is a noble elegy on the illustrious dead, sung by lips that have thirsted and found life better.

Of Dunbar's work and character as a whole numerous estimates have been made. Merry Row appears inclined to consider as his highest quality "a certain unique intensity of feeling," the expression of that "passionate or indomitable force, even tending to extravagance and one-sidedness, which distinguishes and differentiates the people of the north from their southern neighbours, and is particularly conspicuous in all their foremost men"*. Scott did not hesitate to set Dunbar in several respects upon a level with Chaucer. "In brilliancy of fancy," he declares, "in force of description, in the power of conveying moral precepts with terseness, and marking lessons of life with conciseness and energy, in quickness of satire and in poignancy of humour, the Northern Makar may boldly aspire to rival the Bard of Woolstock."† On the makar's vital shortcomings, on the other hand, the critics seem agreed. Brilliant beyond any of the poet company he sang, Dunbar still lacked one thing to set him in the ranks of the greatest of the immortals. That place is reserved for those

* *Scottish History and Literature*, p. 213.

† *Manners of George Dunbarton*, 1829, p. 11.

alone who, supreme in other gifts, possess also the key to the fountain of tears. Humour the wildest, wit the keenest, imagination the richest and most glowing, illumine his page; but nowhere, except lightly in "The Lament for the Makaris," and in one little love poem perhaps, does he stir the deeper currents of the heart. No storm of tragic passion or tenderness sweeps through his verse, the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears, the toils and hardships of common life were nothing to him. The gentler part of existence was shut from him, with the pure ministry of womanhood, by his priestly vows, and while lord alike of beauty and terror, of bewitching fantasies and mocking laughter, he leaves one side of life, and that the truest, entirely untouched. His work reflects the ideals and life of Scotland at a time when the old world with its faith was passing away. Nothing of the warm breath and promise of a spring-time is to be found in his pages. His gorgeous colour and splendid imaginings are like the glories of the autumn forest, the fires in the withering leaf.

In the spirit of his time is to be found at once the keynote and the shortcoming of Dunbar's life and poetry. In an atmosphere of nobler aspiration his genius might have burned with a purer flame. As it is, he holds a great place, second only to that of Robert Burns, in the gallery of Scottish poets.

THE GOLDYN TARGE.

RYGHTE as the morn of day begynth to arlyne,
 Quhen gowd to bad war Vesper and Lucyne,
 I raise and by a route¹ did me rest. 1 route.

Wp sprang the goldyn candill mathlyne
 With clere depurit beames cristallyne,
 Glasing the mury freshe in their nest;
 Or² Phelous was in purpur kaip revest 2 Or.
 Wp sprang the lark, the hevinis menestrale fyre,
 In May, in-till a murew³ myrthfullest. 3 murew.

Full angellike thir birdis sang their loudest⁴ 4 loudest
singing.
 Within their courtyn⁵ grene into shady bowres, 5 courtyn.
 Apparait quhyte and red, wyth blumys adorn,
 Anamait was the feble wyth all colouris,
 The perly droppis schynke in silvir selowaris,
 Quhull all in balme did branch and levis floure⁶, 6 floure.
 Depairt fra Phelous, did Aurora grene⁷, 7 grene.
 Hir cristall teris I saw hyng on the floures,
 Quhilk he for life all drank vp with his lute.

For mirth of May, wyth skippis and wyth hoppis,
 The birdis sang vpon the tender crospos⁸ 8 crospos.
 With mouris note, as Venus chappell clerkis,
 The roses reid, now sprading of their knappis⁹, 9 knappis, roses.

- 1 beryl. War powderit brycht with hevinly beriall¹ droppis,
Throu bemes rede birnyng as ruby sperkis;
The skyes rang for schoutyng of the larkis,
- 2 over-spilled. The purpur hevyn our-scailit² in silvir sloppis,
Our-gilt the treis, branchis, leivis and barkis.
- 3 brushwood. Down thruch ryss³ ane ryuir ran wyth stremys,
So lustily⁴ agayn thai lykand lemys⁵
- 4 pleasantly.
5 likened flames. That all the lake as lamp did leme of licht,
Quhilk schadovit all about wyth twynkling glemis,
- 6 branches. That bewis⁶ bathit war in secund bemys
Throu the reflex of Phebus visage brycht.
- 7 on high. On every syde the hegeis raise on hicht⁷,
The bank was grene, the bruke vas full of bremys,
- 8 gravel. The stanneris⁸ clere as sterne in frosty nycht.
- The cristall air, the sapher firmament,
The ruby skyes of the orient,
Kest beriall bemes on emerant bewis grene;
- 9 garden. The rosy garth⁹, depaynt and redolent
10 rose-red, delicate. With purpur, azure, gold, and goulis gent¹⁰,
Arayed was by dame Fflora the quene
- 11 to see. So nobily that ioy was for to sene¹¹:
- 12 rock. The roch¹² agayn the rywir resplendent
13 shining. As low¹³ enlumynit all the leues schene¹⁴.

Quhat throu the mery foulis armony,
And throu the ryueris sounn that ran me by,
On Fflorais mantill I slepit quhair I lay,
Quhare some in-to my dremes fantasy

I saw approach agayn the orient sky
 And still als quhite as blossom yene spray,
 Wyth mast of gold, brycht as the stars of day,
 Quhilk tendit to the land full lastly,
 As falcon swift dasyroun of hir pray.

And hard on hard¹ victo the blondest nochtis,
 Amongis the grene ripes² and the radis,
 Arrivit scho; quhar-foe anone thare kinde
 And hundreth ladyes, lusty in till weid,
 Als fresch as flouris that in the Mar vp spredis,
 In kirtillis grene, withoutyn kelf³ or bandis⁴,
 Thair brycht hairis hang glistering on the strandis
 In tresses clere, wyppit⁵ wyth goldyn thredis,
 With pappis quhite, and reddillis small as wandis.

Discerne I wald, bot quho couth socht endyte
 How all the felde wyth thair lillies quhite
 Depaynt war brycht, quhilk to the heven did glori⁶ & glose
 Nought them, Homer, als fair as thou couth wryte,
 For all thi ornate style so perfyte,
 Nor yit thou, Tullius, quhows lippe soute
 Off rethorike did into termis betis⁷,
 Your aureate tongis both bene all to lyte⁸
 For to compile that paradise complete.

Thare saw I Nature, and [dame] Venus quene,
 The fresch Aurora, and lady Flora schene⁹,
 Luna, [Latina] and Proserpyna,
 Dyane, the goldene chaste of widdis grene,

1 help of poets is. My lady Cleo that help of makaris bene¹,
 Thetes, Pallas, and prudent Minerva,
 2 feigned. Fair feynit² Fortune and lemand³ Lucina
 3 shining. Thir mychti quenis in crounis mycht be sene,
 Wyth bemys blith, bricht as Lucifera.

There saw I May, of myrthfull monethis quene,
 Betuix Aprile and June, her sisteris schene,
 Within the gairdene walking vp and down,
 4 rejoice suddenly. Quham of the foulis gladdith al bedene⁴;
 Scho was full tender in-till hir yeris grene.
 Thare saw I Nature present hir a goune
 Rich to behald and nobil of renoune,
 Off ewiry hew that vnder the hevin hes bene
 Depaynt, and braid be gude proporcoun.

5 company. Full lustily thir ladyes all in fere⁵
 Enterit within this park of most plesere,
 6 covered with rank leaves. Quhare that I lay helit wyth leuis rouk⁶;
 The mery foulis, blisfullest of chere,
 7 Saluted. Salust⁷ Nature, me-thocht, in thair manere,
 And ewiry blome on branch and eke on bonk
 Opnyt and spred thair balmy leuis donk,
 Full low enclynyng to thair Quene full clere,
 Quham of thair nobill nvrissing thay thonk.

8 Afterwards. Syne⁸ to dame Flora on the samyn wyse
 9 times. Thay saluse and thay thank a thousand syse⁹,
 And to dame Wenus, lufis mychti quene,
 10 guise, fashion. Thay sang ballattis in lufe, as was the gyse¹⁰,

With amorous note most busy to devise,
 As they that had life in their hertis greis;
 Their hony throte, quyt fro the spleyn¹,
 With warbllis sweete did purse the hevynly skyes,
 Quhill loud resoundyt the firmament with noise.

1 *Intestine* *Saint*.

Another court there saw I subsequnt;
 Cupide the king, wyth bow in hand by bent
 And dredefull arrowis groundyn scharp and separe;
 There saw I Mars, the god armyngment,
 Anfull and sterne, strong and corpulent;
 There saw I erablat Saturne old and haire²,
 His luke was lyke for to perturb the ayre;
 There was Mercurius, wise and eloquent,
 Of rhetorike that faul³ the flouris faire.

2 *hair*.3 *faul*.

There was the god of galynde, Priapus;
 There was the god of wilderness, Panus;
 And Ianus, god of entree⁴ delytable;
 There was the god of fludis, Neptunus;
 There was the god of windis, Eolus,
 With variand luke, ryght lyke a lord variable;
 There was Bacchus, the gladder of the table;
 There was Pluto, the elricht⁵ meabur,
 In cloke of greis, his court full of meable.

4 *entree*.5 *meabur*;
6 *meable*.

And every one of thur⁶, in greis arrayd,
 On harp or lute full meryly that playd,
 And song ballades with meryly mornis clere,
 Ladyes to dance full meryly awayd.

6 *thur*.

1 Along.

Endlang¹ the lusty rywir so thai mayit;
 Thair obseruance rycht hevyntly was to here.
 Than crap I throu the leuis and drew nere,
 Quhare that I was richt sudaynly affrayit

2 bought.

All throu a luke quhilk I haue coft² full dere.

And schortly for to speke, of lufis quene
 I was aspyit. Scho bad hir archearis kene
 Go me arrest; and thay no time delayit.
 Than ladyes fair lete fall thair mantillis grene,
 With bowis big in tressit hairis schene.

All sudaynly thay had a felde arayit;
 And yit rycht gretly was I nouchit affrayit,

3 to see.

The party was so plesand for to sene³.

4 A wonderfully
pleasant strife.

A wonder lusty bikar⁴ me assayit.

5 confound,
destroy.
6 company.

And first of all, with bow in hand ay bent,
 Come dame Bewty rycht as scho wald me schent⁵;
 Syne folowit all hir dammosallis in feir⁶,
 With mony diuerse aull instrument,
 Wnto the pres; Fair Having wyth hir went,
 Fyne Portrature, Plesance, and lusty Chere.
 Than come Resoun, with schelde of gold so clere.
 In plate and maille, as Mars armypotent,
 Defendit me that nobil cheuallere.

Syne tender Youth come wyth hir virgenis ying
 Grene Innocence, and shamefull Abaising,
 And quaking Drede, wyth humyll Obedience.
 The Goldyn Targe harmyt thay no-thing;

Courage in thair was mycht begonne to spring ;

Full more thay drest to done a violence.

Suete Womanhede I saw cum in presence ;

Of artilye¹ a world scho did in bring,

1 artillery.

Seruit wyth ladyes full of reverence.

Scho led with hir Nurture and Lawlynnes,

Continuance², Patience, Gode Fyne, and Stedfastnes, 2 continuance.

Discretion, Gentrie³, and Considerance,

2 consideration.

Lofull⁴ Company and Honest Besynes

4 lovelly.

Benigne Luke, Mylde Chere, and Solerces.

All thir beire ganyer⁵ to do me gressoun,

5 grace.

But Resoun beire the Targe wyth sik⁶ constance

6 such.

Thair scharp aways mycht do no dures

To me for all thair dofull ordynance.

Wnto the prece perswit His Degre

Hir fulwit ay Estate and Dignitee,

Comparisson, Honour, and Noble Awey,

Will, Wantenness, Renoun, and Libertee,

Richesse, Freshour, and eke Nobilitie.

Wit ye thay did thair bauer hye display

A cloud of arrows as haybeshour bound thay

And schot, quhill⁷ wastit was thair artilye,

7 till.

Syne went alak rebutt⁸ of thair pray.

8 rebuffed.

Quhen Vento had perscut this rebute,

Disynulace scho had go mak perrote,

At all powere to pene the Goldyn Targe

And scho that was of shoudres the rute

- 1 means of achievement. Askit hir choise of archeris in refute¹.
 2 choose. Wenus the best bad hir to wale² at large;
 3 pledge. Scho tuke Presence plicht³ anker of the barge,
 4 an arrow. And Fair Callyng that wele a flayn⁴ coud schute,
 And Cherising for to complete hir charge.

- Dame Hamelynes scho tuke in company,
 5 skilful. That hardy was, and hende⁵ in archery,
 And brocht dame Bewty to the felde agayn.
 With all the choise of Venus cheualry
 6 made assault. Thay come, and bikkerit⁶ vnabaisitly.
 The schour of arowis rappit on as rayn;
 7 "syouris," Perrellus Presence, that mony syre⁷ has slayne,
 scions, shoots.
 8 took place on the beach. The bataill broucht on bordour⁸ hard me by;
 9 sorer, truth to say. The salt was all the sarar, suth to sayn⁹.

- Thik was the schote of grundyn dartis kene;
 Bot Resoun with the Scheld of Gold so schene
 10 In warlike fashion. Weirly¹⁰ defendit, quho-so-ewir assayit.
 11 storm. The afull stoure¹¹ he manly did sustene,
 Quhill Presence kest a pulder in his ene,
 12 went astray. And than as drunkyn man he all forvayit¹².
 Quhen he was blynd the fule wyth hym thay playit,
 And banyst hym among the bewis grene.
 That sair sicht me sudaynly affrayit.

Than was I woumdit till the deth wele nere
 And yoldyn as a wofull prisonnere
 To lady Bewty in a moment space.
 Me-thocht scho semyt lustiar of chere

Efter that Reason had tynt¹ his eyne clare 1 lost.

Than of before, and lullare of face.

Quhy was thou blyndit, Reason? quho, allare?

And gert² ane hell my paradise appare, 2 seemed.

And mercy neme, quhare that I fand no grace.

Dissymulance was busy me to sle³ 3 dissimulated.

And Fair Calling did oft vpsoun me enyle.

And Cherishing me fed wyth wordis fair;

New Acquyntance embract me a quhile,

And favouryt me quhill men mycht se ane myle,

Syne tuk hir leif; I saw hir never mare.

Than saw I Dangere toward me repair;

I couth eschew hir presence be no wyle;

On syde scho lukit wyth ane frenyt fare⁴ 4 frenzied
(transmogrified)
(morning.)

And at the last Departing couth hir dresse⁵, 5 separated.
(usually very
transmogrified.)

And me deliquent vnto Hevyneisse.

For to remaine, and scho in curs⁶ me tuk. 6 curse.

Be this the Lord of Wyndis, wyth moderaci⁷, 7 fury, moderation.

God Eelus, his hugill blew I gress,

That with the blast the leuis all to schuke,

And endaynly, in the space of ane hoke,

All was hyn⁸ went, thare was bot wilderness, 8 absence.

Thare was no more bot birdis, beak, and beaks.

In twynking of ane eie schip than went,

And swyth⁹ vp sail vnto the top that stait¹⁰, 9 swiftly.
(as a whirlwind.)

And with swift water stour¹¹ the flude thay fraik¹², 11 storm.
12 equal.

Thay fyrst gauris wyth polder violent,

- 1 smoke. Till that the reke¹ raise to the firmament;
 2 crash. The rockes all resoundit wyth the rak²;
 3 noise. For reird³ it semyt that the raynbow brak.
 4 sprang. Wyth spreit affrayit apon my fete I spreit⁴,
 5 cliffs, ravines. Amang the clewis⁵ so carefull was the crak.
 6 awake from my dreaming. And as I did awalk of my sueving⁶
 The ioyfull birdis merily did syng
 For myrth of Phebus tendir bemes schene;
 7 morning. Suete war the vaponris, soft the morowing⁷,
 Halesum the vale, depayut wyth flouris ying;
 The air attemperit, sobir, and amene;
 8 furnished forth. In quhite and rede was all the felde besene⁸,
 Throu Naturis nobil fresche anamalyng,
 In mirthfull May of ewiry moneth quene.

- O reuerend Chaucere, rose of rethoris all,
 As in our tong ane flour imperiall,
 That raise in Britane ewir, quho redis rycht,
 Thou beris of makaris the triumph riall;
 9 celestial. Thy fresch anamalit termes celicall⁹
 This mater coud illumynit haue full brycht.
 Was thou noucht of oure Inglis all the lycht,
 Surmounting ewiry tong terrestriall,
 Alls fer as Mayes morow dois mydnycht?

O morall Gower, and Ludgate laureate,
 Your sugurit lippis and toungis anreate
 Bene to oure eris cause of grete delyte.
 Your angelik mouthis most mellifluate

Our rude language has clere illuminatio,

And fares our gilt our speche, that imperfyte

Stude or¹ your goldyn poems scheped² to weyte 1. as
2. prepared.

This Ile before was bare and desolate

Of rethorike, or lusty frolich endyte.

Thou lylll Quay, be ever obedient,

Humble, soldier, and avowle of entent.

Before the face of every ennyng³ wind, 3. none.

I know quibat thou of rethorike has spent

Off all hir lusty roses redolent

Is none into thy garland sett on licht⁴, 4. on light.

Eachane thairfor, and draw the out of sight,

Rude is thy wele, destitute, bare, and reul,

Welc sight thou be affiant⁵ of the beht 5. affiant.

THE THRISSIL AND THE ROIS.

QUHEN Merche wes with variand windis past,
And Appryll had, with hir siluer schouris,
Tane leif at Nature with ane orient blast,

1 pleasant.

2 morning
prayers.

And lusty¹ May, that mvddir is of flouris,
Had maid the birdis to begyn thair houris²
Amang the tendir odouris reid and quhyt,
Quhois armony to heir it wes delyt:

In bed at morrow, sleiping as I lay,

Me-thocht Aurora with hir cristall ene

In at the window lukit by the day,

3 greeted.

And halsit³ me, with visage pail and grene;

4 from the heart.

On quhois hand a lark sang fro the splene⁴,

“Awalk, luvaris, out of your slomering!

Se how the lusty morrow dois vp spring.”

Me-thocht fresche May befor my bed vpstude,

In weid depaynt of mony diuerss hew,

5 meekness.

Sobir, benyng, and full of mansuetude⁵,

In brycht attair of flouris forgit new,

Hevinly of color, quhyt, reid, broun, and blew,

Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phebus bemys,

6 glowing.

Quhill all the house illumynit of hir lemys⁶

"Slugird," scho said, "awalk¹ none for schame, 11400

And in my honour something thou go wryt;

The lark has done the mairry day proclame,

To raise vp luvaris with comfort and delyt;

Yit nocht incresse thy courage to indyt,

Quhois hait sam-tyne has glad and blisfull bene,

Sangis to mak violir the levis grene."

"Quhairto," quod I, "will I vpryse at morrow,

For in this May few lãrlis herd I sing!

Thai haif moir cause to weip and plane their sorrow;

Thy air it is nocht holsum nor benyng;

Lord Eolus dwis in thy wesome ring?"

So bustoun² ar the blatis of his borne,

Amang thy bewie³ to walk I haif forborne."

2 *subject to this*

3 *pride, power, etc.*

4 *remains*

With that this haly sãrlis did anayls,

And said, "Vpryse, and do thy observance;

Thow did promoyt, in Mayis lusty iphyle,

For to discryve⁴ the Rois of most plesance

Go se the birdis how they song and dais,

Illumynit our⁵ with orient skyis brycht,

Annayyllit richely with new asur lycht."

4 *describe*

5 *ours*

Quhen this weis said, departit scho, this quene,

And enterit in a lusty garding gent⁶;

And then, methocht, full hostely busoun⁷,

In werk and waitill [after hir] I want

In-to this garth⁸, most dulse and redolent

Off herb and flour and tender plantis sweet,

And grene levis doing of dew damp that⁹.

6 *most ladylike*

7 *washt out*

8 *enclosure*

9 *the dewy drops
on their leaves*

¹ The purple
sun.

The purpoure sone¹, with tendir beynys reid,
In orient brieht as angell did appeir.
Throw goldin skyis putting vp his heid,
Quhois gilt tressis schone so wondir cleir,
That all the world tuke confort, fer and neir,
To luke vpone his fresche and blisfull face,
Doing all sable fro the hevynnis chace.

² the blissful
sound of the
angel choir.

And as the blisfull sonne of cherarchy²
The fowlis song throw confort of the licht;
The birdis did with oppin vocis cry,
"O, luvaris fo, away thou dully Nyeht!
And welcum, Day, that confortis every wicht!
Haill May, haill Flora, haill Aurora schene³,
Haill princes Natur, haill Venus, luvis quene!"

³ shining,
beautiful.

Dame Nature gaif ane inhibitioun thair
To ferss Neptunus and Eolus the bawld,
Nocht to perturb the wattir nor the air,
And that no schouris [snell] nor blastis cawld
Effray suld flouris nor fowlis on the fold⁴.
Scho bad eik⁵ Juno, goddis of the sky,
That scho the hevin suld keip amene and dry.

⁴ earth.

⁵ also.

Scho ordand eik that every bird and beist
Befoir hir hienes suld alnone compeir,
And every flour of vertew, most and leist,
And every herb be feild fer and neir,
As thay had wout in May fro yeir to yeir,
To hir thair makar to mak obediens,
Full law inclynmand with all dew reuerens.

With that anon scho send the swift Ro
 To bring in beists of all conditioun;
 The restles Swallow commandit scho also
 To fetch all fowl of small and greet renown;
 And to gar¹ flouris conpair of all fassoun;
 Full craftely conjurit scho the Yarrow,
 Quhilk did furth awirk² als swift as eyr arrow.
1. same.
2. does.

All present wer in twysking of the e,
 Baith beist and bird and flour, befor the quene.
 And first the Lyone, gretast of degre,
 Was callit thair, and he, most fair to mene³,
 With a full hardy countenance and kene,
 Befor dame Natur come, and did inclyne,
 With visage hawld and carage leynye.

This awfull beist full terrible was of cheir,
 Persing of lake, and stout of countenance,
 Rycht strong of corpa, of fassoun fair, but fair⁴,
 Lusty of schap, lycht of deliberance⁵;
 Red of his colour, as is the ruby glauc.
 On feild of gold he stude full mychtely,
 With flour-delyne strecit lustely.*

This Lady liftit vp his chyvle⁶ cleir,
 And let him lusty⁷ lene vpon hir knee,
 And crownit him with dyademe full deir,
 Off raderis stonis, most ryall for to se,
 Saying, "The King of Beists mak I the,
 And the chaff protector in woldis and schawys⁸;
 Onto the heighe go furth and keep the lawis.
1. power.
2. strength.
3. same.
4. same.

* A description of the royal arms of Scotland.

"Exerce justice with mercy and conscience,

1 hurt nor contumely.

And lat no small beist suffir skaith na skornis¹

Of greit beistis that bene of moir piscence;

2 Make law alike.

Do law elyk² to aipis and vnicornis,

And lat no bowgle with his busteous hornis

The meik pluch-ox oppress, for all his pryd,

Bot in the yok go peciable him besyd."

Quhen this was said, with noyis and soun of joy,

All kynd of beistis in-to thair degre,

At onis cryit lawd, "Viue le Roy!"

And till his feit fell with humilite,

3 fealty.

And all thay maid him homege and fewte³;

4 gestures.

And he did thame ressaif with princely laitis⁴,

5 perhaps "does spare the prostrate."

Quhois noble yre is proceir prostratis⁵.

Syne crownit scho the Egle King of Fowlis,

6 quills.

And as steill dertis scherpit scho his pennis⁶,

And bawd him be als just to awppis and owlis,

7 parrots.

As vnto pacokkis, papingais⁷, or crennis,

8 mighty.

And mak a law for wycht⁸ fowlis and for wrennis;

9 do affrighting.

And lat no fowll of ravyne do efferay⁹,

Nor devoir birdis bot his awin pray.

Than callit scho all flouris that grew on feild,

10 qualities.

Discirnyng all thair fassionis and effeiris¹⁰.

Vpone the awfull Thrissill scho beheld,

And saw him kepit with a busche of speiris;

Concedring him so able for the weiris,

A radius croun of rubeis scho him gaif,

11 protect the rest.

And said, "In feild go furth, and fend the laif¹¹;

"And, sen¹ thou art a king, thou be discreit," 1 same

Herb without vertew thou haddest nocht of a² pryde³ same.

As herb of vertew and of odor such;

And lat no nettill vyle and full of vyce,

Hir fallow⁴ to the godly flour-de-lys,⁵ A famous beauty

Nor latt no wyld weid, full of churlchenece,

Compair hir till the lillies nobleness.

"Nor hadd mon viltir flour in sic denty⁶" A no worthiness.

As the fresche Rois, of cullour red and quhyt:*

For gif thou dois, hurt is thyne honesty,

Conciddering that no flour is so perfyt,

So full of vertew, plesance, and delyt,

So full of blisfull angelik bowty,

Imperiall birth, honour, and dignite."

Than to the Rois scho turnyt hir visage,

And said, "O lusty dochtir most beying,

Abov the lilly illustre of lynage,†

Fro the stak ryell rysing fresche and ying,

But myne apok or marcell doing spring⁷;

*A prophetic
warning given
in 1482.*

Cum, blowme of joy, with jennis to be crownit,

For our the laif⁸ thy bewty is renownit."

A countly crown, with clarsfeld stonis bryght,

This cunly quene did on hir head inclois,

Quhill all the land illumynit of the lyght;

Quhairfor me-thocht all flouris did reiois,

Crying alowde⁹, "Hail be thou, richest Rois!" 2nd crown.

Hail, hairbis empyree! hail freschest quene of flouris!

To the be glory and honour at all flouris!"

* An allusion, as I have pointed out, to the action of the House of York and Lancaster, the Red and White Roses, in the person of Henry VII. and his queen.

† An allusion to the earlier effort to unite James IV. to a daughter of the House of Valois.

1 thrush.

Thane all the birdis song with voce on hicht,
 Quhois mirthfull soun wes mervelus to heir.
 The mavyis¹ song, "Haill, Rois most riche and richt,
 That dois vp flureiss vndir Phebus speir!
 Haill, plant of yowth, haill, princes dochtir deir,
 Haill, blosome, breking out of the blud royall,
 Quhois pretius vertew is imperial!"

The merle scho sang, "Haill, Rois of most delyt,
 Haill, of all flouris quene and souerane!"
 The lark scho song, "Haill, Rois, both reid and
 quhyt,
 Most plesand flour, of mighty cullouris twane!"
 The nyctingail song, "Haill, Naturis suffragane,
 In bewty, nurtour, and every nobilness,
 In riche array, renown and gentilness!"

2 peace.

The commoun voce vp raise of birdis small,
 Apone this wyis, "O blissit be the hour
 That thow wes chosin to be our principall!
 Welcome to be our princes of honour,
 Our perle, our plesans, and our paramour,
 Our peax², our play, our plane felicite,
 Chryst thé conserf frome all aduersite!"

3 cry.

Than all the birdis song with sic a schout,
 That I annone awoilk quhair that I lay,
 And with a braid³ I turnyt me about
 To se this court; bot all were went away.

4 partly in
affright.

5 before.

Than vp I lenyt, halflingis in affrey⁴,
 And thus I wret, as ye haiff hard to-forrow⁵,
 Off lusty May vpon the nynt morrow.

BEWTY AND THE PRESONEIR.*

SEN that I am a presoneir

Till hir that fairest is and best,

I me commend, fra yeir till yeir,

In-till hir bandoun¹ for to rest,

¹ *servant*.

I govit' on that guddest,

² *good • goodly*.

So lang to luk I tuk lateir,

Quhill I wes tane withouttin test³,

³ *without*.

And led furth as a presoneir.

Hir sweit having and fresche bewtie

Hes woudit me but⁴ sward or lance,

⁴ *without*.

With hir to go comandit me

Ontill the castell of Pennance.

I said, "Is this your gouirnanse,

To tak men for their loking heir⁵?"

Fresche Bewty said, "Ya, schir, perchance,

Ye be my ladis presoneir."

Thai had me bundin to the yet⁶

⁵ *They intended to be charged*.

Quhair Strangenes had bene portar ay,

And in deliuerit me thairat,

And in thir⁶ terms can thai say,

⁶ *These*.

* Laing suggests that in this poem Dryden may have been little more than delineate one of the pagans or Sanguis at the period which he had witnessed while in England.

1 Give attention.

“Do wait¹, and lat him nocht away.”

Quo Strangnes vnto the porteir

“Ontill my lady, I dar lay,

Ye be to pure a presoneir.”

Thai kest me in a deip dungeoun,

And fetterit me but lok or cheyne.

2 named.

The capitane hecht² Comparesone,

3 disdain.

To luke on me he thocht greit deyne³.

4 Though I was
woful I dared
not complain.

Thocht I wes wo I durst nocht pleyne⁴,

5 qualities
(senses).

For he had fetterit mony affeir⁵;

6 did I say.

With petouss voce thus cuth I sene⁶

“Wo is a wofull presoneir!”

7 watch.

Langour wes weche⁷ vpoun the wall,

That nevir sleipit, bot evir wouke;

8 jester.

Scorne wes boundour⁸ in the hall;

9 bauble.

And oft on me his babill⁹ schuke,

Lukand with mony a dengerous luke;

10 comes within
bounds.

“Quhat is he yone, that methis¹⁰ ws neir?

11 clownish (?)

Ye be to townage¹¹, be this buke,

To be my ladeis presoneir.”

12 whispered.

Gud Houp rownit¹² in my eir,

13 write.

And bad me baldlie breve¹³ a bill;

With Lawlines he suld it beir,

With Fair Scherwice send it hir till.

14 sped without
companion.

I wouk and wret hir all my will;

Fair Scherwice fur withouttin feir¹⁴,

15 secret words.

Sayand till hir with wirdis still¹⁵,

“Haif pety of your presoneir!”

- Than Lawline to Petie went,
 And said till hir in terms schort,
 "Lat we yone prisoner be schent¹,
 Will no man do to we support;
 Gar² lay ane soge vnto yone fort "
 Than Petie said, "I sall appeir;"
 Thocht sayis, "I hecht, com I ourthort³,
 I houp to lowes the prisoner."
- Than to battell thai war arreyit all,
 And ay the wawart⁴ kepit Thocht;
 Lust bur the bennet to the wall,
 And Business the grit gyn brocht⁵,
 Skorne cryis out, sayis, "Wald ye ocht!"
 Lust sayis, "We wald haif entre heir;"
 Comparisone sayis, "That is for nocht;
 Ye will nocht wyn the prisoner."
- Thai thaurin schup⁶ for to defend,
 And thai thairfurth sailycit⁷ ane hour;
 Than Business the grit gyn bend,
 Struk down the top of the four tour.
 Comparisone began to lour⁸,
 And cryit furth, "I yow requier,
 Soft and fur and do fawour,
 And tak to yow the prisoner."
- Thai fyrit the yettis deliverly⁹
 With faggottis wer grit and huge;
 And Strangene, quhair that he did ly
 Wes brint into the porter luge.

1 schent.

2 Gar.

3 I promise, &c.
 I hope to lower.

4 I maintain.

5 I brought this
 great engine of
 war.

6 prepared.

7 armed.

8 he looks gloomy.

9 quick speedily.

1 Such strokes
and rustling
were astir.

Lustely they lakit bot a juge,
Sic straikis and styehling wes on steir¹,
The semeliest wes maid assege
To quhome that he wes presoneir.

2 Through
Scorn's nose,
3 blacking.

4 buried alive.

5 host, *lit.* large
number,
6 chamberlain.

Thrucht Skornes noss² thai put a prik,
This he wes banist and gat a blek³;
Comparisone wes erdit quik⁴,
And Langour lap and brak his nek.
Thai sailyeit fast, all the fek⁵;
Lust chasit my ladeis chalmirleir⁶;
Gud Fame wes drownit in a sek.
Thus ransont thai the presoneir.

7 From the time
when Slander
heard.

8 Gathered to
battle

9 cousin.

10 gossip-
mongers.

11 conceals.

Fra Sklandir hard⁷ Lust had vndone
His enemeis, him aganis
Assemblit⁸ ane semely sort full sone,
And raiss and rowttit all the planis.
His cusing⁹ in the court remanis,
Bot jalouss folkis and geangleiris¹⁰
And fals Invy that no-thing Ianis¹¹
Blew out on Luvis presoneir.

12 armed, with-
out lying,
i.e., in fact.

13 doubt, uncer-
tainly.

Syne Matremony, that nobill king,
Was grevit, and gadderit ane grit ost,
And all enermitt, without lesing¹²,
Chest Sklander to the west se cost.
Than wes he and his linege lost,
And Matremony, withouttin weir¹³,
The band of freindship hes indost
Betuix Bewty and the presoneir.

Be that of child¹ was God Father air,

And comyne to continuacion,

And to the court maid his repair,

Quhair Matremony than wear the crowne;

He gat the confirmation

All that his moder aicht but weir²,

And bid³ still, as it was requeir⁴,

With Bewty and the prisoner.

1 By that time
that Father
became a man.

2 toward some
with
a prayer.

LONDON.*

LONDON, thou art of townes A per se!
Soveraign of cities, semeliest in sight,
Of high renoun, riches, and royaltie;
Of lordis, barons, and many goodly knight;
Of most delectable lusty ladies bright;
Of famous prelatis in habitis clericall;
Of merchauntis full of substaunce and myght:
London, thou art the flour of cities all!

- 1 Be glad.
2 pleasant.
3 named.

Gladdith¹ anon thou lusty² Troynovaunt,
City that some-tyme cleped³ was New Troy;
In all the erth, imperiall as thou stant,
Pryncesse of townes, of pleasure, and of joy,
A richer restith under no Christen roy;
For manly power, with craftis naturall,
Fourmeth⁴ none fairer sith⁵ the flode of Noy.
London, thou art the flour of cities all!

- 4 is formed.
5 since.

* The spelling of this poem, it will be noticed, follows the English model of the time in several respects, a fact owed perhaps to the courtesy of the poet, perhaps to the habit of the transcriber in the Cotton MS.

Gemme of all joy, iasper of ioyntie,

Most myghty carbuncle of vertue and valour,

Strong Troy in vigour and in sturmytie,

1. *heraldry*

Of royall citie rose and getaflour²,

2. *gold flower*

Empresse of towne, exalt in honour,

In beawtie beryng the crone imperiall,

Sweete paradise presiding in pleasure,

London, thou art the flower of citie all³

About all ryuers thy Ryuer hath riuers,

Whose beryall⁴ streynes, pleasant and preclere,

4. *strong*
much better

Under the lusty wallis runneth down,

Where many a swanne doth swynne with wyngie
fure,

Where many a barge doth saille and row with row⁵,

Where many a ship doth rest with toppes-royall.

O towne of towne, patrone and sek compare,

London, thou art the flower of citie all⁶

Upon thy lusty Brigg⁷ of pylers white

7. *the bridge*

Been merchandise full royall to behold

Upon thy strette goeth many a sumely knyght

[All clad] in velvets gownes and cloyers of gold

By Iulius Cesar thy Tour founded of old

May be the house of Mars vnderwall,

Whose artillery with tange may yet be told

London, thou art the flower of citie all⁸

Strong be thy wallis that about thee stande;

Wise be the people that within thee dwelle;

Fresh is thy ryuer with his lusty sturme;

Blith be thy churches, wele sownyng be thy bellis;
 Riche be thy merchauntis in substaunce that
 excellis;

Fair be their wives, right lovesom, white, and small;

1 lovely.

2 cauls, caps.

Clere¹ be thy virgyns, lusty under kellis².

London, thow art the flour of cities all!

Thy famous Maire* by pryncely governaunce
 With swerd of justice thé rulith prudently.

No lord of Parys, Venyce, or Floraunce

In dignytie or honoure goeth to hym nye.

3 guide.

He is examplar, loode-ster, and guye³,

4 commendation. Principall patrone and roose⁴ orygynalle,

Above all maires as maister moost worthy;

London, thou art the flour of cities all!

* "Sir John Shaw, who was knighted on the field by Henry VII."—*Gregory Smith*.

BE YE ANE LUVAR.

Be ye ane luvlar, think ye nucht ye wald

Be weill adwysit in your governing¹

Be ye nocht sa it will un yow be taid²

Bewar thairwith fur draid of murthering³.

¹ well-governed.

Be nucht a wretch, nor skerch⁴ in your spending,

² ye wald, or
desire.

Be layth⁵ alway to do amiss or schame,

³ murther.

Be rewlit rycht and keep this doctring,

Be secret, trew, increasing of your name.

Be ye ane lear⁶, that is werst of all;

⁴ wretch.

Be ye ane tratlar⁷, that I hald als awall;

⁵ nothing.

Be ye ane janglar⁸ and ye fra vertew fall;

⁶ learner.

Be never mair on to this vice thrall.

Be now and ay the maister of your will,

Be never he that leing⁹ will proclaim.

⁷ traitor.

Be nocht of language quhair ye wald be still;

Be secret, trew, increasing of your name.

Be nocht abaisit for no wicked tong,

Be nocht sa set as I haif said yow heir:

Be nocht sa large vnto thir saws wing¹⁰,

⁸ Be not so loud,
that ye shall
overstep the mark.

Be nocht our¹¹ proud, thinkand ye haif no pair.

⁹ Be not lying.

Be ye so wyse that vleys at yow heir¹²,

¹⁰ wings.

Be never he to sklander nor defame;

Be of your life no proclamer as a friar;

Be secret, trew, increasing of your name.

TO A LADYE.

SWEIT roiss of vertew and of gentilnes,
Delytsum lyllie of everie lustynes¹,
Richest in bontie, and in bewtie cleir,
And everie vertew that is [held most] deir,
Except onlie that ye ar mercyles.

1 beauty.

In-to your garthe² this day I did persew³,
Thair saw I flowris that fresche wer of hew;
Baith quhyte and reid moist lusty wer to seyne⁴,
And halsum⁵ herbis vpone stalkis grene;
Yit leif nor flour fynd could I nane of rew.

2 garden.

3 attend.

4 see.

5 wholesome.

I dout that Merche with his cauld blastis keyne
Hes slane this gentill herbe that I of mene;
Quhois petewous deithe dois to my hart sic pane⁶
That I wald mak to plant his rute agane,
So comfortand his levis vnto me bene.

6 such pain.

LAMENT FOR THE MAKARIS

QUHEN HE WES SEIK.

I THAT in heill¹ wos and glaidnes (line 25)
 Am trublit now with greet seiknes;
 And feblit with infirmite;
 Tinnir Mortis conturbat me.*

Our plesance here is all vane glory;
 This fals world is but transitory,
 The fleische is trouble², the Feyne is sle³; (line 26-28)
 Tinnir Mortis conturbat me.

The stat of man now changeis and vary,
 Now sool, now seik, now blyth, now sary⁴, (line 29)
 Now dancand merr, now like to dee;
 Tinnir Mortis conturbat me.

No stat is end⁵ here standis sickir⁶, (line 30)
 As with the weed wacis the wicker⁷ (line 31)
 So wayis this warldis vacite;
 Tinnir Mortis conturbat me.

* The burden of this poem. "The fear of death troubles me." Being printed out, is borrowed from a poem by Lydgate, which begins "So as I lay the other night."

1 death.

Onto the ded¹ gois all estatis,
 Princis, prelotis, and potestatis,
 Baith riche and pur of all degre;
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

2 armed.

3 in all contest.

He takis the knychtis in-to feild,
 Anarmit² vnder helme and scheild;
 Wictour he is at all melle³;
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

4 sucking.

That strang vnmercifull tyrand
 Takis on the moderis breist sowkand⁴
 The bab full of benignite;
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

5 the champion
 in the storm
 (dust) of battle.

He takis the campion in the stour⁵,
 The capitane closit in the tour,
 The lady in bour full of bewte;
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

6 power.

He spairis no lord for his piscence⁶,
 Na clerk for his intelligence;
 His awfull strak may no man fle;
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Art magicianis, and astrologgis,
 Rethoris, logicians, and theollogis,
 Thame helpis no conclusionis sle;
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

In medecyne the most practicionars,
 Lechia, sorrigianis, and phidocianis,
 Thame self fra desl may not suppl¹;

1 supple;
 (medicines).

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

I see that makari² among the haif³
 Playis heir ther palyans⁴, evne gois to graif⁵;
 Spirit is nocht ther facult⁶;

2 people;
 3 half;
 4 palyans;
 5 graif;
 6 ther faculty.

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He has done potuonously devour
 The noble Chaucer, of makaris flour,
 The monk of Bery² and Grower all thro;

The Ladpan.

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

The gude Syr Hew of Eglington,
 Etnik, Heryot, et Wynloun
 He has taie out of this centre;

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

That usurpoun fell has done infek¹
 Maister Iohne Clerk and James Afflek
 Fra balat making and trigale;

1 has disinherited.

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Holland and Barbour he has berevit;
 Allane, that he wrought with us howit
 Schir Margo Lokert of the Lo;

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

- 1 adventures. Clerk of Tranent eik he has tane,
That maid the anteris¹ of Gawane;
Schir Gilbert Hay endit has he;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.
- 2 Alexander. He has Blind Hary et Sandy² Traill
Slaine with his schot of mortall haill,
Quhilk Patrik Johnistoun myght nought fle;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.
- 3 writing. He hes reft Merseir his endite³,
4 lively. That did in luf so lifly⁴ write,
5 high. So schort, so quyk, of sentence hie⁵;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.
- He hes tane Roull of Aberdene,
And gentill Roull of Corstorphin;
Two bettir fallowis did no man se;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.
- 6 whispered. In Dunfermelyne he has done rovne⁶
With gud Maister Robert Henrisoun;
7 embraced. Schir Iohne the Ros enbrast⁷ hes he;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.
- 8 all. And he has now tane, last of aw⁸,
Gud gentill Stobo and Quintyne Schaw,
Of quham all wichtis hes pete;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Gnd Maister Walter Kennedy
 In poynt of dede lye veraly;
 Gret renth it wer that so wold be;
 Timor Mortis centurhat me.

Sen he had all my brother tane
 He will naught lat me lif alane;
 On furse I man^h his nyxt pray be;
 Timor Mortis centurhat me.

(partially
 faded)

Sen for the deid² reneid is non,
 Best is that we for deid dispo²,
 Eftir our deid that lif may we;
 Timor Mortis centurhat me.*

(faded text)

(faded text)

* It has been noted as curious that Dunsen in this Lament makes no mention of such well known poets as Gavin Douglas, James L., and Thomas the Rhymer, unless indeed the last named be recognised under the designation of "Ritok."

THE DANCE OF THE SEVIN DEIDLY SYNINIS.

OFF Februar the fyiftene nycht
Full lang befor the dayis lycht,
I lay in-till a trance;
And then I saw baith Hevin and Hell:
Me-thocht amangis the feyndis fell

1 Mahomet (the Devil).

2 accursed persons.

3 confessed.

4 the eve of Lent.

5 gallants prepare a play.

6 gambols (from *Fr.* jambe).

7 Proud.

8 haughty.

9 laughed.

10 Till.

11 gestures of derision.

Mahoun¹ gart cry ane dance

Off schrewis² that wer nevir schrevin³,

Aganis the feist of Fasternis evin⁴

To mak thair observance.

He bad gallandis ga graith a gyiss⁵

And kast vp gamountis⁶ in the skyiss,

As varlotis does in France.

Heilie⁷ harlottis on hawtane⁸ wyiss

Come in with mony sindrie gyiss,

Bot yit luche⁹ nevir Mahoun;

Quhill¹⁰ preistis come in with bair schevin nekkis,

Than all the feyndis lewehe and maid gekkis¹¹,

Blak-Belly and Bawsy-Brown.*

* "Popular names of certain spirits. *Bawsy-Brown* seems to be the English Robin Goodfellow, known in Scotland by the name of Brownie."—HAILES. These six lines in the MSS. are made to follow the next stanza, but Laing must be considered right in assigning them an earlier place as above.

"Lat se," quod he, "Now quaba begynne!"

With that the fowll Sevin Deadly Synnis

Begowth to leip at ane¹.

1 Lat se.

And first of all in dance wes Pryd,

With hair wyld lok and bonet on eyd,

Lyk to mak vaetic wanie²;

2 vaetic -
dancing.

And round abowt him, as a qohell,

Hang all in rampallie³ to the heill

3 rampallie -
hail.

His kethat⁴ for the main⁵.

4 kethat -

5 main.

Mony prowde trouper⁶ with him trippet,

6 trouper -

Throw skaldand fyre ay as thay skippt

Thay gyrnd⁷ with hiddous grann.

7 gyrnd -

Than Yre come in with sturt⁸ and stryfe:

8 sturt -

His hand wes ay vpoun his knyfe,

He brandeist lyk a beir:

Bostaris, braggaris, and barganerie⁹

9 barganerie -

Eftir him passit, in-to pairis,

All bodin in feir of weir¹⁰,

10 bodin in
feir of weir -

In iakkis¹¹ and stryppis and benettis of steill,

11 iakkis of
steill.

Thair leggis wer chenyet¹² to the heill,

12 chenyet - with
chaines and so.

Ffrawart wes thair affeir¹³;

13 affeir - they
were suffering.

Sum vpoun vdir with brandis beft¹⁴,

14 beft -

Sum jaggit¹⁵ ythir to the heft

15 jaggit -

With knyvis that scherp rowd schair.

Nixt in the dance followit Invy,

Fild full of feal and fellony¹⁶,

16 feal and
fellony -

Hid malyce and dispyte:

Ffer pryvis hatrent that traitour tryndit.

Him followit mony freik¹⁷ dymylyt,

17 freik -

With fenyeit wiche¹⁸ quhyte.

18 fenyeit wiche -

And flattereris in-to menis facis,
 And bakbyttaris in secreit placis
 To ley¹ that had delyte;
 And rownaris of fals lesingis²:
 Allace, that courtis of noble kingis
 Of thame can nevir be quyte!

Nixt him in dans come Cuvatyce,
 Rute of all evill and grund of vyce,
 That nevir cowl be content.
 Catyvis, wrechis, and okkeraris³,
 Hud-pykis, hurdaris, and gadderaris⁴
 All with that warlo⁵ went.
 Out of thair throttis thay schot on vlder
 Hett moltin gold, me-thocht, a fudder⁶,
 As fyreflawcht⁷ maist fervent:
 Ay as thay tomit⁸ thame of schot
 Ffeyndis fild thame new vp to the thrott
 With gold of allkin prent⁹.

Syne Sweirnes, at the secound bidding,
 Come lyk a sow out of a midding,
 Full slepy wes his grunye¹⁰.
 Mony sweir bumbar-d-belly huddroun¹¹,
 Mony slute daw¹² and slepy duddroun¹³,
 Him serwit ay with sounye¹⁴.
 He drew thame furth in-till a chenye,
 And Belliall with a brydill renyie
 Evir lascht thame on the lunye¹⁵.
 In dance thay war so slaw of feit
 Thay gaif thame in the fyre a heit
 And maid thame quicker of counye¹⁶.

1 lie.

2 whisperers of
false lies.

3 usurers.

4 Misers,
hoarders, and
gatherers.

5 wizard.

6 great quantity
(properly
128 lb. weight).

7 wildfire.

8 emptied.

9 all kinds of
coinage.10 grunting
mouth.11 Many lazy
tun-bellied
gluttons.

12 slothful idler.

13 drab.

14 solicitude.

15 loins.

16 apprehension.

Than lachery, that lathly curse,
 Come berand¹ lyk and lagit² home—
 And Ydleness did him lead
 Thair wes with him ane vgly sort,
 Full mony styukand fowll transport³,
 That led in syn bene doid.
 Quhen they wer outet in the dance
 Thay wer full stronge of countenance
 Lyk torkaw⁴ baronell roid,
 All led thay vthir by the toid,
 Supposit thay tyld⁵ with thair weid,
 It mycht be no remeid.

1. Berand
 2. Lagit

3. Transport

4. Torkaw
 5. Tyld

6. Supposit they

Than the fowll motatir Glottery
 Off wame⁶ vnsayable and grisly
 To dance he did him drow⁷.
 Him followit mony fowll druckary
 With can and callop,⁸ sop and quary,
 In surfeit and excess.
 Full nuncy a waldoun wallydrag⁹,
 With warden vnsayable, did furth wag.
 In creiche¹⁰ that did inuene.
 "Drynk!" ay thay cryit, with mony a grip;
 The feynis gaif thame haild lead to lip;
 Thair leweray¹¹ wes na leip.

7. Drow

8. Callop

9. Wallydrag
 10. Creiche

11. Leweray
 12. Wallydrag

13. Wallydrag

Na menstrallie playit to thame but ilow¹²,
 Ffor gle-men¹³ thair wer haldis owf,
 Be day and eik by nycht,
 Except a menstrall that slew a mau,
 Swa till his lordship he was
 Portering be brief of veld.

12. Ilow
 13. Gle-men

14. Menstrall

- 1 pageant. Than cryd Mahoun for a Heleand padyane¹;
 Syne ran a feynd to feche Makfadyane
 Ffar northwart in a nuke.
- 2 By the time that he had
 cried the dirge. Be he the correnoch had done schout²
 Erschemen so gadderit him abowt
 In Hell grit rowme thay tuke.
- 3 heathenish crew; a play
 here on the word Ptar-
 migan. Thae tarmegantis³ with tag and tatter
 Ffull lowde in Ersche begowth to clatter,
- 4 croak like raven and rook. And rowp lyk revin and ruke⁴.
- 5 deafened. The Devill sa devit⁵ wes with thair yell
 That in the depest pot of Hell
 He smorit⁶ thame with smyke.*
- 6 smothered.

* A curious light is thrown by this satiric stanza upon the ancient antipathy of the Lowland Scots for the Highlanders. The antipathy appears to have been mutual.

AMENDIS TO THE TELYOURIS AND SOWTARIS.

Berux twell hours and eleven
I dremel ane angell cam fra Hevin,
With pleassand stevin¹ sayand on hie
"Telyouris and Sowtaris², blist be ye !

¹ *steadfast, calm*

² *Telyouris and
Sowtaris*

"In Hevin hie ordand is your place
Aboif all sanctis in grit solace
Nixt God, grittest in dignitie :
Tailyouris and Sowtaris, blist be ye !

"The canis to vow is nocht vnkend³,
That God mismakkis ye do amend
Be craft and grit agilitie :
Tailyouris and Sowtaris, blist be ye !

Unknowing

"Sowtaris with schone weill maid and meit
Ye mend the faltis of ill-maid feit ;
Quhairfor to Hevin your sailis will fle :
Telyouris and Sowtaris, blist be ye !

"Is nocht in all this hair a flyrok⁴
That her vpon hie feit a wyrok⁵,
Knowll tak, nor miswale in no degrad⁶,
Bot ye can hyl thame : blist be ye !

⁴ *Unpleasant
person*

⁵ *A word of empty
speech*

⁶ *There is no such
thing as a flyrok, or
wyrok, or
degrad*

- 1 clothes. “ And ye tailyouris with weil-maid clais¹
Can mend the werst-maid man that gais,
And mak him semely for to se:
Telyouris and Sowtaris, blist be ye!
- 2 misfashioned. “ Thocht God mak ane misfassonit² man,
Ye can him all schaip new agane
And fassoun him bettir be sic thre³:
Telyouris and Sowtaris, blist be ye!
- 3 than three
such. “ Thocht a man haif a brokin bak
Haif he a gude crafty tailyour, quhatt rak⁴!
That can it cuver with craftis slie⁵:
Telyouris and Sowtaris, blist be ye!
- 4 what matter.
5 cunning. “ Off God grit kyndness may ye clame,
That helpis his peple fra cruke and lame⁶,
Supportand faltis with your supple⁷:
Tailyouris and Sowtaris, blist be ye!
- 6 crookedness
and lameness.
7 help. “ In erd ye kyth sic⁸ mirakillis heir,
In Hevin ye sal be sanetis full cleir,
Thocht⁹ ye be knavis in this cuntre:
Telyouris and Sowtaris, blist be ye!”
- 8 In earth ye
show such.
9 Though.

THE FENYEIT FREIR OF TUNGLAND.

As yung Awrora with cristall haile
In Orient schew hir visage pale
As awenyng awyth did me assaile¹

Off some of Sathans seid :

Me-thocht a Turk of Tartary
Come throw the boundis of Barbary
And lay forlappin² in Lumbardy

Ffull lang in waishman weid³.

Pfor bapasing for to schew⁴
Thair a religious man he slew,
And cled him in his habit new.

Pfor he wroth wryte and reid
Quhen kend⁵ was his disaveilance
And all his currit governance⁶

Pfor he fled and come in France,
With littill of Lumbard leid⁷.

To be a leiche he foryt⁸ him thair,
Quhilk mony a man nocht reu ever mair,
For he left noither seek nor sur

Vrudane or he hyne yend⁹.

¹ A young man
early might
appear me.

² Engaged.

³ In wretched
clothes.

⁴ To show his
habits.

⁵ Known.

⁶ Government.

⁷ Company.

⁸ To be a
leech, or
physician.

⁹ He was
satisfied.

- 1 *i.e.* he opened
veins.
2 stroke.
3 died.

Vane organis he full clenely carvit¹,
 Quhen of his straik² so mony starvit³,
 Dreid he had gottin that he desarvit
 He fled away gud speid.

- 4 proving.
5 As apothecary
he did great
hurt.
6 juggler.
7 ingenuity.
8 begot of giants.

In Scotland than, the narrest way,
 He come his cunningg till assay;
 To sum man thair it was no play
 The proving⁴ of his sciens.
 In pottingry he wrocht grit pyne⁵,
 He murdreist mony in medecyne:
 The jow⁶ was of a grit engyne⁷,
 And generit was of gyans⁸.

- 9 *i.e.* for a night's
attendance.

In leichecraft he was homecyd;
 He wald haif, for a nicht to byd⁹,
 A haiknay and the hurt manis hyd,
 So meikle he was of myance¹⁰.
 His yrnis¹¹ was rude as ony rawelhtir¹²,
 Quhair he leit blude it was no lawehtir;
 Full mony instrument for slawehtir
 Was in his gardevyance¹³.

- 10 means, re-
sources.
11 instruments.
12 rafter.

- 13 cabinet, *garde*
de viande.

He cowth gif cure for laxatyve
 To gar a wicht horss want¹⁴ his lyve;
 Quha-evil assay wald, man or wyve,
 Thair hippis yeid¹⁵ hiddy-giddy.
 Hir practikis nevir war put to preif
 But suddane deid or grit mischief;
 He had purgatioun to mak a theif
 To dee withowt a widdy¹⁶.

- 14 To cause a
strong horse
lose.

- 15 went.

- 16 halter,
gallows.

Vnto no mace present this prelat
 For sound of macing¹ hall nor skellat²;
 As blak smyth brukit was his pallat³

For battering at the study⁴.

Thocht he come hame a new-maid chamberun
 He had disposet with myttynis chamberun;
 On him come nowther stude nor famoun⁵

For snowking of the suydly

Me-thocht seir famounis he wauldyt⁶
 To mak the quentesance, and falyeik;
 And, quhen he saw that nocht avaylyng,

A fedren⁷ on he take,

And schup⁸ in Turkey for to fle,
 And quhen that he did want on he
 All fowls forleit⁹ quhat he wuld be

That evir del on him lake.

Sun hold he had bene Dedalus,
 Sun the Myntaur mervalus,
 Sun the Martle smyth Wicanus,

And sun Saturnus kike

And evir the unschettis¹⁰ at him tuggit,
 The rakis him rent, the ravyne him draggit¹¹,
 The huchit crawis his hair forth reiggit¹²,

The hevin he nicht not brake¹³.

The myttynis¹⁴ and Sanct Martynis fowls¹⁵
 Wand¹⁶ he had bene the broadt howle;
 They set arsenis fene with a yocke¹⁷,

And gait him dyot for dyot.

1. mace
 2. small bell or
 -war's rattle.
 3. furnished with
 his gun.
 4. study.

5. sound of bell
 -war of a great
 -chamber.

6. sought, searched
 for cause.

7. fathering.

8. shipped.

9. forsaken.

10. small pebbles.

11. dragged.

12. tore.

13. broke.

14. birds.

15. the saints.

16. wand.

17. yoke.

1 Cuckoo, cormo-
rant, and
hawk.

The golk, the gormaw, and the gled¹
Beft him with buffettis quhill he bled;
The spar-halk to the spring him sped,
Als fers as fyre of flynt.

2 a hawk.

The tarsall² gaif him tug for tug,

3 in each ear.

A stanchell hang in ilka lug³,

4 magpie.

The pyot⁴ furth his pennis did rug⁵,

5 tear.

6 without stop.

Thi stork straik ay but stynt⁶.

The bissart, bissey but rebuik,

7 claws.

Scho was so cleverus of hir clvik⁷

8 possess.

His bawis he nicht not langer bruik⁸

9 in a grasp.

Scho held thame at ane hint⁹.

10 jackdaws.

Thik was the clud of kayis¹⁰ and crawis,

11 two kinds of
hawk.

Of marleyonis, mittanis¹¹, and of mawis¹²,

12 mews.

That bikkrit¹³ at his berd with blawis

13 made attack.

In battell him abowt.

14 pecked.

Thay nybillit¹⁴ him with noyis and cry,

15 uproar.

The rerd¹⁵ of thame raiss to the sky,

And evir he cryit on Fortoun, Fy!

His lyfe was in-to dowt.

16 mocked with
a screech.

The ja him skrippit with a skryke¹⁶,

17 at its
pleasure.

And skornit him as it was lyk¹⁷;

The egill strong at him did stryke,

18 reached.

And rawecht¹⁸ him mony a rowt¹⁹.

19 blow.

20 unwittingly
he betrayed
himself.

Ffor feir vneummandly he cawkit²⁰,

21 drenched.

Quhill all his pennis war drownd and drawkit²¹;

22 oxen all
streaked.

He maid a hundreth nolt all hawkit²²

Beneth him with a spowt.

He schewre ¹ his feldrens that was schere ² ,	1 schewre, schere.
And shippat owt of it full clene,	2 shippat.
And in a myre vp to the ene	
Among the glar ³ del glyd.	3 glar.
The fowls all at the fedrem dang ⁴	4 fedrem.
As at a monster thame among,	
Qubill all the penne of it owtspring	
Intill the air fell wyde.	
And he lay at the plange ever mair	
Sa lang as any ravin did rair ⁵	5 rair.
The craws him socht with cryis of rair	
In every schaw ⁶ beayde.	6 schaw.
Had he revelid bene to the rwikis ⁷ ,	7 rwikis.
Thay had him revin all with their clawis ⁸ ,	8 clawis.
Thre dayis in deb among the dukis ⁹	9 in guthis guthis, the guthis.
He del with dirt him hyde	
The air was dirkst ¹⁰ with the fowls	10 dirkst.
That come with yawneris ¹¹ and with rowlis ¹² ,	11 yawneris.
With skrykis ¹³ , skriming ¹⁴ , and with soowis,	12 rowlis.
To tak him in the tyde,	13 skrykis.
I walkit ¹⁵ with the rovis and schowte,	14 skriming.
So huldowis bear ¹⁶ was me abowte,	15 walkit.
Senayne ¹⁷ I curis that cankeris ¹⁸ route	16 huldowis.
Qubair-er I go or rade,	17 senayne.

1 Solicitors.

THE LADYIS SOLISTARIS.¹

2 These.

THIR² ladyis fair that makis repair

3 known.

And in the court ar kend³,

Thre dayis thair thay will do mair

Ane mater for till end

Than thair gud men will do in ten

For ony craft thay can ;

So weill thay ken quhat tyme and quhen

Thair menes thay sowld mak than.

4 trouble.

With littill noy⁴ thay can convoy

Ane mater fynaly,

5 gentle.

Richt myld and moy⁵, and keip it coy

On evyns quyetly.

Thay do no miss, bot gif thay kiss

6 keep feast.

And keipis collatioun⁶,

7 concern.

Quhat rek⁷ of this? Thair mater is

Brocht to conclusioun.

8 know.

Ye may wit⁸ weill, thay haif grit feill⁹

9 knowledge.

Ane mater to solist¹⁰ ;

10 solicit.

Traist as the steill, syne nevir a deill¹¹

11 whit.

Quhen thay cum hame is mist.

Thir laudis ar, methink, richt far
 Sic ladeis behaldin to,
 That sa weill dar go to the bar
 Quhen thair is ocht ado¹.

1. ought to be

Thairfour I read², gif ye half plev³
 Or mater in to plev⁴,
 To mak renoid⁵ send in your steid
 Your ladeis grathit⁶ vp joy.
 Thay can defend, evin to the end,
 Ane mater furth express;
 Suppos⁷ thay spend, it is vnkend,
 Thair goir⁸ is nocht the les.

2. read

3. pleaving

4. in place

5. reward

6. great

7. although

8. gear

In quyet place, and thay half space,
 Within less nor twa hours
 Thay can, peraise⁹, purchase sum grade
 At the composouris.
 Thair composition, without suspition,
 Thair fynaly is endit;
 With expolition and full remission
 And scillis thairto appendit.

9. praise

Alhail¹⁰ almoist thay neak the crist
 With nobir recompens
 Richt hittill last, thay get miltour¹¹
 Alhail thair evileis.

10. all whole

11. miltour

Sic ladyis wyis, thay ar to prye¹²,
 To say the veretie,

12. press

Swa can devyis¹³, and mane suppress
 Thame nor thair honestie.

13. that one can
suppress

DISCRETIOUN IN ASKING.

OFF every asking followis nocht
Rewaird, but gif sum caus be wrocht,
And quhair causs is men weill ma sie,
And quhair nane is it wil be thocht
In asking sowld discretioun be.

1 though.

2 constant re-
petition,
dronk.

Ane fule, thocht¹ he haif causs or nane
Cryis ay "Gif me," in-to a drene²;
And he that drones ay as ane bee
Sowld haif ane heirar dull as stane:
In asking sowld discretioun be.

3 serves for.

4 is of my sort.

5 dies.

Sum askis mair than he deservis;
Sum askis far les than he servis³;
Sum schames to ask and breidis of me⁴,
And all withowt reward he stervis⁵:
In asking sowld discretioun be.

6 without.

To ask but⁶ service hurtis gud fame;
To ask for service is not to blame;
To serve and leif in beggartie
To man and maistir is baith schame:
In asking sowld discretioun be.

He that does all his best servyse
 May spill it all with crackis¹ and trye
 Be fowll inopportunitie,
 Few wordis may suffice to the wyse:
 In asking wold discretion be.

1 *crackings*

Nocht needfull is men wold be done;
 Nothing is gotten but wordis sown.
 Nocht sped but diligense we see;
 For nothing it apace will come.
 In asking wold discretion be.

Asking wold haif convenient place,
 Convenient tyme, hour, and space,
 But haist or prais of gyt meene²,
 But haist alowt, but tonge rekles;
 In asking wold discretion be.

2 *Effect of speed
to none*

Sua might haif Ye, with littill care³,
 That hee oft say, with gyt labour,
 All for his tyme wold byt⁴ can be
 He tyme⁵ both circul and honour:
 In asking wold discretion be.

3 *Yes, with
little care*

4 *Time, with
little labour*

Suppos the servant be larg empai⁶
 The lord constantly reward will it
 Gife he does not, quial remedy?
 To flye⁷ with fortune is no wit
 In asking wold discretion be.

5 *Unrequited*

7 *wit*

THE PETITION OF THE GRAY HORSE, AULD DUNBAR.

1 Now when
lovers come
with gifts
openly.

2 fillies will be
decked and
clothed.

3 commonality.

4 Yule jade.

5 condition.

6 gambols.

7 outside.

8 crop grass.

9 To coal-heavers
then must.

10 are scabbed,
crooked, and
rheumous.

11 Though.

12 placed.

13 housing.

14 covered.

Now lufferis cummis with largess lowd¹
Quhy sould not palfrayis thane be proud,
Quhen gillettis wil be schomd and schroud²
That ridden ar baith with lord and lawd³?

Schir, lett it nevir in toun be tald
That I sould be ane Yuillis yald⁴!

Quhen I was young and into ply⁵,
And wald cast gammaldis⁶ to the sky,
I had beine bocht in realmes by⁷,
Had I consentit to be sauld.

Schir, lett it nevir in toun be tald
That I sould be ane Yuillis yald!

With gentill horss quhen I wald knyp⁸
Thane is thair laid on me ane quhip;
To colleveris than man⁹ I skip
That scabbit ar, hes cruik and cald¹⁰.

Schir, lett it nevir in toun be tald
That I sould be ane Yuillis yald!

Thocht¹¹ in the stall I be nocht elappit¹²
As cursouris that in silk beine trappit,
With ane new houss¹³ I wald be happit¹⁴

Aganis this Crythinnes for the cauld.

Schir, latt it nevir in town be tald

That I wuld be ane Yullis yald!

Suppois¹ I war ane auld yald aver²,

Schott furth our clewch³ to pull the claver⁴,

And had the strength of all Stranaver,

I wald at Yocll be heusit and stald.

Schir, latt it nevir in town be tald

That I wuld be ane Yullis yald!

I am ane auld horse, as ye knaw,

That evir in dull dois drugg⁵ and draw,

Great court horse puttis me fra the stave⁶

To fang the fag be firthe and fald⁷.

Schir, latt it nevir in town be tald

That I wuld be ane Yullis yald!

I haif run lang furth in the feild

On pastouris that ar plane and peild⁸,

I mycht be now tein in fur eild⁹,

My beikis ar spruning he¹⁰ and hauld.

Schir, latt it nevir in town be tald

That I wuld be ane Yullis yald!

My mane is turned in-to quelyk,

And thair of ye haif all the wy¹¹;

Quhen other horse had brain to hys

I gat bot gris cnype¹² gif I wald.

Schir, latt it nevir in town be tald

That I wuld be ane Yullis yald.

- 1 Auld
2 And aged horse
3 to draw, either
ground.
4 straw.

- 5 to receive some
drag.
6 That Mordant
7 To take care
about the work
hally and the
hall.

- 8 to drag
9 to be in the
hall
10 My horse
hauk and grey
white and black.

- 11 to draw.

- 12 to give the
cnype.

1 doted on.

I was nevir clautit¹ into stabell;
 My lyf hes bene so miserable
 My hyd to offer I am [bot] abill
 For evill schom strae that I reive wald².
 Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald
 That I sould be ane Yuillis yald!

2 For ill-shorn
 straw that I
 would tear.

3 sayings, goods.

4 possession.

5 shoemakers.

6 gnawed by
 ugly gums.

And yitt, suppois my thrift³ be thyne,
 Gif that I die your aucht⁴ within
 Latt nevir the soutteris⁵ have my skin
 With uglie gumes to be gnawin⁶.
 Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald
 That I sould be ane Yuillis yald!

7 over-ridden
 mule.

8 trappings.

9 joint, *iiz.*
 shoulder-blade.

The court hes done my curage cuill,
 And maid me ane forriddin muill⁷;
 Yett, to weir trappouris⁸ at this Yuill,
 I wald be spurrit at everie spald⁹.
 Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald
 That I sould be ane Yuillis yald!

RESPONSIO REGIS.

10 treasurer.

11 Which.

12 grey.

13 deck.

Eftir our wrettingis, thesaurer¹⁰,
 Tak in this gray horss, Auld Dunbar,
 Quhilk¹¹ in my aucht with schervice trew
 In lyart¹² changeit is in hew.
 Gar howss him now aganis this Yuill,
 And busk¹³ him lyk ane beschopis muill;
 For with my hand I have indost
 To pay quhat-euir his trappouris cost.

BEST TO BE BLYTH.

Full oft I muse and heu in thocht

How this fals world is ay on floschit,

¹ *in floschit*

Quhair no-thing ferme is our depend^t,

² *dependant*

And quhen I haif my mynd all wald,

For to be blyth me-think it best.

This world evir dois flight and wary^t,

³ *the good wary*

Efttoun sa fast hir quheill dois cary.

Na tyme in turning can it tak rest

For quheill fals change suld none be wary^t,

⁴ *wary*

Efor to be blyth me-think it best.

Wald men considair in mynd richt weill,

Or⁵ Fortoun on him turn hir quheill,

⁵ *or*

That erdly honour may nocht last,

His fall loss painefull he suld fell:

For to be blyth me-think it best.

Quha with this world dois warrell and stryfe⁶,

⁶ *strife and
strife*

And dew his davis in dour dryfe,

Thocht⁷ he in lordship be posses,

⁷ *thought*

He levis but awr wretchit lyfe:

For to be blyth me-think it best.

Off warldis gud and grit richness
 1 fruit. Quhat fruct¹ hes man but miriness?
 Thocht he this warld had eist and west
 2 without. All wer pouertie but² glaidness;
 For to be blyth me-think it best.

3 loss. Quho suld for tynsall³ drowp or de
 For thyng that is bot vanitie,
 4 Since. Sen⁴ to the lyfe that evir dois lest
 Heir is bot twynklyng of ane ee;
 For to be blyth me-think it best.

Had I for warldis vnkyndness
 In hairt tane ony haviness,
 Or fro my plesans bene opprest,
 5 long ago. I had bene deid langsyne⁵, dowlless:
 For to be blyth me-think it best.

How-evir this warld do change and vary
 Lat ws in hairt nevyr-moir be sary,
 Bot evir be reddly and addrest
 6 tumult. To pass out of this frawdfull fary⁶;
 For to be blyth me-think it best.

MEDITATIOUN IN WYNTIR.

Is to thir dirk and drublie dayis¹

¹ These dark and
sordid days.

Quhone² sabill all the hewin arrayis

² When.

With myetic vapouris, cluddis, and skye,

Nature all curage me denye.

Of sangis, ballattis, and of playis.

Quhen that the nycht dois lenthin houris,

With wind, with hail, and havy schouris,

My dule³ spreit dois lurk forschoir⁴,

³ Grief.

My hart for languor dois farloir⁵

⁴ Concealed.

For laik of symmer with his flouris.

⁵ Becomes
faint.

I walk⁶, I turne, sleip can I nocht,

⁶ Walks.

I vexit am with havy thoct;

This world all our I cast about,

And euer the mair I am in dout,

The mair that I remend have socht

I am assavit on everie syde

Dispair sayis ay, "In tyme prowyle,

And get sum-thing quhairon to leif,

Or with grit trouble and mischelf

Thou sall in to this court abyde."

Than Patience sayis, "Be nocht agast,

Hald Hoip and Treuthe within the fast,

And lat Fortoun wrik furthe hir rage,

Quhen that no reason may assuage,

Quhill that hir glas be run and past."

1 that which will
away.

2 that which
thou mayest
in no wise
have.

And Prudence in my eir sayis ay,
"Quhy wald thou hald that will away¹?
Or craif that thou may have no space²,
Thow tending to ane-uther place,
A journey going everie day?"

And than sayis Age, "My freind, cum neir,
And be nocht strange, I thé requair!
Cum, brodir, by the hand me tak,
Remember thou hes compt to mak
Off all thi tyme thow spendit heir."

3 Presently.

4 gates.

5 These open
await you,
lit. shall you
endure.

6 stoop.

Syne³ Deid castis up his yettis⁴ wyd,
Saying, "Thir oppin sall ye abyde⁵.
Albeid that thow were never sa stout,
Vndir this lyntall sall thow lowt⁶;
Thair is nane vther way besyd."

7 chest.

8 prevent.

For feir of this all day I drowp:
No gold in kist⁷, nor wyne in cowp,
No ladeis bewtie, nor luiffis blys
May lat⁸ me to remember this,
How glaid that ever I dyne or sowp.

9 shorten.

Yit, quhone the nycht begynnys to schort⁹
It dois my spreit sum part confort
Off thocht oppressit with the schouris.
Cum, lustie symmer! with thy flouris,
That I may leif in sum disport.

GAVIN DOUGLAS.

GAVIN DOUGLAS.

ON the eve of the great battle of Flodden, in which the flower of Scottish chivalry was fated to fall, when James IV., notwithstanding the urgent entreaty of his council and the obvious melting of his troops, had declared his resolve to fight, the last noble to urge prudence upon the king was the aged Earl of Angus. His years and his great services, apart from the wisdom of his words, entitled him to be heard; but James, as headstrong as he was gallant, merely turned upon him with a word of scorn: "Angus, if you are afraid, you may go home." Full of sorrow and foreboding, it will be remembered, the earl rode from the camp that night, but, loyal to the crown despite the insult he had received, he left his two eldest sons behind, and in the dire disaster which ensued, both of them, George, Master of Angus, and Sir William Douglas of Glenbervie, perished, along with two hundred others of the Douglas name.

This earl, fifth in succession from the first Earl Douglas of Angus and the youngest daughter of King Robert III., was Archibald, surnamed "Bell the Cat" from a famous historic incident of the

days of James III., but generally styled the Great Earl of Angus. His wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Robert, Lord Boyd, Lord High Chamberlain of Scotland, and by her he had four sons, the third of whom was Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.

These antecedents, together with some knowledge of the feudal clan spirit of the times, throw a necessary light upon the character and career of a man who, while possessing the noble temper and ardent genius of a poet, had to sustain the difficult part of a high ecclesiastic of those days, and the obligations of the scion of a great ruling house.

Tantallon castle, whose ruins frown yet out upon the Bass; Douglas castle, the cradle of his race, among the Lanark hills; Dudhope near Dundee, or Abernethy in Strathearn—any of these may have been the birth-place of the poet, for all of them were residences of the Earls of Angus. The date of his birth, from his own words before the Lords of Council in 1515, was at the end of 1474 or beginning of 1475. From 1489 to 1494 he studied at St. Andrews, his name appearing upon the registers among the Licentiati or Master of Arts in the latter year; and it is probable that he afterwards spent some time at seats of learning abroad, though the statement* that “there is undoubted proof that his education was finished at the University of Paris” still lacks corroboration.

His later career affords a striking contrast to that of his contemporary Dunbar. It is as if the fortunes

* Warton's *History of English Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 3.

of the rival houses of March and Douglas had been fated to find illustration in the lives of their respective poet-descendants. Hardly had Douglas reached his majority in 1496 when the king conferred upon him the tithes of Monymusk in Aberdeenshire. This was followed two years later by a presentation to the parsonage of Glenquhorn when it should become vacant by the resignation of Sir Alexander Symson. He was also, probably through the interest of his mother's family, made parson of Linton and rector of Hauch, now Prestonkirk, near Dunbar. It was while engaged in his pastoral duties there that he composed his first allegorical poem, "The Palace of Honour," and Mr. Laing has suggested with much probability that this production, dedicated as it was to James IV., induced the king to confer upon Douglas his next and more important step in church preferment. At any rate, about 1501, the year in which "The Palace of Honour" was finished, the poet, while allowed to retain his former benefice, was appointed Dean and Provost of the Collegiate Church of St. Giles in Edinburgh. "This church, which was on a more extensive scale than any other of the kind in the country, except the Chapel-Royal at Sterling, supported a provost, a curate, sixteen prebendaries, and seven other offices, on the original foundation, to which was superadded a vast number of altars and chaplainries, some of them richly endowed."¹ Douglas's position as head of this foundation was one not only of ample emolument but of considerable consequence.

¹ *History of Gavin Douglas*, ed. John Small, M.A., p. 7.

He is known from existing documents to have been conscientious in celebration of the religious services of the cathedral; his presence is recorded at meetings of the Lords of Council; in September, 1512, he was one of the great assize which passed an act anent "the resset of Rebellis, and Personis being at our souerane Lordis horne"; and he is supposed to have even visited Rome for the furtherance of certain interest at the papal court. Of more importance at the present day, however, was another of his occupations. Sometime during the early years of his Provostship of St. Giles, Douglas, it is believed, composed his allegory "King Hart," and made his translation of Ovid's "Art of Love." The latter performance has unfortunately been lost, but there can be no doubt that the effort prepared the way for the production of his greatest work. In January, 1512, he began his translation of Virgil, an arduous but apparently congenial task, and the speed at which he wrote may be judged from the fact that he finished it in July of the following year, two months before the national disaster which was to be the crisis of his own fortunes, the red field of Flodden.

It has already been mentioned that the two eldest brothers of the poet fell with their king on that fatal field. Upon hearing this dark news, the old earl, their father, retired to St. Mains, a religious house in Galloway, where he died of grief in the beginning of 1514.

This treble loss in his family, following the great

disaster to the country, was pregnant of stirring consequences to Gavin Douglas. At one blow it put an end to his poetical efforts, and cast him into the whirl of political affairs. In the queen's first great personal distress at the loss of her husband the Provost of St. Giles had been appointed, with one or two other Lords of Council, to wait daily upon her for purposes of consolation and advice; and on the 30th of September, his father being then Provost of Edinburgh, Douglas was made a free burgher of the city "*communi bono ville.*"

It has been concluded that this latter honour may have been conferred out of compliment to the Earl of Angus, or on account of the poet's own literary fame. But in the circumstances of the time it seems more probable that the freedom was conferred as stated "for the town's common good"—as a further means of attaching the personal and family interest of Douglas to the city. From this it would appear that already the Provost of St. Giles was recognized as exerting an influence worth propitiating in matters of state. An impending event, however, was to place Douglas's influence above all question.

Upon the death of the old lord, the earldom of Angus was inherited by Archibald, the son of the poet's eldest brother, a young nobleman as remarkable for his personal comeliness as for his ambition and feudal power. The new earl speedily attracted the attention of the youthful queen, who encouraged his addresses, and finally, only eleven months after Flodden, on the pretext that the support of the power-

ful Douglas clan was needed by the throne, gave him her hand in the church of Kinnoull.*

It is to be expected that, for feudal reasons, if from no more personal motives, the poet did all in his power to further his nephew's marriage, and this fact may account, to some extent at least, for the confidence and favour bestowed upon him from the first by the queen. As early as June 1514, she nominated him Abbot of Aberbrothock, the most valuable of the Scottish abbacies, and in September of that year, a month after her marriage, she commissioned him to act as her representative with plenary powers before the Lords of Council.

But trouble was already in the air, and the high hopes of the house of Douglas were fated to bring more than disappointment upon the poet. The hasty and ill-managed marriage of Queen Margaret to so powerful a noble as Angus had at once excited the alarm of the Scottish peers. "It was investing the house of Douglas with almost royal dignity, and the experience of the last hundred years had shown only too well how insolent, daring, and ambitious that house could be." That this apprehension was not altogether unfounded may be gathered from one fact. James Beaton, Archbishop of Glasgow and Chancellor of Scotland, having spoken strongly against the royal marriage, was seized by Angus at Perth and forced to

* Mr. Small, in an interesting note, draws attention to the fact that the present Royal Family of Great Britain derives its descent from this marriage, the issue of the union, Lady Margaret Douglas, born in 1515, having "married Matthew, fourth Earl of Lennox, whose son, Lord Darnley, husband of Queen Mary, was father of James VI."

surrender the Great Seal, which was then lodged to the keeping of Gavin Douglas. For some months thereafter, though the Lords of Council immediately ordered him to restore the sign of authority, the poet appears to have held the office, or at least the title, of Chancellor. The popular feeling of the time is indicated by the statement in a contemporary diary that "all the court was couth by the Kye of Angus, Mr. Gavin Dewglas, and the Drummonds," but naicht weill.* Moved by their apprehensions, the Lords declared that by her marriage the queen had forfeited the guardianship of her son James V.; and they determined to recall the Duke of Albany, grandson of James II. and cousin of James IV., from France to the regency of Scotland.

Meanwhile, the archbishopric of St. Andrews having become opportunely vacant, the queen had nominated Gavin Douglas to the primacy, recommending him to Pope Leo the Tenth as second to none in learning and virtue. But the canons, partaking the spirit of the times, elected John Hepburn, their prior, to the see, and the latter, laying siege to the archiepiscopal castle, expelled the retainers of Douglas, who had taken possession. Nor did the Earl of Angus, with a succour of two hundred horse, manage to reinstate his uncle. Hepburn was in turn ousted by Andrew Foreman, Bishop of Moray, who had obtained the papal bulls for his own appointment, and by bestowing the priory of Coltingham on the brother of Lord Home, had prevailed upon that nobleman to support him with

* The mother of Angus was a daughter of Lord Drummond.

ten thousand men-at-arms. Douglas, however, actuated by a spirit of decency which appears to have been rare in his time, withdrew from the disgraceful rivalry. His moderation, nevertheless, seemed likely to go without reward, for the abbacy of Aberbrothock, which he had considered secure, was confirmed to his rival, Archbishop Beaton.

Even this was not the last of the poet's troubles just then. In January, 1515, the bishopric of Dunkeld became vacant. Once more the queen named Douglas for preferment; and in this case, by the aid, it is supposed, of her brother Henry VIII., obtained the papal confirmation of her choice. But the Earl of Athole had induced the canons to postulate his brother, Andrew Stewart, and, the Duke of Albany having now arrived from France, Douglas was summoned before the Lords of Council, found guilty of negotiating for benefices at the papal court, and forthwith consigned to prison. The offence with which he was charged was one forbidden by several old Scottish statutes, and the revival of these now sufficiently served Albany's purpose, which was to weaken the queen's party by removing from it one of its most able adherents. For more than twelve months Douglas was confined under charge of his former rival, Hepburn, in the castles of St. Andrews, Dunbar, and Edinburgh, and from some of his letters extant, he appears to have chafed considerably at his imprisonment. The indignity was also deeply felt by his friends. Fortune however, turned presently with a suddenness characteristic of the times. The imprisonment of so noble a

prelate brought about a certain revolution of popular feeling in the country. The Pontiff was not slow to threaten with excommunication the troublers of his bishop, and Albany began to fear that, for his severity in this and other matters, he might have to reckon with the queen's brother, Henry VIII. Douglas was accordingly released from imprisonment, reinstated as a lord of council, consecrated, first by Archbishop Beaton at Glasgow, and afterwards by the primate, Foreman, at St. Andrews,* and assisted to wrest his episcopal palace from Stewart by force of arms.

The poet was now deeply loaded with debt, but he set about the discharge of his duties to his bishopric and the state with diligence and success. He finished the bridge at Dunkeld begun by his predecessor, Bishop Brown; and in May, 1517, he was one of the three ambassadors to France whose mission resulted in the memorable treaty of Rouen.

So important was this treaty, which bound Scotland and France in a league of mutual defence against England, that the vacillating Albany, heartily sick of the troubles of his regency, made the signing of it an excuse for visiting his vast estates on the Continent. His absence was the signal for immediate anarchy at home. The Archbishops of St. Andrews and

* In 1489, when James IV., in one of his accessions of religious feeling, had caused himself to be enrolled as a canon of Glasgow cathedral, an Act of the Scottish Parliament had erected Glasgow into an archbishopric, with the Bishops of Dunkeld, Dunblane, Galloway, and Argyll as suffragans, and the Act had been confirmed by a Bull of Pope Innocent VIII. But the measure had been strongly opposed by Foreman, and he refused to recognise the consecration of Douglas of Glasgow.

Glasgow, and the Earls of Arran, Angus, Argyle, and Huntly had been named as a commission of regency, but the power of Angus so overshadowed the others that in 1520 a conspiracy was formed by them to seize him in Edinburgh. The chief of this conspiracy was James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, and he and the chiefs of his faction met in the house of Archbishop Beaton at the foot of Blackfriars Wynd, to arrange the execution of their plot. On the opposite side of the same street stood the palace of the bishops of Dunkeld, and while the conspirators were still deliberating, Douglas was announced. Beaton received his suffragan apart, when the latter tendered an offer from his nephew to retire with his friends from the city if allowed to do so in safety. After urging the keeping of the peace, Douglas reminded the archbishop that it was his duty as a churchman to preserve order. Mediation, however, was vain. The Hamiltons, being the more numerous party, felt sure of their object; and accordingly Beaton made excuses to Douglas, and, protesting that he was ignorant of Arran's intentions, ended his disavowal with the words, "Upon my conscience, I cannot help what is about to happen." As he spoke the archbishop solemnly laid his hand upon his heart, when Douglas heard the clink of mail under the priestly vestment. "My lord," he exclaimed indignantly, "I perceive your conscience is not good, for I hear it clattering" (*Anglice*, telling tales). And immediately betaking himself to his nephew, he bade him defend himself like a man. "As for me,"

he said, "I will go to my chamber and pray for you." Angus at once took possession of the High Street, which could then be approached only by steep narrow closes on each side; and when the Hamiltons presently rushed to the attack they found themselves overborne in these narrow entries by the bold blows of their opponents. The result was a complete victory for the party of Angus, seventy of the Hamiltons being left dead on the street, and while Home of Wedderburn, coming with eight hundred borderers to assist Angus, burst with sledge-hammers through one of the city gates, Arran and his son fled out of another upon a coal horse from which they had thrown the load. Archbishop Beaton himself, who had taken an active part in the fight, was pursued to the high altar of the Church of the Blackfriars, and was on the point of being slain, the nochet being torn from his back, when he was saved by the interposition of Gavin Douglas.

For many years this fight was remembered in Edinburgh by the significant name of *Clear the Causeway*.

And Angus, now at the summit of power, been as true to the queen as Gavin Douglas had proved true to him the rest of the poet's days might have been spent in the honourable administration of his diocese. But when Margaret returned from her brother's court, whither she had fled to escape the severity of Albany, she had grave charges to bring against her husband. Not only had he forsaken her when she lay ill with typhus at Marpeth, but he had appropriated her Ettrick forest rents, worth 4000 marks yearly, and

worst of all, he had been guilty of abducting Lady Jane Stuart, a daughter of the house of Traquair, whom he was keeping at Douglas Castle. The queen's love for her husband was now changed into hate, she meditated a divorce, and in November, 1521, she procured the return of Albany with a strong French armament and ample munitions of war. Before this display of force Angus fled to the Kirk of Steyll, now Ladykirk, in Berwickshire, and despatched Bishop Douglas to the English court with counter charges of infidelity against Margaret.

The effort to enlist Henry's interest against his sister entirely failed, and in turn Douglas had the mortification to learn that the Regent had deprived him of his bishopric and other benefices. But the keenest stroke was to come when he heard that Angus, his stronghold of Tantallon having been seized by Albany, had forsaken his own cause, and was treating with the Regent for pardon and permission to retire to France.

It is not too much to say that this final blow, striking his most vital sense, the honour of the house of Douglas, broke the poet's heart. A last letter exists written by him from a London inn to Cardinal Wolsey, which reveals his anguish of mind. He writes of himself as a "desolatt and wofull wycht," and refers to "thair outreuth that causit me labour for the wele of thair Prince, and thair securite, quhilk now has wrocht thair avne confusioun and perpetuall schayme." For some months he remained in London, on intimate terms with Wolsey and Wolsey's friend, Polydore Virgil the historian. Had he lived he might still, despite the intrigues of his rival Beaton,

have re-entered Scotland as Archbishop of St Andrews; for the primacy presently became vacant by the death of Foreman, and Angus soon returned to the north with greater influence than ever. But the plague struck him down. He died in September, 1522, at the house of his friend Lord Dacre, and was buried by his own desire in the Hospital Church of the Savoy, by the side of the Bishop of Leighlin.

Of the facts of Douglas's life it is somewhat difficult now to judge, so wide is the difference between the habit of thought of his time and ours. Dr. Merry Ross has blamed the poet for his constant efforts to promote the interests of his family, but the censure seems hardly just. It is never a difficult task to take exception, and it seems only fair to remark of Douglas that while his faults were those of the best men of his time, his virtues were many and were exceptional. In each of his high offices he is known to have scrupulously fulfilled his duty, and the fact remains that with many opportunities of enriching himself, he died poor. The picture of him given, with the intuition of genius, by Sir Walter Scott in "Marmion," seems the fittest and truest.

A bishop by the altar stoed,
A noble lord of Douglas blood,
With mitre sheen, and rosquet white;
Yet showed his meek and thoughtful eye
But little pride of prelacy;
More pleased that, in a barbarous age,
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page—
Than that beneath his rule he held
The bishopric of fair Dunkeld.*

* *Canto VI., st. 11.*

Of Douglas's longest original work, "The Palice of Honour," no manuscript is known to exist. The earliest texts are an edition printed in London about 1553 by William Copland, and an Edinburgh edition of 1579. The latter was reprinted at Perth in 1787, and by Pinkerton in 1792, before its reproduction in facsimile by the Bannatyne Club in 1827. The poem of "King Hart" and some verses by Douglas on "Conscience" are contained in the Maitland MS. (1555-1585) in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, and the former was printed by Pinkerton in his *Ancient Scottish Poems* in 1786. No fewer than five MSS. of the translation of the *Æneid* have come down to modern times. Of these, one in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, written about 1525, claims to be the "first correck coppy nixt eftir the Translatioun wryttin be Master Matho Geddes" the Bishop's chaplain, and it has some marginal notes in Douglas's own writing. The Elphynstoun MS., used by Mr. Small, and the Ruthven MS., which belonged to the ill-fated Earl of Gowrie, are in the University Library, Edinburgh. There is a manuscript at Lambeth Palace, and one is preserved in the library of the Marquis of Bath at Longleate, Wilts. The first printed edition was a mutilated one by William Copland in 1553; there was the famous Edinburgh folio edited by Thomas Ruddiman in 1710; and in 1839, upon the basis of the Cambridge MS., was produced the sumptuous edition of the Bannatyne Club. The first complete edition of the poet's works, in four volumes, was edited in an entirely

satisfactory manner by Mr. John Small, M.A., in 1874.

"The Palace of Honour" is an allegorical composition in the fashion of Douglas's time, a Gothic structure, as Dr. Irving says, in which "ancient and modern usages, classical and Christian subjects, are almost constantly blended together, and a nymph of Calliope's train expounds the scheme of human redemption." The poet in a garden, of a May morning, falls into a swoon and sees pass him in succession the courts of Minerva, Diana, and Venus. Venus has him seized and is about to condemn him for contumely, when the court of the Muses arrives, and upon Calliope's intercession and his own composition of a lay in praise of the goddess of love he is set free. In the Muses' train he visits the Castalian fount, hears recited the long roll of the deeds of ancient heroes, and at last reaches the mountain on whose summit glitters the magic palace. Close to the summit he finds his path crossed by a fearful ditch, deep as Hell, wherein, amid boiling pitch, brimstone and lead, welter those wretches who have been tempted from pursuit of honour by pleasure and sloth. Carried across by his guardian nymph, he is shown a vision first of the stern-tormented world, then of the wonderful Palace of Honour, and again, in Venus' mirror, the most remarkable actions recorded in history. The inhabitants of the Palace are next passed in review—those who during their lives have followed the laws of truth, fidelity, and valour. The nymph then conducts him to a delightful and wonderful garden, but in attempting to gain access by

the bridge of a single tree, he falls into the moat and awakes. The composition is in a strictly conventional vein, hardly ever rising above the level of laboured prose, though the verse is full of sweetness, with an occasional vigorous touch, and there is throughout an exuberant if somewhat diffuse richness of detail. It must remain chiefly remarkable as proof of the wide classical learning of its author. There seems ample room for the belief, moreover, that Bunyan got from the "Palace of Honour" a large part of the suggestion of his *Pilgrim's Progress*.

"King Hart," though in the same conventional vein of allegory, exhibits riper powers than Douglas's earlier work. So vivid, indeed, sometimes become the circumstances and characters that the reader forgets the allegory, and catches fire at the story itself. The narrative is full of action, the personifications are natural and real as life, and the plot has strong human interest, while the allegory is original, consistent throughout, and forcible. In all respects this must be reckoned a greater performance than its more famous sister piece. As a study of the growth and decline of an emotion it will, behind its archaic method, bear comparison with some of the best analytical novel-writing of the present day.

But the work to which Douglas must owe his enduring fame is his latest and longest, the translation of Virgil's *Aeneid*. Here he was away from the fatal atmosphere of convention; the nature of the task set a bound to his discursive bend; and amid the variety of the great epic he struck at last upon the true

medium for his genius. His was the earliest metrical translation of a classic into the English or Scottish language, and its appearance, marking the dawn of the Renaissance in the north, gave the first sign that the middle ages were past. From the intrinsic beauty and worth of the performance, notwithstanding the antique language in which it appears, this must continue to rank among the greatest translations of the Augustan poet. It is true that here and there Douglas reads certain anachronisms into the classic, the Syllal becomes a nun, Æneas a "gentle baron," and so on, while at times, in portraits of men and women and in descriptions of nature, he is tempted to add deft touches of his own, but the work is that of one who knew the original language thoroughly, and who brought to its rendering an ample and richly varied phraseology of his own. Douglas's *Æneid* was the first work which carried Scottish literary influence to the south of the Tweed, and its immediate result was the Earl of Surrey's translation of the second and fourth books of the *Æneid* into English. It is a testimony to the excellence of the Scottish poet's work that Surrey embodied in his version many expressions and even whole lines of the northern translator.

To each of the twelve books of the *Æneid*, and to the additional book by Maphieus Vegius of the fifteenth century, which he included, Douglas wrote an appropriate prologue, and it is in these prologues that his finest work is seen. Here the Scottish genius for natural description appears. The colour, says Mr Stopford Brooke, is superb, while of the landscape

of the poet he adds, "there is nothing like it in England till Thomson's *Seasons*, and Thomson was a Scotchman." Mr. Small, drawing attention to "the dreary picture of winter in the seventh prologue, the glowing description of May in the twelfth, and the beauties of an evening in June in the thirteenth," gives it as his opinion that in these are to be found "descriptive passages equal, if not superior, to any which exist in the whole range of Scottish poetry." Here are lively touches of fancy, and rural imagery homely and real, and here, at his truest and best, Douglas touches home to the heart of poetry when he speaks with his own lips of the things that his own eyes saw.

The translation was made by Douglas at the request of his cousin Lord Sinclair, and at its conclusion he bade farewell to poetry—

And will direct my labours enermoir
Vnto the common welth and Goddis gloir.

What he might have done in the nine remaining years of his life, had his resolution and his fortunes been different, it is idle to imagine. What he has done assures him, if not, indeed, a "monument more lasting than brass," at least a laurel that will live as long as the great deeds which have given lustre to the Douglas name. In "The Court of Venus," written about 1560, Rolland describes him—

Bischope and als ane honest Oratour,
Profound Poet and perfite Philosophour;
Into his days abone all buir the bell,
In sie practikis all vtheris did precell.

HONOUR.

The "ballad," curious for its plethora of variants, with which
 "The Policy of Honour" concludes.

HIE Honour! sweit heuinlie flour degeit¹, ¹ *great*.
 Gem verteous, maist precious, gulliest,
 For hie renoun thou art guerdoun conding², ² *more than, &c.*
 Of worship kend³ the glorious end and rest, ³ *of great name*
 But⁴ quhome in richt na worthie wicht may lost. ⁴ *without*.
 Thy greit puissance may resist auncie all thing,
 And powerall to mekill auaill⁵ mine bring, ⁵ *powerful to me-
 kill mine*
 I thé requier, sen thou but pair art best,
 That efter this in thy line blis we ring⁶. ⁶ *ring*.

Of grace thy face in euerie place na schynis
 That sweit all spreit bath heid and feet inclynis
 Thy glori asen for till nuplar remeid.
 He docht⁷ nicht nocht, quhilk⁸ out of thocht the tynis⁹, ⁷ *thought*
 Thy name but blane, and royal faire, diuine is; ⁸ *of*
 Thou pert, at short¹⁰, of our comfort and reid¹¹, ⁹ *of*
 Till bring all thing till glaiding efter deid; ¹⁰ *to be in short*
 All wicht but wicht of thy greit macht as crynis¹², ¹¹ *without*
 O schene¹³ I theng¹⁴ name may restore thy feid¹⁵, ¹² *without*
¹³ *schene*
¹⁴ *theng*
¹⁵ *feid*

Haill, rois maist chois til clois thy fois greit nicht!
 Haill, stone quhilk schone vpon the throne of licht!

Vertew, quhais trew sweit dew ourthrew al vice,
 Was ay ilk day gar¹ say the way of licht,
 Amend, offend, and send our end ay richt!

Thow stant, ordant as sanct, of grant maist wise
 Till be supplie², and the hie gre³ of price.

Delite thé tite me quite of site to dicht⁴,
 For I apply schortlie to thy deuse.

¹ Was always
 each day
 causing.

² succour.

³ degree, prize.

⁴ Extend thee
 soon to wipe
 me quit of
 shame.

KING HART.

[King Hart, personifying the heart of man, is represented in the pride of youth, guarded in his sunny castle by the five senses, and attended by a court of youthful qualities, such as Strength and Wantonness.]

KING HART into his castle castell strong

Closeit about with craft and mekill vrel¹,

1 mekill vrel.

So semlie wes he set his folk amang

That he no dout had of misaventure;

So prouddie wes he polist, plane and pure,
With youthheid and his lustie levis grene,

So fair, so fresche, so liklie to endure,
And als so blyth as bird in summer schene.

For wes he never yit with schouris schet²,

2 with schouris schet.

Nor yet ourrun with reuk³ or ony rayne:

3 with reuk, with weather.

In all his lusty leuand⁴ nocht ane apok,

4 his lily leuand.

Na never had experience into payne:

Bot alway into lyking, nocht to layne⁵,

*5 to layne, to
lay length, to
pull the line.*

Onlie to love and verrie gentleness

He wes melyn⁶ clemlie to remane

And woun⁷ vnder the wyng of Wantonness

7 woun.

[Close by stands the delightful palace of Dame Pleasance, and one day surrounded by her handmaids, Beauty, Kindness, Mirth, and others, she appears with all her forces over the walls of King Hart. Alas! is brought by the watchmen to the bed where the king is sitting, who says—]

- 1 hooked. Youthheid vpstart and cleikit¹ on his cloik,
 2 broidered. Was browdin² all with lustie levis grene;
 3 soak, rest. "Ryse, Fresche Delyte! lat nocht this mater soke³;
 We will go se quhat may this muster mene.
 4 share. So weill we sall ws it copé⁴ betwene,
 Their sall nothing pas away vnspyit;
 5 Afterwards. Syn⁵ sall we tell the king as we have sene,
 And thar sall nothing trewlie be denyit."

- Youthheid furth past, and raid on Innocence,
 Ane mylk-quhyt steid that ambilit as the wynd;
 And Fresche Delyt raid on Benevolence,
 6 abide. Throw-out the meid that wald nocht byd⁶ behind.
 The bemes bricht almost had maid thame blind
 That fra fresche Bewtie spred vnder the cloude.
 7 made way. To hir thay socht⁷, and sone thai culd hir find;
 No saw thai nane never wes half sa proude.

- 8 barons. The bernis⁸ both wes basit of the sicht,
 9 marred in mood, disconcerted. And out of mesour marrit in thair mude⁹:
 10 on white steeds paused on high. As spreitles folkis on blonkis hvffit on hicht¹⁰
 Both in ane studie starand still thai stude.
 11 went. Fayr-Calling freschlie on hir wayis yuid¹¹
 And both thair reynyeis cleikit in hir handis,
 12 mad. Syn to hir castell raid as scho war woude¹²,
 And festnit vp thir folkis in Venus' bandis.

[Other messengers whom the king sends out are captured in turn, and at last he himself, exasperated, issues forth to fight. Pleasance then arranges her troops in order of battle, and, defeating and wounding the king, casts him into a dungeon in her palace. Here his malady is made worse by the fact that from his dungeon he can see and hear the mirth in the queen's hall. Meanwhile Jealousy and Prodigality are his attendants.]

Discordance was as then bet young of age,

He sleepit with Lady quhaircum he micht kin find :

And he againe was awaknit at the page.

And twill full of luf, stude kin behind,

He awakit in his crep^h and maid him blinde.

^h I marked none the
crep.

[Business, Noble Bearing, and Danger strive to make interest
with Dame Pleasure, but, laughing, she bids them attend their
master. Presently, however, the increased mystery of King
Hart makes fatal interest with one of the queen's handmaids.]

This worthy King in prison thus could ly

With all his folk, and could their name out brik.

Full oft that kan ypone Dame Pictie cry,

"Fair thing! cum down a spikyle and with us speak.

Cum! farar^h way ye micht your harmes wreak^h

^h A further,
another,
I your master
recomp.

Than thus to murder we that yoldin ar.

Wald ye we rew, quhaircum we micht our reik^h

^h could we
obtain for

We could men be to yow for coirmage^h.

Than answerit Danger and said, "That were grole doubt,

A mordin ewit among us morny men

To cum alone, but^h folk war hir about;

^h a quene.

That is our craft myself could never ken^h;

^h a trick I micht
never have
imagined of
I thought.

With that scho ran vnto the Lady ken^h,

Kneland, "Madame," scho said, "keip Pictie fast!

Sythen^h scho ask, in leetnes to her len^h,

^h Answered,
I said,
to go,
to leave.

May scho wyn^h out scho will play yow a cast^h :

[Also / thus came a sight when Danger slept.]

The shire on thare it stude; all war on sleep;

And Pictie down the stair full soon it past.

That Business her saw, and gawe gud keep^h;

^h it heard.

Dame Pictie her he kin^h in armie fast.

^h Of course.

He callit on Lust, and he come at the last ;
 1 caused. His bandis gart¹ he birst in peeces smale :
 Dame Pietie wes gritlie feirit and agast.
 Be that wes Confort croppin in our the wall.

[King Hart and his court, set free, proceed to storm the palace, and at last the queen, reduced to straits, throws herself upon his courtesy.]

So sweit ane swell as straik vnto his hart
 Quhen that he saw Dame Plesance at his will.
 2 make me not. "I yeild me, schir! and do me nocht² to smart!"
 The fayr Quene said vpone this wyss him till.
 3 I saved your (life), though it be no argument. "I sauf youris, suppois it be no skill³.
 All that I haue, and all that myne may be,
 With all my hairt I offer heir yow till,
 And askis nocht bot ye be trew till me."

Till that [quhilk] Loue, Desyre, and Lust devysit
 Thus faire Dame Plesance sweitlie can assent.
 Than suddandlie Schir Hart him now disgysit,
 4 ere ever he stretched. On gat his amouris klok or euer he stent⁴.
 Freschlie to feist thir amouris folk ar went.
 5 as messenger. Blythnes wes first brocht bodwarde⁵ to the hall :
 Dame Chastite, that selie innocent,
 6 went mad, and flew out over. For wo yeild wode, and flaw out our⁶ the wall.

The lustie Quene, scho sat in middles the deiss ;
 Befoir hir stude the nobill wourthy King.
 7 messes. Servit thai war of mony diuerss meiss⁷,
 8 savours. Full sawris⁸ sweit and swyth⁹ thai culd thame bring.
 9 quickly.

Thus that maid ane [richt] mirrie marshalling,
Bowie and Lode ane hait burd¹ her begin², 1 & 2nd stanza.

In wirschip of that lustie feist so ding³, 3 stanza.
Dame Pleasance has part perce Dame Venus' tuit.

[The second canto paints a saddest picture. Seven years of
wedded life have flown, when one morning a stranger, Ago,
knocks at the gate.]

At morrowng tye, quhen at⁴ the rome an schene⁵, 3 quat.
Out rascht⁶ had his hemis frae the sky, 4 line.
Ane auld gude-man befor the yet⁷ was sene, 5 stanza.
Apone ane steil that raid full esalie, 6 quat.

He rappit at the yet, but courtasie,
Yit at the struk the grit dungeoun can din⁸, 7 stanza.
Syn e at the last he schowtel fellonhe⁹, 8 quat.
And bad thame ry, and said he wald come in, 9 quat.

Some Wantownes come to the wall abow¹⁰, 4 quat.
And cryd our¹¹, "Quhat folk are ye thair out?" 10 quat.

"My name is Ago," said he agane full sone,
"May thow nocht heir? Langar how I could schout!"

"What war your will?" "I will come in, but doug."
"Now God forbid! In fayth ye cum nocht heir!"

Rin on thy way, [or] thow sall bear ane route¹², 11 quat.
And say the portar he is wonder sweir¹³," 12 quat., (13 quat.)

[At this point the courtiers begin to take flight. Youthheid is
the first to go; and here, says Mary Rime, "even alangry
cannot shill the tenderness of the king's farewell."]

"Sen thou man pas¹⁴, fair Youthheid, wa is me!" 13 quat., (14 quat.)

Thow wes my freynd, and maid me gude service.
Fra thow be went never an blyth to be.

I mak ane vow, [al]thocht that it be nyre¹⁴, 14 quat.

1 prize.

2 reward.

3 ere thou go.

4 with skill.

5 desire.

6 take.

Of all blythnes thy bodie beiris the pryce¹.

To warisoun² I gif thé, or thow ga³,

This fresche visar, wes payntit at devyce⁴.

My lust⁵ alway with thé se that thow ta⁶.

“For saik of thé I will no colour reid

Nor lusty quhyte vpone my bodie beir,

7 till.

Bot blak and gray; alway, quhill⁷ I be deid,

I will none vther wantoun wedis weir.

8 hurt.

Fayr-weill, my freynd! Thow did me never deir.⁸

Vnwelcum Age, thow come agane my will!

I lat thé wit I nicht thé weill forbeir.

9 without argu-
ment, i.e. in-
deed.

Thy warisoun suld be [richt] small but skill⁹.”

[After Age enter Conscience, Reason, and Wit. Reason removes the film from the eyes of Discretion, and reads aloud the conditions of his own service.]

Ressoun rais vp, and in his rollis he brocht.

“Gif I sall say, the sentence sall be plane;

10 hurt thee
aught.

Do never the thing that ever may scayth thé ocht¹⁰;

11 snare.

Keip mesour and trouth, for thairin lyes na trayne¹¹.

Discretioun suld ay with King Hart remane.

Thir vthir young folk-servandis ar bot fulis.

12 makes.

Experience mais¹² Knowlege now agane,

13 children.

And barnis¹³ young suld lerne at auld mennis sculis.

14 tastes.

“Quha gustis¹⁴ sweit, and feld nevir of the sowre,

15 seasoning.

Quhat can [he] say? How may he seasoun¹⁵ juge?

Quha sittis hate, and feld nevir cauld ane hour,

16 outside under
the lodge.

Quhat wedder is thairout vnder the luge¹⁶

How could he wit¹! That war was mervale huge¹ & new.
 To by richt blow², that never ane hew had sene³! 1 To had true
2 blow
 Ane servand be, that never had sene ane fuge⁴! 1 fuge
 Suppois it ryme it accordis nocht all done.

"To wisar¹ the richt and to dirve the wrang, 1 wisar
 That is my scale to all that list to leyr²." 2 To list means to
learn.

[But as the lighter courtiere, Strength, Wealth in War, and the rest, depart, Dame Pleasance herself grows cold to the king, his carouses become irksome, and at last she bids him farewell. Then King Hart returns to his own castle, kept by Heaviness. Here, before long, he is beset by the forces of Decrepitude, led by Headache, Cough, and Palsy; and finally, being mortally wounded, he prepares for death by making his will and testament.]

DIDO'S HUNTING PARTY.

From the Fourth Book of the Æneid.

BE this the queyn with havy thoctis onsound
In every vane nurisis the greyn wound.
Smyttin so deip with the blynd fyre of lufe,
Hir trublit mynd gan fro all rest remufe.
Compasing the gret prowes of Enee,

1 The great
worth many
times.

The large wirschip feill syse¹ remembris sche
Of his lynage and folkis; for ay present

2 imprinted.

Deip in hir breist so wes his figur prent²
And all his wordis fixt, that, for besy thoct,

3 might.

None eis hir membris nor quyete suffir mocht³.

4 Eneas.

Sum-tyme the quene Enee⁴ with hir did leid

5 place, steadying.

Throw-out the wallis onto euery steid⁵,

The tresour all and riches of Sydony

Schawing to him; and offerit all reddy

The cetie of Cartage at his commandment.

Begyn scho wald to tell furth hir intent,

And in the myd word stop and hald hir still

And quhen the evin coyme it wes hir will

6 erstwhile.

To seik wayis hym to feist, as sche did air⁶,

And, half myndles, agane sche langis sair

For tyll inqyre and heir the sege of Troy,
 And in a stair¹ behaldis hym for joy. 1. joy.
 Eftir all wes voydit, and the lycht of day
 Ay mair and mair the mone quenchit away,
 And the declyning of the sternis brycht² 2. the bright-
above.
 To sleip and rest perswadis euery wycht,
 Within her chalmir allane scho langis sair,
 And thoct all waist for lak of hir lufair.
 Amyd ane word bed scho hir land adoun,
 And of him absent thinkis scho heris the soun³; 3. sound.
 His voce scho heris, and him behaldis scho,
 Thocht⁴ he, God wait, far from her presence be. 4. thought.
 And sum tyme wald scho Aeneas, the page,
 Caucht⁵ in the figur of his faderis ymage 5. caught.
 And in hir bosum brace, gif scho tharby
 The luif vntellable mycht awyk⁶ or satisfy 6. awaken.
 The werk and wallis begoun ar nocht upbriocht.
 The younkis deidis of armes exercis nocht,
 Nocht⁷ fortreis nor turris air of weir⁸ 7. Neither.
8. any fortress of
wall,
a purpose.
 Now graith⁹ thai mair, for all the werk, but weir,
 Cessis and is stoppit, bairn of pynakles lye
 And byg townis, wairyt to ryse in the skye.*

Furth of the see, with this, the dawning springis
 As Phobus rais, fast to the yettis thringit¹⁰ 10. eagerly, for the
golden thread.
 The chons galandis, the huntmen thairin bousle
 With ralis and with nettis strang and wyde
 And hunting speris stif with heidis braid,

* Each book of the *Æneid* was divided by Douglas into chapters, and the two passages above, descriptive of Didon's passion, are included from the first and second chapters of Book IV, as introducing the incidents of the hunt in chapter four.

- From Massylyne horsmen thik thiddir raid,
 With rynning hundis, a full huge sort,
 1 tarrying at the gate. Noblis of Cartage, hovand at the port¹,
 The quene awatis that lang in chalmer dwellis.
 Hir fers steid stude stamping, reddy ellis,
 2 champing. Rungeand² the fomy goldin bitt jingling,
 Of goldin pall wrocht his riche harnissing.
 And scho, at last, of palice ischit out,
 3 company. With huge menze³ walking hir about;
 4 embroidered. Lappit in ane brusit⁴ mantill of Sydony,
 5 twisted. With gold and perle the bordour all bewry⁵,
 6 quiver. Hingand by hir syde the cais⁶ with arrowis ground;
 Hir brycht tressis envelopit war and wound
 7 coif, hood. Intill a kuafe⁷ of fyne gold wyryn threid;
 8 purple attire. The goldin buttoun claspit hir purpour weid⁸.
 And furth scho passit with all hir company.
- 9 gathered about. The Troiane peple forgadderit⁹ by and by
 Joly and glaid the fresche Ascanius ying;
 Bot first of all, most guddie, hym-self, thar king
 10 without doubt. Enee, gan entir in falloschip, but dout¹⁰,
 11 joined. And vnto thaim adionyt¹¹ his large rowt.
 Lyk quhen Apollo list depart or ga
 Furth of his wintring realm of Lisia
 And leif the flude Exanthus for a quhile,
 12 visit. To vesy¹² Delos his moderis land and ile,
 Renewand ringis and dancis, mony a rowt,
 Mixt togiddir, his altaris standing abowt,
 The peple of Crete and thaim of Driopes
 And eik the payntit folkis Agathirces,
 13 guise, manner. Schowtand on ther gise¹³ with clamour and vocis hie,

Apon thi top, Mont Cynthus, walkie he,
 His wavand hairis, sunn-tyme, doing down thring¹,
 With a soft garland of lawrere² sweet smelling,
 And wmqhile³ thaim gan balmyng and anoynt
 And into gold addres at full gude poynt⁴,
 His grundin darters clattering by his syde,
 Als fresch, als lusty⁵ did Eneas ryde,
 With als gret bewtie in his lordlie face.

1 *Thymus*
lewis.
 2 *Lawre*.
 3 *Whyle*.
 4 *Bygone*.
 5 *As fresh*.

And eftir that ar cumin to the chase,
 Among the montanis in the wild forrest,
 The ryming hundis of cuplis sone that keit⁶,
 And our the clewis and the holtis hely⁷,
 The wild bestis down to the daill thai drive
 Lo, ther the raus⁸, rynnng swyft as fyre,
 Drevin from the hychtis⁹ brekkis out at the swyre¹⁰,
 Ane vther part, syne¹¹ yonder mycht thow see
 The hirdis of bartis, with ther heidis he,
 Ourspynnerand¹² with swyft cours the plane vail,
 The hepe of dust wpetouring¹³ at thair tail,
 Fleand the hundis, leiffand the hie montanis
 And Ascanyus, the child, amyd the plains,
 Joyus and blyth, his sterling¹⁴ steid to amay,
 Now makkis his renk¹⁵ yondir, and now this way,
 Now prekis farth by thir and now by thaim¹⁶,
 Langing, amang faynt frayit¹⁷ beistis vntuine,
 The fomy hair down from the hillis hycht,
 Or the dun lyon descend recontir he mycht.

6 *Many* *hounds*
 and *the* *hounds*
which.
 7 *How*.
 8 *From*.
 9 *Height*.
 10 *By*.
 11 *Since*.
 12 *Spinning*.
 13 *Spinning*.
 14 *Steed*.
 15 *Rank*.
 16 *By* *them* *and*
them.
 17 *Alfrighted*.

In the meyn-quhile the hevynnis all about
 With fellou noyis gan to rummyll and rowl¹⁸,
 18 *Howl*.

- 1 blast. A bub¹ of weddir followit in the tail,
- 2 mixed. Thik schour of rane myddillit² full of hail.
- 3 scatters far.
and near. The Tyrian menye skalis wydequhair³
And all the galandis of Troy fled heir and thair,
And eik with thaim the yong Ascanius,
Nevo to King Dardane and to Venus.
- 4 places. For feir to diuers stedis⁴ throw the feildis
- 5 corners and
shelters. Thai seik to haldis, housis, hirnis, and beildis⁵.
- 6 suddenly. The riveris rudlie ruschit our hillis bedene⁶.
Within a cave is enterit Dido queyn,
And eik the Troiane duke, all thaim allane,
By aventure as thai eschewit the rane.
Erth, the first modir, maid a takin of wo,
And eik of wedlok the pronuba⁷ Juno,
7 marriage-
goddess. And of thair cupling wittering schew the air⁸;
8 the air showed
knowledge. The flamb of fyreflaucht⁹ lychnyt heir and thar,
9 lightning. And on the hillis hie toppes, but les¹⁰,
10 without lies,
in truth. Sat murnyng nymphis, hait¹¹ Oreades.
11 named. This was the foremast day of hir glaidnes
And first morow of hir wofull distres;
12 fashion. For nother the fassoun¹² nor the maner sche
Attendis now, nor fame, ne honestie,
Nor from thens-furthwart Dido ony moir
Musis on luif, secret, as of befoir,
13 calls. Bot clepis¹³ it spousage, and with that fair name
Clokit and hyd hir cryme of oppyne schame.

WINTER.

Prelude to the Barbed Hook of the Wind.

As brycht Phobus, whene asseyned¹, hevyntia e,
 The opposit held of his chrysmis lif²,
 Cleir schynand benys, and golden asymmetry low,
 In lattoun³ colour altering hull⁴ of new,
 Kithing no iving⁵ of heyt be his vinge,
 So neir approachit he his wynter stage;
 Redy he was to enter the thrid tourne
 In cloudy skyis vnder Capricorn.
 All-thought⁶ he be the hart and clump of hevyn
 Forfeldit wile his lemand gillyd hevyne⁷
 Throw the delynyng of his large round squay
 The frosty regentis ringis⁸ of the year,
 The tyme and measure hatter cold and pull,
 Thai schort days that clerke clepe lemand.
 Quhem bryn⁹ blaue of the northyne act¹⁰
 Ourpulsheit had Neptune in his cart.
 And all to schek the levy of the best,
 The ragsand storm unweatherand wallyd¹¹,
 Revers can rild on squil¹² with wakkis brend,
 And burnis huffis all their barkis shewis,
 And landbird runderd rudely wyth alle hert¹³.

¹ asseyned, asseyned
 asseyn.

² chrysmis, chrysmis.

³ lattoun, lattoun
 lattoun.

⁴ hull, hull.

⁵ kithing, kithing
 kithing.

⁶ All-thought, All-thought.

⁷ lemand, lemand
 lemand, lemand
 lemand, lemand.

⁸ ringis, ringis.

⁹ bryn, bryn
 bryn, bryn.

¹⁰ wallyd, wallyd
 wallyd, wallyd.

¹¹ wallyd, wallyd.

¹² squil, squil
 squil, squil
 squil, squil.

So loud ne rummist wyld lioun or beir.

Fludis monstreis, sic as meirswyne or quhailis¹

For the tempest law in the deip devallyis².

Mars occident, retrograide in his speir,

Provocand stryff, regnit as lord that yeir.

Rany Orioune wyth his stormy face

Bewalit of the schipman by his rays,

Frawart³ Saturne, chill of complexioun,

Throw quhais aspect derth and infectioun

Bene causit oft, and mortale pestilens,

Went progressiue the greis of his ascens⁴;

And lusty Hebe, Junois douchtir gay,

Stud spulyeit⁵ of hir office and array.

The soill ysowpit into wattir wak⁶,

The firmament ourkest with rokis⁷ blak,

The ground fadyt, and fauch wolx⁸ all the feildis,

Montayne toppis sleikit wyth snaw ourheildis⁹,

On raggit rolkis of hard harsk quhyne stane

With frosyne frontis cauld clynty clewis schane¹⁰.

Bewtie wes lost, and barrand schew the landis

With frostis haire ourfret the feildis standis.

Soure bittir bubbis¹¹ and the schowris snell¹²

Semyt on the sward ane similitude of hell,

Reducyng to our mynd, in every steid,

Goustly schaddois of eild and grisly deid,

Thik drumly scuggis dirknit¹³ so the hevyne.

Dym skyis oft furth warpit¹⁴ feirfull levyne,

Flaggis of fyir, and mony felloun flawe¹⁵,

Scharp soppis¹⁶ of sleit and of the snyband¹⁷ snawe.

The dowy¹⁸ dichis war all donk and wait,

The law vaille flodderit all wyth spait¹⁹,

¹ dolphins (sea-swine) or whales.

² send down.

³ Untoward.

⁴ the degrees of his ascent.

⁵ spoiled.

⁶ soaked in water moist.

⁷ mists.

⁸ dun grew.

⁹ covered smooth with snow.

¹⁰ stony cliffs shone.

¹¹ blasts.

¹² piercing.

¹³ Thick foggy shadows darkened.

¹⁴ threw.

¹⁵ cruel blasts.

¹⁶ showers.

¹⁷ biting.

¹⁸ dreary.

¹⁹ flooded with torrent.

The plane streits and every hie way	
Full of fluschie, doubbis, myre, and clay,	
Laggerit leys wallowit ¹ farnys schewe,	1 Harrowed land without weeds.
Broune muris kithit thair wysnit ² mossy hewe,	2 Above all thair wellmaned.
Bank, bra, and beddum ³ blanscht wolx and hair,	3 Well known.
For gurl ⁴ weddir growyt bestis haire.	4 Almost.
The wynd maid wayfe ⁵ the reid weyd on the dyk,	5 Waste.
Belovin in dankis deyp wou every cyk ⁶ ,	6 Well.
Our craggis and the front of rochis seyre ⁷	7 Corner.
Hang gret rich schoklis lang as ony spere	
The grund stude larrand, widderit, doun, and gray.	
Herbis, flouris, and gersis wallowit away ⁸ .	8 Grasses without weeds.
Woddis, forestis, wyth nakyt bewis blout ⁹ ,	9 Forests trees.
Stod strypt of thair weyd in every hout ¹⁰ ,	10 Wood thicket.
So bustuysly ¹¹ Boreas his lugill blew,	11 Violently.
The deyt full dern ¹² doun in the dalis drew.	12 Drove.
Smal byrdis, flockand throw thik roune ¹³ thrang,	13 Flocks.
In chyrmyng and with cheping ¹⁴ changit thair sang,	14 Chattering and chattering.
Sekand hidlis and hirays ¹⁵ thaim to hyde	15 Hunting games and hunters.
Fra feirfull thundis of the tempestuous tyle	
The watter lynnis routtis ¹⁶ , and every lynde ¹⁷	16 Forces. 17 Sources.
Quhyslyt and brayt of the swounhand ¹⁸ wynle	18 Smelling.
Puure laboraris and byssy husband men	
Went wayt and wery draglyt in the fen	
The silly scheip and thair lytill byrd gromis	
Lurkis vndir le of bankis, wodys, and bronye,	
And wthir dantit ¹⁹ gretar bestial	19 Dashed.
Within thair stabillis weyt ²⁰ into stall,	20 Accused.
Sic as mulis, horsis, oxin, and ky ²¹ ,	21 Kine.
Fed tuskit baris, and fet ewyne in wy,	
Sustenit war by mannis governance	

- On hervist and on symmeris purviance.
- 1 far and near. Widequhair¹ with fors so Eolus schouttis schyll²
2 shrill.
In this congelit sessioun scharp and chyll,
- 3 cool. The callour³ air, penetrative and puire,
- 4 Dazing, stupe- Dasyng⁴ the bluide in every creature,
fying.
5 genial hot fires. Maid seik warm stovis and beyne fyris hoyt⁵,
6 under-vest. In double garmont cled and wyly-coyt⁶,
Wyth mychty drink and meytis confortive,
Agayne the stormé wyntre for to strive.
- 7 Refreshed. Repaterit⁷ weill and by the chymnay beykyt⁸
8 basked
9 stretched. At evin be tyme dovne a bed I me streikit⁹,
10 Wrapped. Warpit¹⁰ my heid, kest on claythis thrinfauld,
For till expell the perrellus peirsand cauld.
- 11 then prepared. I crocit me, syne bownit¹¹ for to sleip
12 heed. Quhair, lemand throw the glas, I did tak keip¹²
Latonia, the lang irksom nycht,
13 glances. Hir subtell blenkis¹³ sched and wattry lycht
Full hie wp quhyrlyt in hir regioun,
Till Phebus rycht in oppositioun,
Into the Crab hir propir mansioun draw,
Haldand the hycht allthocht the son went law.
Hornit Hebawde, quhilk clepe we the nycht owle,
Within hir caverne hard I schout and yowle.
- 14 distorted. Laithlie of forme, wyth crukit camschow¹⁴ beik,
15 horrible. Vgsum¹⁵ to heir was hir wyld elriche¹⁶ screik.
16 uncanny. The wyld geis claking eik by nychtis tyde
17 Over. Attoure¹⁷ the citie fleand hard I glyde.
- 18 grave, deep. On slunmyr I slaid full sad¹⁸, and slepit sownd
Quhill the oriyont wpwart gan rebound.

Phebus' crownit byrd, the nyctis orloger,	
Clappand his wyngis thryse had crawin cleir.	
Approching neir the greiking ¹ of the day,	1 approaching dawn.
Wythin my bed I waikynnit quhair I lay.	
So fast deelinis Synthea the mone,	
And kais kekalis ² on the ruiff abone ³ .	2 kais kekalis. 3 above.
Palamedes byrdis crouping in the sky,	
Fleand on randonne ⁴ echapin lik ane Y,	4 is flight.
And as ane trumpet rang thair viciis soun,	
Quhair cryis bene prognostication	
Off windy blastis and ventositeis.	
Fast by my chalmir, in heych wysnit treis ⁵ ,	5 high within the house.
The soir gled ⁶ quhislis loud wyth mony ane pew,	6 sooted hawk.
Quhairby the day was dawin, weil I knew.	
Bad beit the fyre, and the candill alycht,	
Syne blisit me, and, in my wedis dycht,	
Ane schot-wyndo ⁷ vuschet a lytill on char,	7 A projected window.
Persawit the mornying bla, wan, and har ⁸ ,	8 cold, wet, and grey.
Wyth cloudy gum and rak ⁹ ourquhelmit the air,	9 cold and storm.
The soulye stythlie hamart, roweh, and hair ¹⁰ ,	10 The wind here driven, noisy, and grey.
Branchis brattlyng, and blayknit schew the brays ¹¹ ,	11 noise appended the noise.
With hystis harsk of waggand wyndfustrays ¹² ,	12 here again much with driving dust clouds.
The dew-droppis congelyt on stybill and rynd,	
And scharp hailstanis, mortfundit ¹³ of kynd,	13 cold as death.
Hoppand on the thak and on the canopy ¹⁴ by.	14 canopy and canopy.
The schot I closit and drew inwart in hy ¹⁵ ,	15 in house.
Chiverand for could, the season was so snell,	
Schup ¹⁶ with hait flambe to flume ¹⁷ the freyng fell,	16 schuppen 17 drive away
And as I bownit ¹⁸ me to the fyre me by	18 a bowshot
Bayth wp and downe the hous I did aspy,	
And seand Virgill on ane lettrune ¹⁹ stand,	19 writing stone.

- 1 seized. To writ anone I hyut¹ ane pen in hand,
 For till performe the poet grave and sad,
 2 ere then. Quham sa fer furth, or than², begun I had,
 3 became
 annoyed some- And wolx ennoyit sum-deyll³ in my hart,
 what. Thair restit vncompleittit so gret ane part,
 And til myself I said in guid effect,
 4 must. "Thow man⁴ draw forth, the yok lyis on thi nek."
 Wythin my mynd compasing thocht I so,
 "Na-thing is done quhill ocht remanis to do."
 5 chance. For byssines quhilk occurrit on cace⁵
 6 Overturned. Ourvoluit⁶ I this volume lay ane space,
 7 though. And, thocht⁷ I wery was, me lyst⁸ nocht tyre,
 8 chose. Full laith to leve our⁹ werk swa in the myre,
 9 to leave over. Or yit to stynt¹⁰ for byttir storme or rane.
 10 stop. Heyr I assayit to yok our pleuch agane,
 11 one-fold, And, as I culd, with afauld¹¹ diligence
 honest. This nixt buike following of profund sentence
 Has thus begoun in the chyll wyntir cauld,
 12 out-field and Quhen frostis days ourfret bayth fyrth and fauld¹².
 in-field.

MORNING IN MAY.

*Prologue to the Twelfth Book of the Æneid,**

DYONEA, nycht hyrd, and wach of day,
 The starnis chaunt of the hevin away,
 Dame Cynthea down rolling in the see,
 And Venus lost the bewte of hir e,
 Fleand eschamyt within Cylenyus cave.
 Mars onhydrew¹ for all his grundin glave²,
 Nor frawart³ Saturn, from his mortall speyr,
 Durst langer in the firmament appeir,
 Bot stall abak yond in his region far,
 Behynd the circulat warld of Jupiter.
 Nythemyne, affrayit of the licht,
 Went vndir covert, for gone was the nycht,
 As freich Aurora, to mychty Tythone spous,
 Ischit of hir saffron bed and evir⁴ hous
 In crammysin⁵ cled and granit violat,
 With sanguyne cape and selvage purpurat⁶,
 Onschot the windois of hyr large hall,
 Spred all with rosys and full of balm ryall,
 And eik the hevinly portis crystallyne

1 withdrew
 2 sharpened
 sword.
 3 astounded.

4 every
 5 crimsoned,
 crimson cloth.
 6 purple edge.

* In 1752 two English versions of this prologue appeared, one in the *Sted's Magazine* by Jerome Stone, schoolmaster of Dun-keld, and another by Francis Fawkes. Of the latter, Mr. Small quotes two fine passages in his introduction to Douglas. War-ton also gives a prose paraphrase of the prologue in his *History of English Poetry*.

- ¹ Opened up wide Vpwarpis braid¹, the warld to illumyn.
 The twinkling stremowris of the orient
² sprays, streaks. ³ mingled. Sched purpour sprangis² with gold and asure ment³,
⁴ rampart. Persand the sabill barmkyn⁴ nocturnall,
⁵ screen wall. Bet down the skyis clowdy mantill wall⁵.
 Eous the steid with ruby hamis reid
 Abuf the seyis lyftis furth his heid
⁶ sorrel, reddish. Of cullour soyr⁶, and sum-deill brovn as berry,
 For to alichtyn and glaid our emyspery,
⁷ nostrils. The flambe owtbrastyng at his neys thyrlys⁷.
 Sa fast Phaeton wyth the quhip him quhirlys
 To roll Apollo his faderis goldin chair
 That schrowdyth all the hevynnis and the ayr,
⁸ Till. Quhill⁸ schortly, with the blesand torch of day,
⁹ Habited. ¹⁰ flaming. Abilyeit⁹ in his lemand¹⁰ fresch array,
 Furth of hys palyce ryall ischyt Phebus
 Wyth goldin crovn and vissage gloryus,
 Crysp hairis, brycht as chrysolite or topace,
 For quhais hew mycht nane behald his face,
 The fyry sparkis brastyng fra his ene
 To purge the ayr and gylt the tendyr grene,
¹¹ Pouring out. ¹² seat. Defundand¹¹ from hys sege¹² etheriall
¹³ heavenly. Glaid influent aspectis celicall¹³
 Before his regale hie magnificens
¹⁴ incense. Mysty vapour vpspringand, sweit as sens¹⁴,
¹⁵ clouds. ¹⁶ wet. In smoky soppis¹⁵ of donk dewis wak¹⁶
¹⁷ Moist whole-some vapours covering the valley. Moich hailsum stovis ourheilband the slak¹⁷.
¹⁸ The golden vanes. The aureat fanys¹⁸ of hys trone souerane
 With glytrand glans oursprede the occiane,
 The large fludis lemand all of lycht
¹⁹ glance. Bot with a blenk¹⁹ of his supernale sycht.

For to behald, it was a glour to se	
The staidli ¹ wyrdle and the cawmyt we ² ,	1 staidli. 2 cawmyt we.
The soft musson, the firmament serene,	
The lowne ³ illamynat air, the fyrt ⁴ amone,	3 lowne. 4 fyrt.
The syluer-scall fychie on the greit ⁵	5 greit.
Ourthwart ⁶ cleir streamis spryngland ⁷ for the boye,	6 Ourthwart. 7 spryngland.
Wyth fynde schynand browne as greopar ⁸ ,	8 greopar.
And chysell talis, stowrand ⁹ heyr and thair.	9 stowrand.
The new cullour alychtynge all the landis,	
Fargane thir stannyris ¹⁰ schame the heryall streamis,	10 stannyris.
Quhill the reflex of the diurnal beame	
The bene bankis ¹¹ keit full of varicort gleis,	11 bene bankis.
And lusty Flora did hir blawis spreid	
Vnder the feit of Phebus sulyard ¹² staid	12 sulyard.
The swarlit weyll enbrail with schouth ¹³ howis	13 schouth.
Wed and forest shumbra ¹⁴ with thair howis,	14 shumbra.
Quhous blisfull branchis, periorat on the grund,	
With schabbeis schene schew rousis rylcymal	
Towris, iuratis, kymallis ¹⁵ , pynarlis his	15 kymallis.
Of kirkis, castellis, and ilke ¹⁶ lair mair,	16 ilke.
Stude pynatit, every fyall, fane, and stage ¹⁷ ,	17 stage.
Apon the plane grund by thair awin viallage.	
Of Edur north blatis havand no dreyd,	
The sulye ¹⁸ spreid hyr brail bewan on brail,	18 sulye.
Zephyrus' comfortabill inspiration	
For till remane law in hyr barn ¹⁹ schaw	19 barn.
The cornis cruppla ²⁰ and the heris new breid ²¹	20 cruppla. 21 breid.
Wyth glaidous garnand revesing the erd,	
So thik the plantis spring in every pree	
The feyldis ferla ²² of thair fructing flere,	22 ferla.
Bysey dame Corin and provil Pryqure,	

- Reiosyng of the planis plenteus,
 1 Furnished. Plenyst¹ sa plesand and maist propirly
 By nature nurist wondir nobilly.
 On the fertill skyrt lappis of the ground,
 2 Stretching broad. Streking on breid² ondyr the eirkill roynd,
 3 pleasant. The variant vestur of the venust³ vail
 4 turfy furrow. Schrowdis the scherald fur⁴, and enery fail⁵
 5 sward.
 6 leaves. Ourfret with fulyeis⁶ of figuris full diuers
 7 dispersed. The spray bysprent with spryngand sproutis dispers⁷.
 For callour humour on the dewy nycht,
 8 Restoring. Rendryng⁸ sum place the gers⁹ pilis thar hyecht
 9 grasses. Als far as catal, the lang symmeris day,
 Had in thar pastur eyt and knyp away;
 And blisfull blossommis in the blomyt yard
 Submittis thar hedis in the yong sonnys salfgard.
 10 rampart. Ive levis rank ourspred the barmkin¹⁰ wall,
 The blomyt hawthorn cled his pikis all.
 11 buds. Furth of fresch burgionis¹¹ the wyne-grapis ying
 Endlang the treilyeis dyd on twystis hing.
 12 locked. The lowkyt¹² buttonis on the gemmyt treis
 Ourspredand leyvis of naturis tapestreis;
 Soft gresy verdour eftir balmy schowris
 On curland stalkis smyling to thar flowris.
 Behaldand thame sa mony diuers new,
 13 sky-coloured. Sum pers¹³, sum pail, sum burnet¹⁴, and sum blew,
 14 dark brown (brunette). Sum grece¹⁵, sum gowlis¹⁶, sum purpou, sum sangwane,
 15 grey. Blanchit or brovne, fawch¹⁷ yallow mony ane,
 16 rose-red.
 17 reddish. Sum hevynty cullorit in celestiall gre¹⁸,
 18 degree. Sum wattry hewit as the haw wally see¹⁹,
 19 deepwavy sea. And sum depart²⁰ in freklys red and quhyte,
 20 divided. Sum brycht as gold with aureat levis lyte,

The daisy dyd on haisid his crownell¹ small,
 And every flour outdapp² in the dail,
 In battill gyre burgounys the lavender³ wyld,
 The clavyr, cateloke, and the cammaryll;
 The flour-de-luce furth spred his hevny low,
 Flour dammer⁴, and culmby blak and blew;
 Seyr⁵ downis small on dent-de-lion sprang,
 The ying grene blumyt strawberry levis sang,
 Gynp gerralluris⁶ thar myn⁷ levis vuschet,
 Froche prynce, and the purpore violet,
 The roys knoppis, tetand⁸ furth thar hoyd,
 Gan chyp, and kyth⁹ thar vernel lippis red;
 Cryap scarlet levis sam schobland, bath attanis
 Kest fragrant smell amynd from goldin gnat,
 Hevny lylleis, with lakeland¹⁰ toppis quhyte,
 Oppynit and schew thar crensis redynyte¹¹,
 The balmy vapour from thar sylkyt croppis
 Distylland hailsum sugurat houny droppis;
 And syluer schakans¹² gan fra levis hyng
 Wyth crystal sprayis¹³ on the verdeur viny,
 The plane publeryt¹⁴ with senely sotter¹⁵ sewid,
 Bedyt¹⁶, full of dewy pearles rovid,
 So that ilk burgoun, ayon¹⁷, herb, and flour
 Wolx all enbalmyt of the fresch liquor,
 And bathit hait did in dulce humouris fleu¹⁸,
 Qubarof the beie wrocht thar houny swell,
 By nychty Phebus openticanis
 In sappy subtell exaltationis,
 Forgane¹⁹ the chamyn of this prince potent
 Redolent odour vp from ritik spreit²⁰,
 Hailsum of smell as any spicery,

1 Agrostis nemoralis,
 but not common.

2 outdressed.

3 In some MSS. lavender
 is not written.

4 damask rose.

5 Mary.

6 Hymenopappus
 Thymus.

7 comitant.

8 Rose-hedge
 croquet.

9 thyme.

10 Lakeland.

11 Lonicera.

12 Silver hanging
 gnat.

13 spray.

14 ground-hell.

15 sotter.

16 beddyt is
 written.

17 In some MSS.
 is not written.

18 fleu.

19 In MSS.

20 spreit.

- Tryakle, draggis, or electuary,
 1 soap (?) Seroppis, sewane¹, sugour, and synamome,
 (Fr. savon).
 2 pomade (for- Preeyns invnetment, salve, or fragrant pome²,
 merly made from apples and lemons).
 Aromatik gummis, or ony fyne potioun,
 Must, myr, aloes, or confectioun;
 Ane paradise it semyt to draw neyr
 3 These cheerful. Thyr galyart³ gardyngis and ilke greyn herbere⁴.
 4 each green Maist amyabill walxis the amerant medis.
 arbour.
 5 rustle. Swannys swouchis⁵ throw-out the ryspe⁶ and redis,
 6 bulrushes. Our al thir lowys⁷ and the fludis gray
 7 Over all these Seyrsand by kynd⁸ a place quhar thai suld lay.
 lakes.
 8 Seeking by Phebus red fowle hys corall creist can steyr⁹,
 nature.
 9 stir. Oft streking¹⁰ furth hys hekkyl, crawand cleir,
 10 stretching.
 11 the plants and Amyd the wortis and the rutis gent¹¹
 the delicate roots.
 12 Pecking. Pykland¹² his meyt in alleis quhar he went,
 Hys wifis, Toppa and Pertelok, hym by,
 13 practises. As byrd al tyme that hantis¹³ bygamy.
 14 peacock. The payntit povne¹⁴, pasand with plomys gym¹⁵,
 15 neat. Kest vp his taill, a provd plesand quheil rym,
 Yschrowdryt in hys fedramme¹⁶ brycht and schene,
 16 Dressed in his feather Schapand¹⁷ the prent of Argus' hundreth ene.
 covering.
 17 Portraying. Amang the brounis¹⁸ of the olyve twestis¹⁹
 18 brushwood. Seyr²⁰ small fowlis wirkand crafty nestis
 19 branches. Endlang the hedgeis thyk and on rank akis²¹,
 20 Many. Ilk byrd reiosyng with thar myrthfull makis²².
 21 oaks. In corneris and cleir fenystaris²³ of glas
 22 mates. Full byssely Aragne wevand was,
 To knit hyr nettis and hir wobbyys sle,
 23 windows. Tharwith to caucht the myghe²⁴ and littill fle.
 24 midge. So dusty puldyr vpstowris²⁵ in euery streyt,
 25 upstirs. Quhill corby²⁶ gaspyt for the fervent heyt.
 26 Till the crow.

Under the lonye beyn¹ in lonye salte;
 Within fernes² and purkis close of palye;
 The bontres bukkes rakis³ farth on rowe,
 Herds of hertes throw the the thyk and slowe,
 Both the brokettes⁴ and with leard horrois rymis;
 The spratlyt⁵ caltrye soukoud the mid breeds,
 The yong fowis followed the dno daye,
 Kydels skipped throu rounes⁶ after rays;
 In lymouris⁷ and on leys hitil bounde;
 Full tale and trig roche⁸ blatand to thea demois,
 Tyde ky lowys⁹, vallys by theas rymis;
 All wog and slokyt worth thir lousis skynde;
 On salt streinis wolx Doryda and Thoris;
 By rynnand strandis Nymphis and Nades,
 Syk as we claps¹⁰ wenschis and damysellis,
 In greyt gravis¹¹ wandrand by spring wellis,
 Of blamyt branchis and flowris quithis and mels;
 Plettand thar lusty chapletis for thar looks;
 Sum ring sangis, theas herys, and rovendis¹²,
 Wyth vena schill¹³, quith all the dail rousellis;
 Quharis thei walk into thar carling
 For amrus lays deith all the rochis ring;
 Ane sang, "The schip salis our the wlt fare;
 Will bring thir ierloundis and my leman haur!"
 Sum other singis, "I wil be blyth and lycht,
 Myne hart is best ays on gully wydt!"
 And thouchtfull baffaris rownye in and fro,
 To lue¹⁴ thar paine and pleus¹⁵ thir july ro;
 Eflur thar gye¹⁶, now ringand, now in arrow,
 With hartis powys, the lang rymouris maw;
 Sum ballettis lysi pulyte of his lady,

1. lonye, lonye.

2. fernes, ferns.

3. rakis, rakes.

4. brokettes, brokett.

5. spratlyt, spratlyt.

6. rounes, rounes.

7. lymouris, lymouris.

8. roche, roche.

9. lowys, lowys.

10. claps, claps.

11. gravis, gravis.

12. rovendis, rovendis.

13. vena schill, vena schill.

14. lue, lue.

15. pleus, pleus.

16. gye, gye.

- 1 entirely Sum levis in hoip, and sum aluterly¹
 Disparyt is, and sa quyte owt of grace;
 His purgatory he fyndis in euery place.
- 2 flatter and feign. To pleis his luife sum thocht to flat and fene²,
 3 practise. Sum to hant³ bawdry and onlesum mene⁴;
 4 unlawful means. Sum rownys⁵ to hys fallow, thame betwene,
 5 whispers. Hys mery stouth and pastans⁶ lait yistrene.
 6 stolen pleasure and pastime. Smyland sayis ane, "I couth in previte
 7 jest. Schaw thé a bowrd⁷." "Ha, quhat be that?" quod he.
 "Quhat thing?—That moste be secret," sayd the
 tother.
- 8 whit. "Gude Lord! mysbeleif ye your verray brother?"
 "Na, neuyr a deill⁸, bot harkis quhat I wald;
 Thou mon be prevy." "Lo, my hand vphald!"
 "Than sal thou walk at evin." Quod he, "Quhiddy?"
- 9 such. "In sik⁹ a place heyr west, we bayth togiddyr,
 10 latter. Quhar scho so freschly sang this hyndir¹⁰ nycht;
 Do chois thé ane and I sal quynch the lycht."
- 11 laughed. "I sal be thar, I hope," quod he, and lewch¹¹;
 "Ya, now I knaw the mater weill enewch."
 Thus oft dywulgat is this schamefull play,
 Na-thing according to our hailsum May,
 Bot rathyr contagiis and infective,
 And repugnant that sessoun nutrytive
- 12 tickles. Quben new curage kytlis¹² all gentill hartis,
 13 Seeing by nature. Seand throu kynd¹³ ilk thyng springis and revertis.
 Dame Naturis menstrualis, on that other part,
 14 melody. Thayr blyssfull bay¹⁴ entonyng euery art¹⁵,
 15 direction. To beyt¹⁶ thar amouris of thar nychtis baill¹⁷,
 16 amend, abate. The merll, the mavys, and the nychtingale
 17 sorrow. With mery notis myrthfully furth brest¹⁸,
 18 burst.

Enforcing thame qola mycht do clynk it best.
 The cowshat crowdis and pekie on the ryel;
 The starlyng cleangis dremis stevyenys nye²;
 The sparrow chyrons in the wallis drift;
 Goldspynk and lydephytis fedyrnand the lyft³;
 The gokyo gals⁴, and so quytter⁵ the quail,
 Qahill ryeris reoly⁶ schewis and esery vail,
 And tender twygat⁷ tryndry on the tree;
 For byrdis sing and banyng of the beie;
 In wrablis dalot⁸ of bevyndy acornys;
 The larkis, lowl rileschand⁹ in the skye,
 Loveis that leg¹⁰ with tokyis curys;
 Baith to Dame Natur and the fresh Venus,
 Rendryng hie lawdis in their obscurnes,
 Qnhais sugaryt throtis mayd glyd hartis danc;
 And al small fowlys singis on the spray
 "Welcme, the lord of lycht and lamp of day!
 Welcme, foster of tender herlys grace!
 Welcme, quykner of floris floweris schene!
 Welcme, support of esery role and vane¹¹!
 Welcme, comfort of alkynd tryt and grane!
 Welcme, the byrdis heyld¹² agan the breyt!
 Welcme, master and mular of the yeyt!
 Welcme, weifur of husbandis at the plow!
 Welcme, reparer of wadwis, iris, and lawis¹³;
 Welcme, depyrtur of the blisyt melle!
 Welcme, the lyf of esery thing that spredis!
 Welcme, slourer¹⁴ of alkynd lastall!
 Welcme be the brychd benys, gliding all!
 Welcme odestall myrrour and spy,
 Atteching¹⁵ all that languis¹⁶ sluggary!"

1 The songsters
 come and
 peck on the
 rye.

2 dream
 come.

3 come. Dis-
 tance
 unknown.

4 quail.

5 quytter.

6 reoly. re-
 sound.

7 twyg.

8 acorn-covered.

9 looking up
 to the sky.

10 leg. the
 leg.

11 vane.

12 heyld.

13 lawis.

14 slourer.

15 at-
 taching.

16 languis.

- And with this word, in chalmer quhair I lay,
 The nynt morow of fresche, temperat May.
- 1 sprang. On fut I spreit¹ into my bayr sark²,
 2 shirt.
 3 tedious. Wilful for till compleyt my langsum³ wark
 Twichand the lattyr buke of Dan Virgill,
 Quhilk me had tareyt al to lang a quhile,
 4 i.e. the sun. And to behald the cummyng of this kyng⁴
 That was sa welcum tyll all warldly thyng,
 With sic tryumphe and pompos curage glayd,
 5 mansions. Than of his souerane chymnis⁵, as is sayd,
 Newly arissyn in hys estayt ryall,
 6 without clock. That, by hys hew, but orleger⁶ or dyall,
 I knew it was past four houris of day,
 And thocht I wald na langar ly in May
 7 sluggard. Les Phebus suld me losanger⁷ attaynt.
 8 ere then. For Progne had or than⁸ sung hyr complaynt,
 And eik hir dreidful systir Philomene
 Hir lais endit, and in woddis grene
 9 See *Kingis* Hyd hir-selvin, eschamyt of hyr chance⁹;
Quair, p. 38.
 And Esacus completis his pennance
 In riveris, fludis, and on enery laik;
 And Peristera byddis luffaris awaik.
 "Do serve my lady Venus heyr with me!
 Lern thus to mak your obseruance," quod she.
 "Into myne hartis ladeis sweit presens
 10 bow. Behaldis how I beinge¹⁰ and do reuerens."
 Hir nek scho wrinklis, trasing mony fold,
 With plomis glitterand, asur apoun gold,
 Rendring a cullour betwix grene and blew
 In purpour glans of hevinly variant hew.
 I meyn our awin native bird, gentill dow,

Syngand in hyr kynd "I come bidden to woe,"
 So pryklyng hyr grene courage for to crowl
 In amorous voce and wovar soundis lowd,
 That, for the dynning of hir wanton cry,
 I irkyt of my bed and mycht nocht ly,
 Bot gan me blye, syne in my wedis dres,
 And, for it was hyr morow, or tyme of morn^g,
 I hynt a scriptour² and my pen furth tooke.
 Syne thus begouth of Virgill the twelt booke.

1. Crowl.

2. I never saw, the
 "Scriptour" name.

It is called a "pen"
 (line).

EVENING AND MORNING IN JUNE.

*From "The Proloug of the Threttene Buik of Eneados ekil¹ to
Virgill be Mapheus Vegius."*

TOWART the evin, amyð the summyris heyt,
 Quhen in the Crab Appollo held his sete,
 Duryng the joyous moneth tyme of June,
 As gone neir was the day, and suppar done,
 I walkit furth abowt the feiklis tye¹
 Quhilkis tho² replenist stude full of delyte,
 With herbis, cornis, catale, and frute treis,
 Plente of stoyr³, byrdis and byssy beis
 In amerant⁴ medis fleand est and west,
 Eftir laubour to tak the nychtis rest.
 And as I blynkyt on the lift⁵ me by,
 All byrmand reid gan walxin⁶ the evin sky;
 The son, enfyrit haill⁷ as to my sycht,
 Quhirlit about his ball with bemis brycht,
 Declynand fast towart the north in deyd;
 And fyry Phlegon, his dym nychtis steid,
 Dowkyt⁸ his heid sa deip in fludis gray
 That Phebus rollis down vnder hell away,
 And Esperus in the west wyth bemis brycht
 Vpspringis, as for-ridar of the nycht.
 Amyð the hawehis⁹ and euery lusty vaill

¹ quickly.

² Which then.

³ store.

⁴ green.

⁵ glanced on the
heaven.

⁶ became.

⁷ all, whole.

⁸ dipped,
plunged.

⁹ meadows.

The roosest dew begynnis down to weill ¹ ;	1. roosest
To meyn ² the byrnyng spaher the sun had weill ³ ;	2. meyn 3. weill
Quhilk the way to the milder world desir ⁴ .	4. desir
At every pilis ⁵ point and corner crappis ⁶	5. pilis 6. crappis
The toclrys stude as hummel herall droppis ⁷	7. The toclrys stude as hummel herall droppis
And on the halstoun herbig clene, but wedis ⁸	8. And on the halstoun herbig clene, but wedis
Lyke crysfall knoppis ⁹ or small siluer heidis.	9. Lyke crysfall knoppis or small siluer heidis
The lycht begynnis in quynkill east and fall ¹⁰ ,	10. The lycht begynnis in quynkill east and fall
The day to dyrkyn ¹¹ , desir ¹² , and deval ¹³ ;	11. The day to dyrkyn, desir, and deval
The gunnis ¹⁴ ryar, down fallis the dank ynn ¹⁵ ,	14. The gunnis ryar, down fallis the dank ynn
Bath heyr and their wuggis ¹⁶ and schuldre dym ¹⁷ .	16. Bath heyr and their wuggis and schuldre dym
Vpoun the lak ¹⁸ wyth hir polis ¹⁹ schideryn flych ²⁰ ;	18. Vpoun the lak wyth hir polis schideryn flych
The lark descendis from the skyis lycht,	19. The lark descendis from the skyis lycht
Singand hyr couplis ²¹ song ²² ofays hir gyn ²³ ,	21. Singand hyr couplis song ofays hir gyn
To tak hir rest, at matyn hour to ryse.	22. To tak hir rest, at matyn hour to ryse
Owt our the wyne ²⁴ wyynn ²⁵ the suppis ²⁶ of sun ²⁷ ,	24. Owt our the wyne wyynn the suppis of sun
The nycht forthspred hyr chake with adill lynt ²⁸ ,	25. The nycht forthspred hyr chake with adill lynt
That all the howis of the frutous feyld	26. That all the howis of the frutous feyld
Was wyth the crithis ymbage clene orchard ²⁹ .	27. Was wyth the crithis ymbage clene orchard
Bath man and bestis, lyrik ³⁰ , Rude, and woldis wild	28. Bath man and bestis, lyrik, Rude, and woldis wild
Involunt in the schuldre warm sild ³¹	29. Involunt in the schuldre warm sild
Still war the fowles fleis ³² in the ayr,	30. Still war the fowles fleis in the ayr
All stoyr ³³ and valill weyn ³⁴ in thair lair,	31. All stoyr and valill weyn in thair lair
And every thing, quharis thair likis bed,	32. And every thing, quharis thair likis bed
Bowis ³⁵ to tak the halstoun nychtis red	33. Bowis to tak the halstoun nychtis red
Eftir the day's labour and the frey,	34. Eftir the day's labour and the frey
Close warring all and at thair self quyet,	35. Close warring all and at thair self quyet
But stoyr ³⁶ or removing, he or we,	36. But stoyr or removing, he or we
Order ³⁷ best, lyrik, fowls, freis, by land or we;	37. Order best, lyrik, fowls, freis, by land or we
And schortis every thing that shair repare	38. And schortis every thing that shair repare

- 1 stunted shrubs. In firth or feyld, flude, forest, erth, or ayr,
 Or in the scroggis¹ or the buskis ronk,
 Lakis, marrasis, or thir pulis donk,
 2 lies. Astabillit liggis² still to slepe, and restis;
 Be the small birdis syttand on thar nestis;
 3 restless. The litill midgeis, and the vrusum³ fleyis,
 4 ants. Laboryus emmotis⁴, and the byssy beyis,
 Als weill the wild as the taym bestiall,
 And euey othir thingis gret and small,
 5 except. Owtak⁵ the mery nychtgaill, Philomene,
 6 from the heart. That on the thorn sat syngand fra the splene⁶.
 Quhais myrthfull notis langing for to heyr,
 7 laurel. Ontill a garth vndir a greyn lawrer⁷
 8 seat. I walk onon and in a sege⁸ down sat,
 Now musand apon this and now on that.
 I se the poill and eik the Ursis brycht,
 And hornyt Lucyne, castand bot dym lycht
 Becaus the symmyr skyis schayn sa cleyr:
 Goldin Venus, the mastres of the yeir,
 And gentill Jove, with hir participate,
 Thar bewtuus bemis sched in blyth estayt;
 That schortly, thar as I was lenyt down,
 For nychtis silens, and this byrdis sovn,
 On sleip I slaid.

[In a dream Maphæus Vegius, author of the additional book appended to the work of Virgil, appears to the poet and induces him, partly by argument, partly by twenty blows with a cudgel, to include that book in his translation.]

- And I for feir awoik,
 9 glanced. And blent⁹ abowt to the north-est weill far,
 Saw gentill Jubar schynand, the day star,

And Chiron, clepit the sing¹ of Sagittary,
 That walkis the symmirris nycht, to bed gan ear,
 Yondyr down dwynis² the evin sky away,
 And vppryngis the brycht dawing of day
 Intill ane other place nocht far in sundir,
 That to behald was plesane and half worder,
 Furth quynching gan the starris, one be one,
 That now is left bot Lucifer allone.
 And forthimre, to blasen this new day,
 Quha mycht deserve³ the byrdis blysetull bay⁴
 Belyv⁵ on weyng the bisy lark vppryng
 To salu⁶ the blyth morrow with hir sang
 Sone our the feildis schinis the lycht cleyr,
 Welcum to pilgrym baith and lauborer.
 Tyte on his hynis gaif the greif⁷ a cry,
 "Awaike on ful, go till our husbandry"
 And the hird callit furth upon his page,
 "Do drive the catell to their pasturage!"
 The hynis wyfe clepis⁸ vp Katheryn and Gill,
 "Ya, dame," sayd thar, God want⁹, wyth a guile will.
 The dewy grene, pulderit¹⁰ with dawns gay,
 Schew on the sward a cullour dapill gray,
 The mysty vapouris springand vp full sweet,
 Maist confortabill to glaid all mannis spreit,
 Tharto, thir byrdis singis in the schawis¹¹,
 As menutalis playing, "The joly day now dawis!"

1. Called the sign.

2. Dwindles.
3. Deserve.4. Blysetull.
5. Blyth.

6. Believeth.

7. Grief.

8. Quoth.
9. Want.
10. Pulverized.

11. Shows.

12. God want.

13. Pulverized.

14. Shows.

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